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WAR AND PEACE

BY LEO TOLSTOY

VOL. I

WAR AND PEACE

A NOVEL

BY

LEO TOLSTOY

TRANSLATED BY

LOUISE AND AYLMER MAUDE

IN THREE VOLUMES

VOL. I

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY AYLMER MAUDE



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INTRODUCTION

BY AYLMER MAUDE

DURING the last two generations the Russian novel has taken a very prominent position in modern literature, and it would now be hard to select three novelists of any nation to rank as the equals of Turgenev, Dostoevski, and Tolstoy. The much discussed question which of them had the greatest influence has been settled apart from their quality as novelists by the fact that Tolstoy survived the other two by more than a quarter of a century and during that time produced not novels only, but wonderful plays, essays, and other works of great variety and interest on the most serious problems of life, which extended his influence far and wide and permeated popular thought to a remarkable degree. He was not only a great artist whose novels are instinct with extraordinary perception of the workings of the human soul—a perception resulting from intense concern in the great problems of life and death—but his essays and other non-fictional works, whether we agree with his conclusions or not, derive much interest from the fact that the artist in him continually flashes through the contentious matter of his argument in descriptions, scathing irony, or scraps of delightful autobiography.

War and Peace, though essentially Russian and containing inimitable descriptions of Russian society, is free from the characteristics English readers often deplore in Russian novels: it is neither obscure nor pessimistic. The period dealt with is that of the great national conflict with Napoleon, from which Russia emerged triumphant. The book was written at the happiest and most tranquil time of Tolstoy's life, soon after his marriage, when all went well with him and his creative powers had reached their zenith.

Pushkin, in a prose story *The Captain's Daughter*, had taken the life of a Russian family for the subject of a novel and displayed historic events by their reactions on that family. Breaking away from the influence of Byron, which previously had swayed him, Pushkin in his prose stories set an example of the finest realism, simple, direct,

and sincere; and the seed planted by him bore fruit a hundredfold in Tolstoy's great production.

War and Peace is enormously long, and Tolstoy was at work on it for more than six years. He married in 1862, and by 1864 his wife tells us a good deal of the novel had been written, though it was not completed till late in 1869. In November 1864 he wrote to his friend, the poet Fet: 'You cannot imagine how hard I find the preliminary work of ploughing deep the field that I must sow. To consider and reconsider all that may happen to all the future characters in the very large work I am preparing, and to weigh millions of possible combinations in order to select from among them a millionth part, is terribly difficult.' A month later he wrote to the same correspondent: 'The consciousness that *I can* is what brings happiness to men of our sort. You know that feeling, and I experience it with particular force this year.'

The work was begun when Tolstoy was thirty-five, and he was generally in good spirits while writing it. It secured immediate appreciation and achieved an enormous sale. Its author's life as landowner, as cadet, and as officer in the army, in Petersburg and Court society, his school work among the peasants, as well as his marriage and other experiences, furnished him with a varied acquaintance with life, almost every phase of which he laid under contribution for this book. He was also helped by his own family records of the days when his father, Nicholas, was serving in the army against Napoleon.

The novel when it commences sets before us two families already formed, the Bolkonskis with an adult son and daughter, and the Rostovs in which Nicholas is still a student and Natasha is only thirteen years old. The work ends at a period, fifteen years later, when we have before us another two families with young children. Tolstoy's artistic instinct caused him first to present to us people old enough to be interesting, and then to finish with scenes in which even children at the breast are dear to us, because they belong to families we have become intimate with and have learnt to love.

The families the story is concerned with can be identified with those of his father and mother. The Rostovs are the Tolstoys, and the Bolkonskis are the Volkonskis. It is true that he uses the material and characters drawn from family history with complete

freedom, but the resemblance of the people in the novel to the members of these families is evident even in their names. His mother's father, Prince N. Volkonski, was the type from which old Prince N. Bolkonski is drawn. They both retired in disfavour to their estates after holding high military command, and the dying Bolkonski's recollection of the anger he felt as a young man against Potëmkin (Catherine the Great's chief favourite) emphasizes the closeness of the parallel; for it was a quarrel with Potëmkin that actually deprived Tolstoy's grandfather of his command. To take another instance: Tolstoy's favourite cousin, Tatyana (a prototype of Sonya in the story), had been engaged to his father Nicholas. The Sonya of fiction and Tatyana of real life were brought up by Nicholas's parents as members of the family; they both released Nicholas from a promise of marriage in order to set him free to marry a wealthy Princess Mary and so save his mother, in her old age, from the poverty her husband's reckless extravagance had brought upon her.

The parallel is observable even in small details. 'In the novel Tolstoy mentions Sonya's thick black hair, and in a fragment of autobiography he says of his 'Aunt' Tatyana: 'She must have been very attractive with *her enormous plait of crisp, curly black hair*, her jet-black eyes, and vivacious, energetic expression.'

Bald Hills (though moved in the novel from the proximity of the Tula high road to that of Smolensk) is drawn from Tolstoy's ancestral estate Yasnaya Polyana, with its brick entrance gates to the avenue, the pond where the peasant women washed their clothes, and much else sketched from reality.

Natasha is not drawn from a Tolstoy, but at least partly from Tolstoy's sister-in-law, Tatyana Behrs, whose contralto voice he greatly admired.

What gives substance and coherence to the novel, however, is not its close realism, but its author's thirst for truth concerning life and its aspirations, and his exposure of what is false and pretentious. His heroes are always protesters against the shams they encounter. Trying to live, that is to say to enter into relations with people, they find that they so disapprove of the life around them that they cannot form such relations. Their search for real life helps them to understand, to value, and to love, those

circles in which life is unquestionably manifested. From this root Tolstoy developed an acute understanding of the peasantry and a sympathy for them, which he even carries to an extreme in his admiration for Karataev, and here there is perhaps legitimate ground for criticism.

We have spoken of the amazing truth of Tolstoy's presentment of life, but one reservation is necessary. The outlook on life shown in this book indicates Tolstoy's critical attitude towards the ruling and directing classes of society. With few exceptions he represents them as useless and evidently harmful. Seeking for types he can approve of, he finds the simple Russian peasant, soldier, or labourer,—the Karataev type—and represents it as approaching perfection in simple wisdom and goodness. This foreshadows a tendency still more strongly noticeable in his later writings. It seems that his reaction against the evil he saw in high places swayed him too strongly, and caused him to set such peasants on too high a pedestal. At any rate a race like our own, which has produced such men as Pym, Hampden, Washington, and Lincoln, cannot readily believe that those who take part in public affairs are necessarily corrupted thereby, nor that those who manage, direct, and control others are necessarily harmful to the community or morally inferior to those who plough the fields. Yet that is what Tolstoy's doctrine eventually amounts to, though in this novel his admiration for Kutuzov saves him from going the whole way to that conclusion. And here one may note that Tolstoy's artistic genius and accurate observation of life continually tend to correct the effects of his extreme theories. He is much inclined to exalt the peasants as the moral and intellectual superiors of their rulers, but truth and art step in and cause him faithfully to describe the conduct of the peasants at Bogucharovo—conduct which in a flash suggests the possibility of events such as actually occurred in 1917 and 1918.

There is another sphere, besides the life of the peasants, in which life clearly manifests itself, namely the historic life of a people. Respect for history and a capacity to understand it is the most difficult and most natural result of a search for life. Tolstoy had faced historic life in the bastions of Sevastopol, and had a grasp of life's problems that enabled him to learn from events that stunned or stupefied many of his fellows; thus his Sevastopol

experiences were of great use to him in writing *War and Peace*.

As already mentioned, the book may be regarded as a great advance along a line indicated by Pushkin; but it is also true that it was the natural result of the development of Tolstoy's talent by long and conscientious work on his earlier productions. Nothing can be simpler than most of the occurrences of *War and Peace*. Everyday events of family life: conversations between brother and sister or mother and daughter, separations and reunions, hunting, holiday festivities, dances, card-playing and so forth, are all as lovingly shaped into artistic gems as is the battle of Borodino itself. Whatever the purpose of the book may be, its success depends not on that purpose, but on what Tolstoy did under its influence, that is to say it depends on a highly artistic execution.

If Tolstoy succeeds in fixing our gaze on what occupied his soul, it is because he had full command of his instrument—which was art. Not many readers, probably, are concerned about the thoughts that directed and animated the author, but all are impressed by his creation. Men of all camps—those who like as well as those who dislike his later works—unite in tribute to the extraordinary mastery shown in this remarkable production. It is a notable example of the irresistible and all-conquering power of art.

But such art does not arise of itself, nor can it exist apart from deep thought and deep feeling. What is it that strikes every one in *War and Peace*? It is its clearness of form and vividness of colour. It is as though one saw what is described and heard the sounds that are uttered. The author hardly speaks in his own person; he brings forward the characters and then allows them to speak, feel, and act; and they do it so that every movement is true and amazingly exact, in full accord with the character of those portrayed. It is as if we had to do with real people, and saw them more clearly than one can see in real life. We not only distinguish the form of expression and the feeling of each actor, but their manner, their favourite gestures, and their way of walking. The important Prince Vasily on one occasion, in unusual and difficult circumstances, had to walk on tip-toe. The author knows just how each of his characters walks. 'Prince Vasily', we are told, 'could not walk well on tip

toe, and his whole body jerked at each step.' With similar clearness and distinctness the author knows the movements, feelings, and thoughts of all those whom he depicts. When once they are before us he does not interfere with them, but lets each behave as is natural to him.

Similarly Tolstoy usually describes scenes or scenery only as reflected in the mind of one of his characters. He does not describe the oak that stood beside the road, or the moonlight night when neither Natasha nor Prince Andrew could sleep; but he describes the impressions the oak and the night made on Prince Andrew. The battles and historic events are usually described not by informing us of the author's conception of them, but by the impression they produce on the characters in the story. The battle of Schön Grabern is described chiefly by the impression it made on Prince Andrew; Austerlitz by its impression on Nicholas Rostov; the Emperor's appearance in Moscow by the excitement it produced in Petya; and the effect of the prayer against invasion by the feelings of Natasha. Tolstoy nowhere appears behind the actors or draws events in the abstract; he shows them in the flesh and blood of those who supplied the material for the events.

In this respect the work is an artistic marvel. Tolstoy has seized not some separate traits, but a whole living atmosphere, which varies around different individuals and different classes of society. He himself mentions the 'loving family atmosphere' of the Rostovs' house, but there are other instances: the atmosphere surrounding Speranski, or that surrounding the Rostovs' uncle; that of the Big Theatre in Moscow when Natasha went to the opera; of the military hospital Nicholas visited; of a crowded bridge when the French were preparing to fire on it, and so on. The characters who enter each of these atmospheres, or pass from one of them to another, inevitably experience their influence, and so do we with them.

In this way the highest objectivity is attained; we not only have before us the actions, figures, movements, and speech of the actors, but their whole inner life is shown us by equally clear and distinct traits—their souls and hearts are bared to our view. Reading *War and Peace* we *contemplate*, in the full meaning of that word, the object

the artist has depicted. Tolstoy is an admirable realist, who shows us alike the excellent and the contemptible traits in his characters. He does not spare us Natasha's infatuation for Anatole, or pretend that as the mother of a family, she retained her youthful charm; and while he thus treats his most attractive characters, he does full justice to the courage, firmness, and leadership of the rascally card-sharper Dolokhov. Again, no one can doubt his sympathy for his country exposed to Napoleon's invasion, yet he never yields to the temptation to offer incense at the shrine of patriotic pride while depicting Russia's deliverance from a foreign yoke. How faithfully he deals with the shady aspects of Russian army life and its many defects! Indeed, one of his Russian critics, A. S. Norov, felt impelled to write that: 'Having been an eyewitness of the great deliverance of my fatherland, I could not without offence read to the end this novel which claims to be historical.' But the general impression of the *truth* of what is narrated, and of the absence of any desire to twist the evidence to either side, is so strong that not only among us, who are impartial onlookers, but even among the Russians themselves there has been a general recognition of the fact that Tolstoy when writing this book was concerned not to produce an indictment of war, and still less to represent the Russians as inferior to their opponents, but solely and simply to tell the truth. If he showed the dark side of things as well as the light, it was because he wanted to exhibit them as they really were.

If one had to classify Tolstoy, one would describe him as a psychological realist, for his supreme talent lies in the delicate and faithful depiction of the action of the soul. The finest shades of spiritual life and its profoundest upheavals are alike depicted with clearness and fidelity. The feeling of holiday dullness in the Rostovs' house at Otradne, and the feelings of the Russian army in the heat of the battle of Borodino; Natasha's youthful perturbations, and the excitement of old Bolkonski when his memory was failing and he was on the verge of apoplexy—are all vivid, living, and exact in Tolstoy's narration.

That is where the author's interest centres, and consequently his reader's interest also. However important and great the events treated of—whether it be the Kremlin crowded with people on the occasion of the Tsar's visit,

or the meeting of the two emperors, or a terrible battle with guns roaring and thousands of men dying,—nothing deflects the author, or his readers with him, from steady observation of the inner spirit of the individual characters. It is as if he were concerned only with the effect the occurrences produce on the soul of man—only with what each soul felt and contributed to the event.

What was Tolstoy seeking? What persistent curiosity made him notice the slightest sensations of all those people, from Napoleon and Kutuzov to the little girls Prince Andrew met in his deserted garden?

He sought traces of beauty in the human soul. In each person he was looking for those divine traits which constitute the dignity of human personality. In short, he was trying to detect and define with exactitude to what extent, and in what way, man's ideal aspirations are realized in actual life.

Take his portrayals of courage and cowardice. What a distance there is between the terror of the cadet Nicholas under fire for the first time, the brilliant courage of Denisov, the calm valour of Prince Andrew, and the unconscious heroism of Captain Tushin! All the feelings and forms of battle—from the panic flight at Austerlitz to the invincible firmness and hidden but steady flame of spiritual fire at Borodino—are shown us. The men are shown us, now as 'wretches', as Kutuzov calls the runaways at Austerlitz, and now as fearless, self-sacrificing warriors. In reality they are all ordinary people, and the artist with amazing mastery shows how, in various degrees, in the soul of each the spark of courage burns, is obscured, and again flames up. And we are shown what these souls mean to the course of history—what they contribute to great events.

It is an understanding of their heroism, sympathy with it, and belief in it, that constitutes the greatness of Bagration and Kutuzov; as lack of understanding of it, disregard of it, and even contempt of it, constitutes the misfortune and the pettiness of Barclay de Tolly and Speranski.

War and the affairs and vicissitudes of States are the sphere of history—and especially the sphere of the heroic. Having shown us how men act in that sphere, the artist shows us the same people in private life, where they are not heroes but simply men. As he writes in one place: 'Life meanwhile,—real life with its essential interests of health and sickness, toil and rest, and its intellectual

interests in science, poetry, music, love, friendship, hatred, and passion, went on as usual, independent of and apart from political friendships or enmity with Napoleon Bonaparte.'

After these words comes the description of Prince Andrew's visit to Otradnoe and first meeting with Natasha.

In the domain of public affairs Prince Andrew and his father are real heroes. When he is leaving Brünn to join the army in its peril, the ironical Bilibin twice without any irony calls him 'a hero', and is quite right in so doing. If one reviews all Prince Andrew's thoughts and actions in war-time one finds no single excuse for blaming him. Think of his conduct at Schön Grabern. No one understood Bagration better than he, and he alone saw and appraised Captain Tushin's achievement. Bagration knew Prince Andrew only slightly, but Kutuzov knew him better, and turned to him at the battle of Austerlitz when it was necessary to stop the flight and lead the men forward. Again, think of Borodino, when Prince Andrew, who had not wished to remain on the staff and did not happen to be among those actually fighting, remained for hours under fire. All human feelings are present in his soul, but not for an instant does he lose complete self-control, and to an adjutant who lies down on the ground he cries, 'It is a shame, sir, a shame,' at the very moment when the shell bursts that inflicts a terrible wound upon himself. The path of such men is really a 'path of honour' as Kutuzov tells him, and they can unflinchingly do all that is called for by the strictest conception of courage and self-sacrifice.

Old Bolkonski is cast in the same mould. Consider his Spartan farewell to the son he loves, when the latter is starting for the war: 'Remember this, Prince Andrew, if they kill you it will *hurt* me, your old father . . . but if I hear you have not behaved like a son of Nicholas Bolkonski, I shall be *ashamed* !'

And the son is one who had full right to reply: 'You need not have said that to me, father.'

The same father's interest in life is so closely bound up with the interests of Russia, that when after all his scornful contempt he is at last obliged to realize that Napoleon is seriously invading Russia and has reached Vitebsk—it is impossible for him to endure the thought of the general

calamity. It strikes him down like a bullet; he has a seizure and dies.

These people are heroes such as make a people and a kingdom strong. Why then is their heroism stripped of all that would make it striking, and why are they presented as ordinary people? The reason is that the artist has depicted them for us completely, shown us not only how they act in regard to duty, honour, and national dignity, but also in private personal life. He shows us old Bolkonski's family life, his perverse relations with his daughter, his weakness, senility, and unintentional torture of those around him. In Prince Andrew, Tolstoy describes outbursts of passionate egotism and ambition: his cold yet jealous attitude towards his wife, and his difficult character generally, with much in it to remind us of his father. 'I am afraid of him,' says Natasha just before he proposes to her.

Old Bolkonski inspires the respect of all who come within his range. Prince Andrew inspires every one with involuntary respect, and plays the part of one who speaks with authority. He is caressed by Kutuzov and Speranski and adored by his soldiers. All this affects those around them, but not us. We are led by the artist into the hidden life of these people, he shows us their thoughts and emotions. Their human weakness, the moments when they are reduced to the level of ordinary mortals, the positions and spiritual movements in which all men feel alike and are alike human, are clearly and fully revealed to us; and that is why the heroic traits of these characters are submerged in a mass of simply human traits.

This applies to all the characters in *War and Peace*, but let it not be supposed that the artist wished to depreciate heroic characters and actions, or to represent them as spurious. His aim is, on the contrary, only to show them in their true light and consequently to enable us to see them where we had previously overlooked them. The existence of weakness should not prevent us from discerning human excellence. In other words the artist enables us to penetrate to the poetry concealed in real life. It is buried under the masses of triviality and filth and the senseless vanities of daily life; our own indifference, laziness, and absorption renders it invisible until the artist illumines for us the slime covering human life, and enables us to see the divine flame that burns even in the

darkest and obscurest places. He helps us to understand those in whom it burns brightly though it had been overlooked by our myopic vision, and he enables us to sympathize with actions that seemed unintelligible to our cowardice and self-absorption.

Tolstoy undertook to present the most heroic period of Russian history, the days from which the conscious life of modern Russia arose, and he emerged triumphant from the contest with the difficulties of his theme.

We have before us a marvellous panorama of the Russia that withstood Napoleon's invasion and dealt a death-blow to his power. The picture is painted not only without exaggeration but with the deep shadows and the ugly, pitiful features belonging to the mental, moral, and political relations of that day. But at the same time the strength that saved Russia is plainly indicated in a manner that, by contrast with the present, makes the book painful reading for lovers of Russia to-day.

The thought that forms Tolstoy's military theory is that each soldier is not a mere material tool, but is strong chiefly in proportion to his *spirit*, and that everything finally depends on that spirit in the soldier, which may decline to panic or rise to heroism. Commanders are strong when they direct not merely the movements and actions of the soldiers, but can direct their spirit. For this it is necessary that the spirit of the commander should be superior to that of his whole army—above all accidents and misfortunes—should in a word have strength to uphold the whole army and in case of need to bear the fate of a whole nation. Such a man, for instance, was old Kutuzov at Borodino. His faith in the strength of the Russian army and the Russian people is evidently higher and stronger than that of each of the soldiers. Kutuzov as it were unites in himself the courage of them all. The fate of the battle is really decided by the words he says to the German, Woltsogen, 'You know nothing. The enemy is beaten . . . and to-morrow we shall drive him from the sacred soil of Russia.' At that moment Kutuzov evidently stood immeasurably above the Woltsogens and Barclays and personified the greatness of his nation.

The power with which the battle is described results from all that preceded. By the time we have reached the battle we are already acquainted with all the forms of courage and of cowardice; we know how every man from

the commander-in-chief to the last of the privates bears himself, or may bear himself. This enables the author to condense his account. We have here not one Captain Tushin, who had been described in detail at Schön Grabern, but hundreds of such Tushins. By a few scenes ; the hill where Pierre stood—Prince Andrew's regiment—the ambulance station—we feel the heroism of spirit of each soldier and understand the united and invincible spirit animating that whole tremendous mass of men. Kutuzov is seen united by invisible threads to the heart of each soldier. Seldom has the world witnessed such a battle, and never before was such a battle so described.

This heroic life is depicted in its most exalted aspects and in its true colours, but it does not exhaust the author's subject, which is much wider. His chief intention in depicting heroic deeds is to reveal their *human* basis, and in the heroes to show us *men*. He gives us not an account of deeds of valour and great events, but an account of the people who participated in those deeds and events. Tolstoy's wide subject is *man*. People evidently interest him quite independently of their position in society, or of the greatness or smallness of the events in which they are concerned.

Let us see then how Tolstoy presents people.

The soul of man is depicted in *War and Peace* with unparalleled reality. It is not life in the abstract that is shown, but creatures fully defined with all their limitations of place, time, and circumstance. For instance, we see how individuals *grow*. Natasha running into the drawing-room with her doll, in Book I, and Natasha entering the church, in Book IX, are really one and the same person at two different ages, and not merely two different ages attributed to a single person, such as one often encounters in fiction. The author has also shown us the intermediate stages of this development. In the same way Nicholas Rostov develops ; Pierre from being a young man becomes a Moscow magnate ; old Bolkonski grows senile and so forth.

The spiritual peculiarities of Tolstoy's characters are so clearly perceptible, so individual, that we can notice the *family likeness* of those who are blood relations. Old Bolkonski and Prince Andrew are evidently of similar nature, though one is young and the other old. The Rostov family, despite the great divergence of its members,

presents features common to them all, and so remarkably reproduced that they merge into shades one feels but cannot describe. For instance, we can feel that even the unsympathetic Vera may be a real Rostov, while the much more attractive Sonya's mentality evidently springs from a different root.

The non-Russians present a very trying test, for had Tolstoy been content to give a conventionally Russian view of the nationalities presented, we, from our English point of view, should at once note the artificiality of such a presentation. But take, for instance, the French Mlle. Bourienne or Napoleon himself; the Austrian and German generals Mack and Pfuel, or Adolph Berg, and (though we to-day may feel more respect for German military capacity than Tolstoy felt in the sixties) we readily recognize the Frenchness of the Frenchman and the Germanity of Germans. As to the Russians in the book, not only is every one of them thoroughly Russian, but even the class and condition to which each of them belongs is readily distinguishable. For instance, Speranski, little as we see of him, is from head to foot a 'Seminarist', the product of a theological college.

And all that passes in their minds, each feeling, passion, or agitation is distinct and true. Tolstoy never makes the common mistake of representing a single state of mind as always prevailing in the soul of any of his heroes. Think, for instance, of Natasha whose spirit is so intense and full; in her soul everything is ardent: her vanity, her love of her betrothed, her gaiety, her thirst for life, her deep affection for her relations, and so on. Or think of Prince Andrew when he stood over the smoking shell.

"Can this be death?" thought Prince Andrew, looking with a quite new, envious glance at the grass, the wormwood, and the streamlet of smoke that curled up from the revolving black ball. "I cannot—do not wish—to die; I love life, love this grass, this ground, this air." . . . He thought this *and at the same time remembered that men were looking at him.* Or take the feeling of animosity Prince Andrew nursed towards Kuragin, with its strange contradictions, or the changes of feeling in the Princess Mary: religious, amorous, filially devoted, and so forth.

What is the author's aim in all this? What feeling directs him? By depicting the human soul in its dependence and fluctuations, in its subjection to its own

peculiarities and to the temporary circumstances surrounding it—he seems to depreciate the life of the soul, and to deprive it of unity, of constant, essential meaning. The mutability, insignificance, and vanity of human feelings and wishes seems to be the artist's chief theme.

But here again we should err if we dwelt on his realistic efforts, or forgot the source which inspires them. Realism in the presentation of the human soul was essential for the brighter, more truthful, and more certain presentation of man's accomplishment, in however feeble a degree, of the ideal. In those souls, perturbed and oppressed by their desires and by circumstances, the artist has caught and preserved each trace of true spiritual beauty and true human dignity. So that if we wish to formulate the problem dealt with in the work, we must express it thus: Wherein lies the dignity of man? How are we to understand the life of men, from the strongest and most brilliant to the weakest and most insignificant, so as not to lose sight of its essential trait—the soul in each of us?

We find a hint of this formula in the book itself. Discussing how far Napoleon's influence on the battle of Borodino was restricted, and how far the soul of each soldier played a part, the author remarks: '*the dignity of man tells me that each of us is, if not more, at any rate not less a man than the great Napoleon*'. And so, to depict that wherein each man is the equal of any other, that wherein the common soldier may equal Napoleon, and a limited dull man may equal the wisest—in a word, to show what we should respect in man and to what we should ascribe his value is our artist's broad aim. For that end he has presented to us great men and great events besides the adventures of the cadet Rostov; the salons of the *grand monde* beside the homely life of the Rostovs' 'uncle'; Napoleon, and in contrast the inn-keeper Ferapontov. For this he has told of family scenes among simple weak people, and of the fierce passions of brilliant people rich in natural strength, and has depicted bursts of nobility and magnanimity in contrast with the profoundest human weakness.

The dignity of man is hidden from us either by all kinds of defects or by the fact that we esteem other qualities too highly, and therefore measure men by their cleverness, strength, beauty, and so forth. The author teaches us to

penetrate beneath their externality. What can be simpler, more ordinary, and, so to say, meeker than the figures of Nicholas Rostov and the Princess Mary? They have no brilliance, no ability, and do not stand out from the most ordinary level of ordinary folk. Yet these simple people, who go quietly along the simplest of life's roads, are evidently admirable souls. The irresistible sympathy with which the author has surrounded these two, who seem so small but are really the peers of any in spiritual beauty, is one of the masterly achievements of *War and Peace*. Nicholas Rostov is evidently a man of very limited ability, but, as the author says in one passage, 'he had that common sense of mediocrity which showed him what he ought to do.'

And really Nicholas does many stupid things, and does not show much understanding of people or circumstances, but he always understands what ought to be done, and this invaluable wisdom always preserves the purity of his simple and ardent nature.

Is there any need to speak of the Princess Mary? Despite all her weakness, this figure (which represented what Tolstoy treasured as the image of the mother he lost before he was two years old) attains such purity and mildness that she seems at times to wear the halo of a saint.

Then again Tolstoy is most masterly in the presentment of what is hidden in the soul of man beneath the play of passion, beneath all his egotism, avarice, and animal desires. Very pitiful, very senseless, are the passions which lead Pierre and Natasha astray; but the reader sees that behind it all these people have hearts of gold, and one never for a moment doubts that when a demand arises for self-sacrifice, or when there is a call for boundless sympathy with what is good and admirable, these hearts will yield warm and ready response. The spiritual beauty of these two is remarkable. Pierre—a grown-up child with an enormous body and terrible sensuality, impractical and unreasonable as a child—unites in himself a child-like purity and tenderness of soul with a mind that is naïve, but for that very reason lofty, and a character to which everything dishonourable is not merely foreign but even incomprehensible. He has a childlike absence of fear and unconsciousness of evil. Natasha is a girl gifted with such fullness of spiritual life that, in Pierre's words, '*she does*

not deign to be clever, that is, she has neither the time nor the desire to convert this fullness of life into abstract forms of thought. Her measureless plenitude of life—which at times brings her into a state of ‘intoxication’ (to use the exact word employed in the Russian original)—leads her into the terrible mistake of her senseless passion for Kuragin—a mistake afterwards redeemed by severe suffering. Pierre and Natasha were people who by their very natures were bound to commit many mistakes and encounter much disillusionment. As if in contrast to them the author introduces the happy couple Vera and Adolph Berg—people who commit no mistakes, encounter no disillusionment, and arrange their life most comfortably. One cannot but be amazed at the restraint with which Tolstoy, exhibiting all the paltriness and pettiness of these souls, never once yields to the temptation of treating them with ridicule or anger. This is true realism and real truth! With similar truthfulness are the Kuragins, Hélène and Anatole, depicted; these heartless creatures are exhibited unsparingly but with no desire to belabour them.

What results from this calm, clear daylight which the author lets in upon his picture? We have before us neither classic villains nor classic heroes; the human soul appears in very varied types, it is shown in its weakness, dominated by passion and by surroundings, but essentially and in general guided by pure and worthy aspirations. Amid all the diversity of people and events, we feel the presence of some firm and indestructible principles on which their lives rest. Family, social, and marital obligations are clearly discernible. The conceptions of good and evil are clear and durable. Having shown us the artificial life of the higher spheres of society and of the various staffs surrounding exalted personages, Tolstoy sets in contrast two firm and real spheres of life—family life and the life of the active army. The two families, the Rostovs and the Bolkonskis, present us with life directed by clear, indubitable principles, in the fulfilment of which the members of these families set their duty and honour, their dignity and satisfaction. Similarly army life (which Tolstoy in one place compares to a swarm) presents us with a quite definite conception of duty and human dignity; so that the simple-minded Nicholas on one occasion even prefers to remain in the regiment rather than return home, where he does not see clearly what his conduct should be.

Thus in bold and clear outline the Russia of 1812 is shown us as a mass of people who knew what human dignity demanded of them, what they ought to do in relation to themselves, to others, and to their country. The whole narrative consists of the exhibition of every kind of conflict borne by this feeling of duty in strife with the passions and accidents of life, and also the struggle that this firmest and largest section of Russia endured with the upper, the artificial, and insolvent sections. The year 1812 was the moment when the lower part took the upper hand and by its firmness withstood Napoleon's invasion. All this is admirably seen for instance in the conduct and thoughts of Prince Andrew, who left the staff to join the regiment, and speaking to Pierre on the eve of the battle of Borodino, constantly alludes to his father who had been killed by the news of the invasion. It was a feeling similar to Prince Andrew's that saved Russia, as it was the absence of such a feeling among the mass of the people that, when victory was already in sight, delivered Russia over to destruction a century later in the last great war. 'The French have destroyed my home,' says Prince Andrew, 'and they are advancing to destroy Moscow; they have insulted and are insulting me every second. They are my enemies, and in my perception are all criminals.'

After this and other similar remarks, Pierre, the author tells us, 'understood the whole meaning and importance of the impending battle.' At Borodino two nations were in conflict, one attacking and the other defending. There with the greatest clearness was manifested the strength of two *ideas*, which actuated these nations and put them in their respective positions. The French appear as the representative of cosmopolitan ideas—capable in the name of general principles of resorting to aggressive violence and the slaughter of nations. The Russians appear as representatives of the idea of nationality—lovingly defending the spirit and organization of an independent, organically developed life. The matter was fought out on the field of Borodino, and the Russians then decided it in favour of nationality.

Hitherto we have presented the matter as though the author had quite definite aims and problems, and as though he wished to prove or to explain certain thoughts and abstract ideas. But that is only an approximate

manner of expression adopted for the sake of clearness. The case was presented in that rough and sharp form that it might be more distinct. In reality the artist was not guided by such bare conceptions as we have attributed to him ; his creative force acted more widely and profoundly, penetrating to the most secret and lofty meaning of things.

One might indeed formulate the aim and meaning of *War and Peace* in several different ways. *Truth* is the essence of every really artistic production, and therefore to whatever plane of philosophic vision we rise we shall find in *War and Peace* a subject for contemplation. There has been much discussion about Tolstoy's theory of history, and despite the exaggeration of some of his expressions people of very various views have agreed that if he is not quite in the right he is within a step or two of the truth of the matter.

We may generalize his theory and say that not only historic life, but all human life, is directed not by intelligence or will—that is, not by thoughts or wishes that have reached a clearly conscious form—but by something mysterious and strong, the so-called nature of man. The sources of life, both of individuals and of whole peoples, are much profounder and more potent than the conscious choice and conscious reflection which apparently guides people. Such a faith in life—an admission of a larger meaning in life than our reason is capable of seizing—is diffused through the whole of Tolstoy's work, and one might even say that the whole book was written on that theme.

Take one small example. After his visit to Otradnoe Prince Andrew decides to leave the country and go to Petersburg. 'A whole series', we are told, 'of sensible and logical reasons showing that it was essential for him to go to Petersburg and even to enter the Service presented themselves to him every moment. He could not now understand how he had ever doubted the necessity of taking an active part in life ; just as a month before he had not understood how the idea of leaving the country could ever enter his head. It now seemed clear to him that all his experience of life must be senselessly wasted unless he applied it to affairs and again took up an active part. He did not even remember how formerly *on the strength of similar poor logical arguments* it had seemed obvious that he would degrade himself if he now, after the lessons he

had had from life, allowed himself to believe in the possibility of being useful, or in the possibility of happiness or love.'

A similarly subservient rôle is played by the intelligence in Tolstoy's other characters. Life everywhere shows itself transcending mere logical conceptions, and the author shows how it manifests its strength apart from the will of individuals. Napoleon strives forward to what must destroy him ; the disorder in which he found the Russian army and Russian Government saved Russia, for it drew Napoleon on to Moscow, and caused the patriotism of the people to ripen, making Kutuzov's appointment inevitable and changing the whole course of events. The profound forces which control events were paramount over all calculations.

In this sense the secret of Life's profundity is the theme of *War and Peace*.

But with equal justice we might adopt any other lofty point of contemplation of phenomena and attribute it to this work. We might, for instance, say that the highest point to which the author rises is a religious outlook on life. When Prince Andrew, who like his father was irreligious, had painfully experienced life's vicissitudes, and when, mortally wounded, he saw his enemy Anatole, he suddenly found a new view of life disclosed to him.

'Compassion, love of one's brother-man, of those who love us and those who hate us, love of our enemies, yes, the love God taught on earth, and which the Princess Mary taught me but which *I did not understand*—that was what was left me, had I lived.'

And in different degrees a similar understanding of life reveals itself to many other characters in *War and Peace*. For instance, to the much-enduring Princess Mary who loved much ; to Pierre after his wife's unfaithfulness ; to Natasha after her inconstancy to her betrothed, and to others. With remarkable clearness and strength the author shows us that a religious outlook is the constant refuge of a soul tortured by life : the sole point of rest for thoughts baffled by the mutability of human welfare.

Tolstoy is peculiarly Russian, and may at times be read to find the differences of thought and feeling that separate Russians from ourselves ; but what is more remarkable is the way his penetration to the very souls of men convinces us that his Russians are of one nature

with ourselves, and that the power that created us made 'of one blood all nations of men', however we may appear to vary superficially.

War and Peace presents us with a complete picture of human life; a complete picture of the Russia of those days; a complete historic picture of the struggle of nations; and a complete picture of the things in which men set their happiness and greatness, their sorrow and their shame. It is a work so amazingly great that though many have *felt* its greatness, few have *understood* how great it is. Tolstoy is one who reveals the secrets of life and death. The meaning of history, the strength of nations, the mystery of death, the reality of love and family life—such are the subjects he deals with. Are these matters so easy that every casual reader may take up the book in an idle hour expecting to fathom them? Is it strange that *War and Peace* should prove both a touchstone testing the quality of its critics, and a stumbling-block to many who undertake to judge it?

In judging of such a work one should tread with caution, but we think a Russian critic judged well when he said that the meaning of the book is best summed up in Tolstoy's own words, 'There is no greatness without simplicity, goodness, and truth.'

The artist's aim is to show us true greatness as he understands it, and to contrast with it false greatness, which he rejects. He is a voice speaking for what is simple and good, in opposition to what is artificial and predacious. It is not only his contrast of the Russians with the French, but also his contrast of one set of Russians with another, that shows his sympathy with the meek in opposition to the predatory type. One need not claim that he is always right, or always holds the balance even between the active and managing as contrasted with the submissive and enduring types, to recognize the value of his perception of greatness and heroism in such men as Tushin: a perception without which no worthy picture of the Russian people at their best would be possible.

Then again one need not claim that Tolstoy's judgment of Napoleon is an impartial summing up of the case. Napoleon was too generally accepted as a great man for Tolstoy not to feel sceptical of his quality, and Napoleon was precisely of the selfishly aggressive type, pouring out the lives of others like water, whom Tolstoy (who also

hated Peter the Great) instinctively detested. But while one admits this, one recognizes that his act of indictment is admirably drawn and contains a large measure of truth. Tolstoy was scrupulously careful as to the actual incidents of the historic scenes depicted, and never puts a remark into the mouth of an historical character for which he had not good warrant.

In addition to writing a very long novel, Tolstoy allowed his fondness for abstract reflection to lead him into a disquisition on the influence of necessity and free will on the course of history, as well as one on the influence, or lack of influence, exerted by those who are called 'great men', on the fate of nations. In so far as these reflections are interwoven with the story and included in its course they have been here reproduced in full. But a second Epilogue, dealing solely with such speculations and standing detached at the end of the book, has been omitted, with a view to including it in a subsequent volume of essays. Even so, the length of these volumes of *War and Peace* is considerably greater than the usual length of volumes in this series; and the matter of that Epilogue is, moreover, more likely to attract essay readers than novel readers.

Fearing that in our anxiety to keep close to the wording of the Russian original we might here and there have adopted a somewhat foreign phraseology, we have gratefully availed ourselves of the skilful help of Miss M. C. Ludby and Miss Nancy Thomas, who have read over our typescript and made many suggestions which have conduced to a smoother reading. Our very sincere thanks are also due to Mr. John H. Penson, who has given us valuable assistance especially in matters of military phraseology. His knowledge of Russian and experience of military operations in Russia rendered his assistance particularly valuable.

A very ample acknowledgement is due to a Russian critic, the late N. N. Strakhov, of whose admirable series of articles on Tolstoy's works I have made the freest use. As his works are, unfortunately, not available in English, I should not have hesitated to use them to an even greater extent in preparing this Introduction, had space permitted.

The Russian names in such a book as this are apt to prove a stumbling-block to readers. We have therefore taken pains to minimize that difficulty. A list of the

Russian names mentioned is supplied, in which the stressed syllables are indicated by an accent. Polish names omitted from the list take the accent on the last syllable but one.

French, German, Italian, and other foreign names are not included in the list, but they too have received attention. It often happens that by the time such names have been arbitrarily transliterated into Russian and retransliterated into the Latin alphabet they become unrecognizable; and as this is a matter of importance in an historical novel, we have been careful to give such names in a form that students of history can recognize.

It is a moot question whether in English versions it is more convenient to retain the Russian distinction between masculine and feminine surnames (such as Rostov and Rostova), or to use only the masculine form. We have in our translations preferred to preserve both terminations because in sentences such as 'Is not that the young Rostova?' or 'Who ran away with Morgunova,' it is awkward to introduce a formal Madame, Mrs., or Miss, which gives quite a different tone to the remark. Also we do not like to change such familiar names as Anna Karenina, which is an additional reason for preserving the feminine termination.

While on the subject of names, it may be mentioned that Tolstoy told us he intended the name Rostov to take the accent on the last syllable, like Rostov the town. As in one of the American translations of this novel there is a note misinforming readers on this point, it is desirable here to draw attention to the correct accentuation.

But the mere number of names, and the fact that in the original the same character often appears under a variety of names, tends to perplexity. We have therefore tried as far as possible to keep to one name for each character, and when a pet name or a French equivalent had to be introduced, we have taken pains to do so in a way that avoids ambiguity. Where a Russian name differs but slightly from its English equivalent, we have Anglicized it for the sake of simplicity.

LIST OF RUSSIAN NAMES OCCURRING IN VOL. I OF WAR AND PEACE

With stress-accent marks to show which syllable should be emphasized

Where a surname is known it is given first, otherwise the Christian name or the name by which the person is usually mentioned. Pet names are given in brackets.

Akhrosímova, Mary Dmítrievna (*le terrible dragon*).

Alexander I, *the Emperor*.

Alpátych, *old Bolkónski's steward*.

Antónov, *an artilleryman*.

Apráksina, *Countess*.

Ápcheron *regiment*.

Arakchéev, *Count A. A.*

Arkhárov.

Bagration, *General Prince Peter Iványch*.

Bekleshëv, *Alexander*.

Berg, Alphonse Kárlích, *officer in Russian army*.

Bezúkhov, *Count Cyril Vladímirych*.

Bezúkhov, Peter Kirílych, or Pierre (*subsequently Count*),
his son.

Bilíbin, *a diplomatist*.

Bogdánych, *a regimental commander*.

Bolkónski, *Prince Andrew Nikoláevich, son of the following :*

Bolkónski, *Prince Nicholas Andréevich, a retired General-in-Chief*.

Bolkónski, *Prince Nicholas Andréevich, his baby grandson*.

Bolkónskaya, *Princess Elizabeth (Liza or Lise), née Meinen, Andrew's wife*.

Bolkónskaya, *Princess Mary (Másha), Andrew's sister*.

Bondarénko, *an hussar*.

Býkov, *an officer ('the Rat')*.

Demyán, *old Bolkónski's house-steward*.

Denísov, *Vasíli Dmítrich (Váska)*.

Dmítri Onúfrich, *solicitor to old Bezúkhov*.

Dmítri Vasílich (Mítenka), *manager of Rostóv's affairs*.

Dokhtúrov, *a general*.

Dolgorúkov, *Prince Yúri*.

Dólokhov (Fédya), *officer and bravo*.

Dólokhova, *Mary Ivánovna, his mother*.

Drubetskáya, *Princess Anna Mikháylovna (Annette)*.

Drubetskóy, *Prince Borís (Bóry), her son*.

- Ekonómov, *a major*.
 Fédchenko, *a sergeant*.
 Fedeshón, *a private*.
 Fedótov, *a soldier*.
 Feoktíst, *chef at the club*.
 Fóka, *cook at old Bolkónski's*.
 Gavril, *a servant at the Rostóvs'*.
 Golítsyn, *Prince*.
 Gorchakóva, *Princess*.
 Grisha, *Denísov's valet (Gríshka)*.
 Gúrev.
 Ilyá Iványch, *the Tsar's coachman*.
 Iógel, *a dancing master*.
 Ipátka, *a coachman*.
 Iván Lukích.
 Iván Mítrich.
 Ilyúshka, *a gipsy*.
 Ismaýlov regiment.
 Kámenski, *Field-Marshal ('Father')*.
 Karágina, Julie, *an heiress who marries Borís*.
 Karágina, Mary Lvóvna, *her mother*.
 Kírsen, *a Staff-Captain*.
 Kishinëv, *a town*.
 Kostromá, *a town*.
 Kozlónvski, *an officer*.
 Kurágin, Prince Anatole, *an officer*.
 Kurágin, Prince Hippolyte, *in the diplomatic service*.
 Kurágin, Prince Vasíly Sergéich, *their father*.
 Kurágina, Princess Hélène (Lyólya), *Pierre's wife*.
 Kursk regiment ('Kúrsbies').
 Kutúzov, Michael Ilariónych, *Commander-in-Chief*.
 Kutúzov, Paul Iványch, *a minor poet*.
 Lavrúshka, *Denísov's valet*.
 Mámontova, Princess Catharine Seménovna (Catiche).
 Mámontova, Princess Sophie Seménovna.
 Maksím, *a gardener*.
 Marie Fédorovna, *Dowager-Empress, widow of Paul*.
 Márkov, *Count*.
 Másha, *Liza's maid*.
 Mary Bogdánovna, *a midwife*.
 Mary Víktorovna.
 Matrévna, *the name of a cannon*.
 Medvédev.
 Michael Iványch, *Bolkónski's resident architect*.
 Michael Mítrich, *a battalion commander*.
 Milorádovich, *a general*.
 Mirónov, *a cadet*.

- Móyka Canal.
 Narýshkin, Alexander.
 Nesvítski, Prince, *a staff-officer*.
 Nikítenko, *a trooper*.
 Nóvgorod regiment.
 Novosíltsev, Count N. N.
 Odýntsova, Kitty.
 Ólga, Princess.
 Orlóv, Count.
 Ochákov, *a fortress*.
 Pavlográd Hussars.
 Petróv, *a soldier*.
 Petrúshka, *Prince Andrew's valet*.
 Podólsk Chasseurs.
 Potëmkin, *the favourite of Catherine the Great*.
 Povarskáya, *a street in Moscow*.
 Praskóvya Sávishna, *an old nurse of Princess Mary's*.
 Prokófy, *a footman*.
 Radzivílov, *frontier town*.
 Razumóvski, Count.
 Razgulyáy, *a square in Moscow*.
 Repnín, Prince.
 Rostopchín, Count.
 Rostóv, Count Ilyá Andréévich.
 Rostóv, Count Nicholas Ilýnych (Kólya), *his eldest son*.
 Rostóv, Count Peter Ilýnych (Pétya), *his second son*.
 Rostóva, Countess Nataly (*née* Shinshiná), *wife of Ilya Rostov*.
 Rostóva, Countess Nataly Ilýnychna (Natásha), *her daughter*.
 Rostóva, Countess Véra Ilýnychna, *the eldest daughter*.
 Rummyántsev, Count.
 Rúrik, *first ruler mentioned in Russian history*.
 Ryazán estate.
 Semënov regiment.
 Shérer, Anna Pávlovna (Annette).
 Shinshín, Peter Nikoláich.
 Shúbert, Karl Bogdányich, *regimental commander*.
 Sídorov, *a soldier*.
 Sokólniki, *a wooded locality near Moscow*.
 Sónya, *Natásha's cousin*.
 Spásski Hills, *near Moscow*.
 Strógonov, Count, *an Imperial aide-de-camp*.
 Sukhtélen, *a lieutenant*.
 Suvórov, *a famous general (1729-1800)*.
 Tarás, *Rostóv's man-cook*.
 Telyánin, *a dishonest lieutenant*.
 Tíkhon, *old Bolkónski's attendant*.
 Timókhin, Captain Prokhór Ignátych.

Tolstóy, Count, *Lord High Marshall.*

Túshin, Captain.

Tverskáya, *street in Moscow.*

Uvórov, General Theodore.

Valúev.

Vasíli Ignátych, *a member of the club.*

Vladímir, the Order of St.

Volkónski, Prince, *an Imperial aide-de-camp.*

Vorónezh, *a town.*

Vyázemski, Prince.

Vyazmítinov, Sergéy Kuzmích.

Zakhár, *a cabman.*

Zakárenchenko, *a sergeant-major.*

Zherkóv, *an officer.*

Zíkin, *a soldier.*

Zúbova, Countess.

WAR AND PEACE
BOOK I

WAR AND PEACE

BOOK I

CHAPTER I

‘WELL, prince, so Genoa and Lucca¹ have become mere family estates of the Buonapartes.² But I warn you, if you don’t tell me that this means war, if you still try to defend all the abominations and horrors perpetrated by that Antichrist—for I really believe he is Antichrist—I will have nothing more to do with you and you are no longer my friend, no longer my “faithful slave”, as you call yourself! But how are you? I see I have frightened you—sit down and tell me all the news.’

It was in July 1805, and the speaker was the well-known Anna Pavlovna Scherer, maid of honour and favourite of the Empress Marie Fedorovna. Thus she greeted Prince Vasili, a man of high rank and importance, who was the first to arrive at her reception. Anna Pavlovna had had a cough for some days. She was, as she said, suffering from *la grippe*, *grippe* being then a new word in St. Petersburg, used only by the elect. All the notes without exception, which a scarlet-liveried footman had taken round that morning, ran as follows in French:

‘If you have nothing better to do, count (or prince), and if the prospect of spending an evening with a poor invalid is not too terrible, I shall be very pleased to see you to-night between seven and ten,—Anna Scherer.’

‘Oh, what a virulent attack!’ replied the prince, not in the least abashed by this reception. He had just entered, wearing an embroidered court uniform with

¹ Genoa was incorporated with France in 1805; and Lucca was formed into a principality in the same year, in favour of Napoleon’s sister Elisa and her husband Barocchi.

² Buonaparte with a *u* was the original spelling of Napoleon’s family name, and was long employed by those who wished his origin to be remembered. It is used in this book only by those speakers who are bitterly opposed to Napoleon.

stars on his breast, and with a serene expression on his flat face. He spoke in that refined French in which our grandfathers not only spoke but thought, and with the gentle patronizing intonation natural to a man of importance who had grown old in society and at court. He approached Anna Scherer, kissed her hand, presented his bald, scented and polished head for her to kiss, and quietly seated himself on the sofa.

'First of all, dear friend, tell me how you are. Set your friend's mind at rest,' said he without altering his tone, beneath the politeness and affected sympathy of which were discernible indifference and even irony.

'Can one be well while suffering morally? Can one be calm in times like these, if one has any feeling?' said Anna Pavlovna. 'You are staying the whole evening, I hope?'

'And the entertainment at the English Ambassador's? To-day is Wednesday. I must put in an appearance there,' said the prince. 'My daughter will come for me and take me.'

'I thought to-day's entertainment had been given up? I confess all these fêtes and fireworks are becoming wearisome.'

'Had it been known that you desired it, the entertainment would have been given up,' said the prince, who, like a wound-up clock, by force of habit said things he did not even wish people to believe.

'Don't tease. Well, and what has been decided about Novosiltsev's¹ dispatch? You know everything.'

'What can one say about it?' replied the prince in a cold, weary tone. 'What has been decided? They have decided that Buonaparte has burnt his boats, and I believe we are ready to burn our own.'

Prince Vasili always spoke indolently, like an actor repeating a stale part. Anna Pavlovna Scherer on the contrary, despite her forty years, overflowed with animation and impetuosity. To be an enthusiast had become her social vocation, and sometimes even when she did not feel like it she became enthusiastic in order not to disappoint the expectations of those who knew her. The subdued smile which, though it did not suit her faded features, always played round her lips, expressed, as in

¹ N. N. Novosiltsev arranged the Anglo-Russian Alliance in 1805.

a spoilt child, a perpetual consciousness of her charming defect, which she neither wished, nor could, nor considered it necessary to correct.

In the midst of a conversation on political matters Anna Pavlovna burst out :

‘ Oh, don’t speak to me of Austria. Perhaps I don’t understand anything, but Austria never has wished and does not wish for war. She is betraying us ! Russia alone must save Europe. Our beneficent sovereign recognizes his high vocation and will be true to it. That is the one thing I have faith in ! Our good and wonderful sovereign has to perform the noblest part on earth, and he is so virtuous that God will not forsake him. He will fulfil his vocation and crush the hydra of revolution, which has become more terrible than ever in the person of this murderer and villain ! We alone must avenge the blood of the just one . . . Whom can we rely on ? I ask you. . . . England, with her commercial spirit, will not and cannot understand the Emperor Alexander’s loftiness of soul. She has refused to evacuate Malta. She wanted to find, and still seeks, some secret motive in our actions. What answer did Novosiltsev get ? None. The English have not understood and cannot understand the self-abnegation of our Emperor, who wants nothing for himself but only desires the good of mankind. And what have they promised ? Nothing ! And what little they have promised, they will not perform. Prussia has always declared that Buonaparte is invincible, and that all Europe is powerless before him . . . And I don’t believe a word that Hardenburg¹ says, or Haugwitz either. This much talked-of Prussian neutrality is just a trap. I have faith only in God, and in the high destiny of our beloved monarch. He will save Europe.’

And suddenly she paused, with a smile at her own vehemence.

‘ I think,’ remarked the prince with a smile, ‘ that if you had been sent instead of our dear Wintzingerode you would have captured the King of Prussia’s consent by assault. You are so eloquent. Will you give me a cup of tea ? ’

¹ Hardenberg was the First Minister of Prussia, and Haugwitz was Prussian Minister of Foreign Affairs at this time.

‘Immediately. *À propos*,’ she added, becoming tranquil again, ‘I am expecting two very interesting men to-night, le vicomte de Mortmart, who is connected with the Montmorencys through the Rohans, one of the best French families. He is one of the genuine *émigrés*, the good ones. And also the abbé Morio. Do you know that profound thinker? He has been received by the emperor. Had you heard?’

‘I shall be delighted to meet them,’ said the prince. ‘But tell me,’ he added with studied carelessness, as if it had only just occurred to him, though the question he was about to ask was the chief object of his visit, ‘is it true that the Dowager Empress wants Baron Funke to be appointed first secretary at Vienna? The baron is an insignificant fellow by all accounts.’

Prince Vasili wished to obtain this post for his son, but others, through the Dowager Empress Maria Fedorovna, were trying to secure it for the baron.

Anna Pavlovna nearly closed her eyes to indicate that neither she nor any one else had a right to criticize what the empress desired, or was pleased with.

‘Baron Funke has been recommended to the Dowager Empress by her sister,’ was all she replied, in a dry and melancholy tone.

As she named the empress, Anna Pavlovna’s face suddenly assumed an expression of profound and sincere devotion and respect mingled with sadness, and this occurred whenever she mentioned her illustrious patroness. She added that her Majesty had deigned to show Baron Funke *beaucoup d’estime*, and again her face clouded over with sadness.

The prince was silent and looked indifferent. But, with the womanly and courtier-like quickness and tact habitual to her, Anna Pavlovna wished both to rebuke the prince (for daring to speak as he had done of a man recommended to the empress) and at the same time to console him; so she said—

‘Now about your family. Do you know that since your daughter came out every one has been enraptured by her? They say she is amazingly beautiful.’

The prince bowed to signify his respect and gratitude.

‘I often think,’ she continued after a short pause, drawing nearer to the prince and smiling amiably at him

as if to show that political and social topics were ended and that the time had come for intimate conversation—‘I often think how unjustly the joys of life are sometimes distributed. Why has destiny given you two such splendid children? I don’t speak of Anatole, your youngest; I don’t like him,’ she added in a tone admitting of no rejoinder and raising her eyebrows. ‘Two such charming children. And really you appreciate them less than any one, and therefore you do not deserve to have them.’

And she smiled her ecstatic smile.

‘I can’t help it,’ said the prince. ‘Lavater would have said I lack the bump of philoprogenitiveness.’

‘Don’t joke; I mean to have a serious talk with you. Do you know I am dissatisfied with your younger son? Between you and me’ (and her face assumed its melancholy expression) ‘he was mentioned at her Majesty’s and you were pitied . . .’

The prince answered nothing, but she looked at him significantly, awaiting a reply. He frowned.

‘What would you have me do?’ he said at last. ‘You know I did all a father could for their education, and both have turned out fools. Hippolyte is at least a quiet fool, but Anatole is an active one. That is the only difference between them.’ He said this, smiling in a way more natural and animated than usual, so that the wrinkles round his mouth revealed very clearly something unexpectedly coarse and unpleasant.

‘And why are children born to such men as you? If you were not a father there would be nothing I could reproach you with,’ said Anna Pavlovna, looking up thoughtfully.

‘I am your faithful slave, and to you alone I can confess that my children are the bane of my life. It is the cross I have to bear. That is how I explain the matter to myself. It can’t be helped!’

He said no more, but by a gesture expressed his resignation to cruel fate. Anna Pavlovna meditated.

‘Have you never thought of marrying your prodigal son Anatole?’ she said. ‘They say old maids have a mania for matchmaking; though I don’t feel that weakness in myself as yet, I know a little woman who is very unhappy with her father. She is a relation of yours, the Princess Mary Bolkonskaya.’

Prince Vasili did not reply, though with the quickness of memory and perception characteristic of a man of the world he indicated by a movement of the head that he was considering this information.

'Do you know,' he said at last, evidently unable to check the sad current of his thoughts, 'that Anatole costs me forty thousand roubles a year?' 'And,' he went on after a pause, 'what will it be five years hence, if he goes on like this?' Presently he added: 'That's what we fathers have to put up with. . . . Is this princess of yours rich?'

'Her father is very rich and stingy. He lives in the country. He is the well-known Prince Bolkonski, who had to retire from the army under the late emperor, and was nicknamed "King of Prussia." He is very clever but rather peculiar, and a bore. The poor girl is very unhappy. She has a brother; I think you know him, he lately married Lisa Meinen. He is an aide-de-camp of Kutuzov's and will be here to-night.'

'Listen, dear Annette,' said the prince, suddenly taking Anna Pavlovna's hand, and for some reason drawing it downwards. 'Arrange that affair for me, and I shall always be your most devoted slave—*slave* with an f, as a village elder of mine writes in his reports. She is rich and of good family, and that's all I want.'

And he raised the maid of honour's hand to his lips, kissed it and, with the familiarity and easy grace of movement peculiar to him, swung it to and fro as he lay back in his armchair and looked in another direction.

'*Attendez*,' said Anna Pavlovna, reflecting. 'I will speak to Lisa, young Bolkonski's wife, this very evening, and perhaps the thing can be arranged. It shall be on your family's behalf that I begin my apprenticeship as old maid.'

CHAPTER II

ANNA PAVLOVNA'S drawing-room was gradually filling. The highest Petersburg society was assembled there; people differing widely in age and character, but alike in the social circle to which they belonged. Prince Vasili's daughter, the beautiful Hélène, came to go with her father to the ambassador's entertainment; she wore

a ball dress and her badge as maid of honour. The young little Princess Bolkonskaya, known as *la femme la plus séduisante de Pétersbourg*¹ was also there. She had married in the previous winter, and being pregnant did not go to large gatherings, but only to small receptions. Prince Vasili's son, Hippolyte, had come with Mortmart, whom he introduced. The abbé Morio and many others had also arrived.

To each new arrival Anna Pavlovna said, 'You have not yet seen my aunt,' or 'You do not know my aunt?' and very gravely conducted him or her to a little old lady, wearing large bows of ribbon, who had come sailing in from another room as soon as the guests began to arrive, and slowly turning her eyes from the visitor to her aunt, Anna Pavlovna mentioned each one's name and then left them.

Each visitor performed the ceremony of greeting this old aunt whom not one of them knew, not one of them wanted to know, and not one of them cared about; Anna Pavlovna regarded these greetings with mournful and solemn interest and silent approval. The aunt spoke to each of them in the same words about their health and her own, and the health of her Majesty, 'who, thank God, was better to-day.' And each visitor, though politeness prevented his showing impatience, left the old woman with a sense of relief at having performed a vexatious duty, and did not return to her the whole evening.

The young Princess Bolkonskaya had brought some work in a gold embroidered velvet bag. Her pretty little upper lip, on which a delicate dark down was just perceptible, was too short for her teeth, but it lifted all the more sweetly, and was especially charming when she occasionally drew it down to meet the lower lip. As is always the case with a thoroughly attractive woman, her defect—the shortness of her upper lip and her half open mouth—seemed to be her special and individual form of beauty. Every one brightened at the sight of this pretty young woman, so soon to become a mother, so full of life and health, and carrying her burden so lightly. Old men and dull dispirited young ones who looked at her, after being in her company and talking to her awhile, felt as if they too were becoming like her. All who talked

The most fascinating woman in Petersburg.

to her, and at each word saw her bright smile and the continual gleaming of her white teeth, thought that they were in a specially amiable mood that day.

The little princess passed round the table with quick short swaying steps, her workbag on her arm, and gaily spreading out her dress sat down on a sofa near the silver samovar, as if all she was doing was a pleasure to herself and to all around her. 'I have brought my work,' said she, opening her bag and addressing all present. 'Mind, Annette, don't play any wicked trick on me,' said she, turning to her hostess. 'You wrote that it was to be quite a small reception, and just see how badly I am got up.' And she spread out her arms to show her short-waisted, lace-trimmed, dainty grey dress, girdled with a broad ribbon just below the breast.

'*Soyez tranquille, Lise*, you will always be the loveliest of all,' replied Anna Pavlovna.

'You know,' said the princess in the same tone of voice and still in French, turning to a general, 'my husband is deserting me? He is going to get himself killed. Tell me what this wretched war is for,' she added addressing Prince Vasili, and without waiting for an answer she turned to speak to his daughter, the beautiful Hélène.

One of the next arrivals was a stout, heavy-looking young man with close cropped hair, spectacles, the light coloured breeches fashionable at the time, a very high shirt frill, and a brown dress coat. This stout young man was an illegitimate son of Count Bezukhov, a well-known grandee of Catherine's time, who now lay dying in Moscow. The young man had not yet entered either the military or the civil service, as he had only just arrived from abroad, where he had been educated, and this was his first appearance in society. Anna Pavlovna greeted him with the bow she accorded to the lowest grade of the hierarchy in her drawing-room. But in spite of this lowest grade greeting, a look of anxiety and fear, as at the sight of something too large and unsuited to the place, came over her face when she saw Pierre enter. Pierre was certainly rather bigger than the other men in the room, but her anxiety could only arise from the intellectual, though timid, and also observant and natural expression which distinguished him from every one else in that drawing-room.

'It is very good of you, Monsieur Pierre, to come and visit a poor invalid,' said Anna Pavlovna, exchanging an alarmed glance with her aunt as she conducted him to her. Pierre blurted out something incomprehensible, and continued to look round as if in search of something. On his way to the aunt he bowed to the little princess with a pleased smile, as to a near acquaintance. Anna Pavlovna's alarm was justified, for Pierre turned away from the aunt without waiting to hear her speech about her Majesty's health. In dismay Anna Pavlovna detained him with the words: 'Do you know the abbé Morio? He is a most interesting man.'

'Yes, I have heard of his scheme for perpetual peace, and it is very interesting, but hardly feasible.'

'Do you think so?' rejoined Anna Pavlovna in order to say something, and intending to resume her duties as hostess. But Pierre now committed a reverse act of impoliteness. First he had left a lady before she had finished speaking to him, and now by continuing to speak to another he detained her when she wished to leave him. Bending his head and spreading apart his big feet, he began explaining his reasons for thinking the abbé's plan chimerical.

'We will have a talk later on,' said Anna Pavlovna with a smile.

And having got rid of this young man who did not know how to behave, she resumed her duties as hostess and continued to listen and watch, ready to help at whatever point the conversation might happen to flag. As the master of a spinning mill, when he has set the hands to work, goes round and notices, here a spindle that is motionless, there one that creaks or makes more noise than it should, and hastens to check the machine or set it in proper motion, so Anna Pavlovna moved about her drawing-room, approaching now a silent, now a too noisy group, and by a word or slight re-arrangement she kept the conversational machine in steady, proper, and regular motion. But amid these labours her dread of Pierre was evident. She anxiously watched him when he approached the group round Mortmart to listen to what was being said there, and then again when he passed to another group whose centre was the abbé.

Pierre had been educated abroad, and this reception

at Anna Pavlovna's was the first he had attended in Russia. He knew that all the *intelligentsia* of Petersburg was gathered there, and, like a child in a toy shop, he did not know which way to look, afraid of missing any clever conversation that was to be heard. Seeing the self-possessed and refined expression on the faces of those present he was always expecting to hear something very profound. At last he came up to Morio. Here the conversation seemed interesting, and he stood waiting for an opportunity to express his views, as young people like to do.

CHAPTER III

ANNA PAVLOVNA'S reception was in full swing. The spindles hummed steadily and ceaselessly on all sides. With the exception of the aunt, beside whom sat only one elderly lady who with her thin careworn face was rather out of place in this brilliant society, the whole company had settled into three groups. One, chiefly composed of men, formed round the abbé. Another, of young people, was grouped round the beautiful Princess Hélène, Prince Vasili's daughter, and the little Princess Bolkonskaya, very pretty and rosy though rather too plump for her age. The third group was gathered round Mortmart and Anna Pavlovna.

The vicomte was a young man with a pleasant face, delicate features and polished bearing, who evidently considered himself a celebrity, but out of politeness modestly placed himself at the disposal of the circle in which he happened to be. Anna Pavlovna was obviously serving him up as a treat to her guests. In the same way that a clever *maitre d'hôtel* serves up as a particularly choice delicacy a piece of meat no one who had seen it in the kitchen would care to eat, so Anna Pavlovna served up to her guests first the vicomte and then the abbé, as peculiarly choice morsels. The group about Mortmart immediately began discussing the murder of the duc d'Enghien. The vicomte said that the duc perished by his own magnanimity and that there were particular reasons for Buonaparte's hatred of him.

'Ah, yes! Do tell us all about it, vicomte,' said Anna Pavlovna, with a pleasant feeling that there was some-

thing *à la Louis XV* in the sound of that sentence: *Contez nous cela, vicomte.*

The vicomte bowed and smiled politely to express his willingness to comply. Anna Pavlovna arranged a group around him, inviting every one to listen to his tale.

'The vicomte knew the duc personally,' whispered Anna Pavlovna to one of the guests. 'The vicomte is a wonderful *raconteur*,' said she to another. 'How evident it is that he belongs to the best society,' said she to a third; and the vicomte was served up to the company in the choicest and most advantageous style, like a joint of roast beef on a hot dish well garnished.

The vicomte wished to begin his story, and gave a subtle smile.

'Come over here, *Hélène* dear,' said Anna Pavlovna to the beautiful princess who was sitting some way off and formed the centre of another group.

The princess was smiling. She rose with the unchanging smile she had when she first entered the room—the smile of a perfectly beautiful woman. With a slight rustle of her white dress, trimmed with moss and ivy, with a gleam of white shoulders, glossy hair and sparkling diamonds, she passed between the men who made way for her, not looking at any of them but smiling on all, as if graciously allowing each the privilege of admiring her beautiful figure and shapely shoulders, back, and bosom—which in the fashion of those days were very much exposed—and seemed to bring the glamour of a ball-room with her as she moved towards Anna Pavlovna. *Hélène* was so lovely that not only did she not show any trace of coquetry but on the contrary she even appeared shy of her unquestionable and all too victorious beauty. She seemed to wish, but to be unable, to diminish its effect.

'How lovely!' said every one who saw her; and the vicomte lifted his shoulders and dropped his eyes as if startled by something extraordinary when she took her seat opposite and beamed upon him also with her unchanging smile.

'Madame, I doubt my ability to address such an audience,' said he, smilingly inclining his head.

The princess rested her bare round arm on a little table and considered a reply unnecessary. She smilingly waited. During the whole of the recital she sat upright,

glancing now at her beautiful round arm altered in shape by its pressure on the table, now at her still more beautiful bosom on which she readjusted a diamond necklace. From time to time she smoothed the folds of her dress, and whenever the story produced an effect she glanced at Anna Pavlovna, at once adopted just the expression that was on the face of the maid of honour, and again relapsed into her radiant smile.

The little princess had left the tea-table and followed Hélène.

'Wait a moment, I'll get my work. . . . Now then, what are you thinking about?' she went on, turning to Prince Hippolyte. 'Fetch me my work-bag.'

There was a general movement as the princess, smiling and talking merrily to every one at once, sat down and gaily arranged herself in her seat.

'Now I am all right,' she said, and, asking the vicomte to begin, she took up her work.

Prince Hippolyte, having brought the work-bag, joined the circle, and moving a chair close to hers seated himself beside her.

'The charming Hippolyte' was surprising by his extraordinary resemblance to his beautiful sister, but yet more by the fact that in spite of this resemblance he was exceedingly ugly. His features were like his sister's, but while hers were all lit up by a joyous, self-satisfied, youthful, and perpetual smile of animation, and by the wonderful classic beauty of her figure, his on the contrary were dulled by imbecility and a constant expression of sullen self-confidence, while his body was thin and weak. His eyes, nose, and mouth all seemed puckered into an indefinite, wearied grimace, and his arms and legs always assumed unnatural positions.

'It's not going to be a ghost story?' said he, sitting down beside the princess and hastily adjusting his lorgnette as if without this instrument he could not begin to speak.

'Not at all,' said the astonished narrator, shrugging his shoulders.

'The fact is, I hate ghost stories,' said Prince Hippolyte in a tone which showed that he only understood the meaning of his words after he had uttered them.

He spoke with such self-confidence that his hearers

could not be sure whether what he said was very witty or very stupid. He was dressed in a dark-green dress coat, knee-breeches of the colour of 'a frightened nymph's thigh,' as he himself described them, shoes, and silk stockings.

The vicomte told his tale very neatly. It was an anecdote, then current, to the effect that the duc d'Enghien had gone secretly to Paris to visit Mademoiselle George, that at her house he came upon Bonaparte, who also enjoyed the favours of the famous actress, and that in his presence Napoleon happened to fall into one of those fainting fits to which he was liable, and was thus at the duc's mercy. The latter spared him, and this magnanimity Bonaparte subsequently rewarded with death.

The story was very pretty and interesting, especially at the point where the rivals suddenly recognized one another; and the ladies looked agitated.

'Charming!' said Anna Pavlovna with an inquiring glance at the little princess.

'Charming!' whispered the little princess, sticking the needle into her work as if to testify that the interest and fascination of the story prevented her from going on with it.

The vicomte appreciated this silent praise, and smiling gratefully prepared to continue, but just then Anna Pavlovna, who had kept a watchful eye on the young man who so alarmed her, noticed that he was talking too loudly and vehemently with the abbé, so she hurried to the rescue. Pierre had managed to start a conversation with the abbé about the balance of power, and the latter, evidently interested by the young man's simple-minded eagerness, was explaining his pet theory. Both were talking and listening too naturally and with too much animation, and that was why Anna Pavlovna disapproved.

'The means are . . . the balance of European Powers and the rights of the people,' the abbé was saying. 'It is only necessary for one powerful nation like Russia—barbaric as she is reputed to be—to place herself disinterestedly at the head of an Alliance having for its object the maintenance of the balance-of-power in Europe, and it would save the world.'

'But how are you to find that balance?' Pierre was beginning.

At that moment Anna Pavlovna came up, and looking severely at Pierre, asked the Italian how he stood the Russian climate. The Italian's face instantly changed and assumed an offensively affected, sugary expression, evidently habitual to him when conversing with women.

'I am so captivated by the brilliancy of the wit and culture of the society, more especially of the female society, to which I have had the honour of being admitted, that I have as yet had no time to think of the climate,' said he.

Not permitting the abbé and Pierre to escape, Anna Pavlovna brought them into the larger circle, the more conveniently to keep them under observation.

CHAPTER IV

Just then another visitor entered the drawing-room. It was Prince Andrew Bolkonski, the little princess's husband. He was a very handsome young man, of medium height, with stern well-defined features. Everything about him, from his bored expression to his quiet movements, offered a most striking contrast to his lively little wife. It was evident that he not only knew every one in the drawing-room, but had found them to be so tedious that it wearied him to look at or listen to them. But among all these faces that he found so tedious, none it seemed bored him so much as that of his pretty wife. He turned away from her with a grimace that distorted his handsome face, kissed Anna Pavlovna's hand, and glanced round at the company, screwing up his eyes.

'You are off to the war, prince?' said Anna Pavlovna.

'General Kutuzov,' said Bolkonski, speaking French and stressing the last syllable of the general's name like a Frenchman, 'has been pleased to take me as an aide-de-camp. . . .'

'And Lisa, your wife?'

'She will go to the country.'

'Are you not ashamed to deprive us of your charming wife?'

'Andrew,' said his wife, addressing her husband in the same coquettish manner in which she spoke to other men, 'the vicomte has been telling us such a tale about Mademoiselle George and Buonaparte!'

Prince Andrew screwed up his eyes and turned away. Pierre, who from the moment Prince Andrew entered the room had watched him with glad, affectionate eyes, now came up and took his hand. Before he looked round, Prince Andrew frowned again, expressing his annoyance with whoever was touching his hand; but when he saw Pierre's beaming face he gave him an unexpectedly kind and pleasant smile.

'Dear me, so you are here too? In the great world?' said he to Pierre.

'I heard you would be here,' replied Pierre in a low voice so as not to disturb the vicomte who was continuing his story. 'I will come to supper with you. May I?' he added.

'No, of course not!' said Prince Andrew, laughing and pressing Pierre's hand to show that the question was unnecessary. He wished to say something more, but at that moment Prince Vasili and his daughter got up to go, and both the young men rose to let them pass.

'You must excuse me, dear vicomte,' said Prince Vasili to the Frenchman, holding him down by the sleeve in a friendly way to prevent his rising. 'This unfortunate fête at the ambassador's deprives me of a pleasure and obliges me to interrupt you. I am very sorry to leave your enchanting reception,' said he, turning to Anna Pavlovna.

His daughter, the Princess Hélène, passed between the chairs, lightly holding up the folds of her dress, and the smile shone still more radiantly on her beautiful face. Pierre gazed at her with almost frightened rapturous eyes as she passed him.

'She is very beautiful,' remarked Prince Andrew.

'Very,' said Pierre.

In passing, Prince Vasili seized Pierre's hand and said to Anna Pavlovna:

'Educate this bear for me! He has lived with me a whole month and this is the first time I have met him in society. Nothing is so necessary for a young man as the society of clever women.'

Anna Pavlovna smiled and promised to take Pierre in hand. She knew his father to be a connexion of Prince Vasili's. The elderly lady, who had been sitting with the old aunt, rose hastily and overtook Prince Vasili

in the ante-room. All the affectation of an unreal interest had left her kindly and tear-worn face and it now expressed only agitation and fear.

‘How about my son Boris, Prince?’ said she, hurrying after him into the ante-room. ‘I can’t remain any longer in Petersburg. Tell me what news I may take back to my poor boy.’

Although Prince Vasili listened to her unwillingly and not very politely, even betraying some impatience, she smiled at him affectionately and pathetically, and took his hand that he might not go away.

‘What would it cost you to say a word to the emperor, and then he would be transferred to the Guards at once?’ said she.

‘Believe me, princess, I am ready to do all I can,’ answered Prince Vasili, ‘but it is difficult for me to ask the emperor. I should advise you to appeal to Rumyantsev through Prince Galitsin. That would be the best way.’

The elderly lady was a Princess Drubetskaya, belonging to one of the best families in Russia, but she was poor, and having long retired from society she had lost her former influential connexions. She had now come to Petersburg to procure an appointment in the Guards for her only son. It was in fact solely to meet Prince Vasili that she had obtained an invitation to Anna Pavlovna’s reception; and had sat listening to the vicomte’s story. Prince Vasili’s words frightened her; an embittered look clouded her once handsome face, though but for a moment. Then she smiled again and clutched Prince Vasili’s hand more tightly.

‘Listen to me, prince,’ said she. ‘I have never yet asked you for anything and I never will again, nor have I ever reminded you of my father’s friendship for you; but now I entreat you for the love of God to do this for my son, and I shall always regard you as a benefactor,’ she added hastily. ‘No, don’t be angry, but promise! I have asked Galitsin and he has refused. Be the kind-hearted man you always were,’ she said, trying to smile though tears were in her eyes.

‘Papa, we shall be late,’ said the Princess Hélène, turning her beautiful head and looking over her classically moulded shoulder as she stood waiting by the door.

Influence in society, however, is capital which has to

be economized if it is to last. Prince Vasili knew this, and having once realized that if he asked on behalf of all who begged of him he would soon be unable to ask on his own account, he became chary of using his influence. But in the case of the Princess Drubetskaya, he felt after her second appeal something like qualms of conscience. She had reminded him of what was quite true; to her father he had been indebted for the first steps in his career. Besides, he could see by her manner that she was one of those women—mostly mothers—who, having once made up their minds, will not rest until they have gained their end, and are prepared if necessary to go on insisting day after day and hour after hour, and even to make scenes. This last consideration moved him.

‘My dear Anna Mikhaylovna,’ said he, with his usual familiarity and weariness of tone, ‘it is almost impossible for me to do what you ask; but to prove to you how devoted I am to you and how I respect your father’s memory, I will do the impossible; your son shall be transferred to the Guards. Here is my hand on it. Are you satisfied?’

‘My dear benefactor! This is what I expected from you—I knew your kindness!’

He turned to go.

‘Wait, just a word! When he has been transferred to the Guards . . .’ she faltered, ‘You are on such good terms with Michael Ilarionovich Kutuzov . . . recommend Boris to him as adjutant! Then I shall be at rest, and then . . .’

Prince Vasili smiled.

‘No, I won’t promise that. You don’t know how Kutuzov is besieged since his appointment as Commander-in-Chief. He told me himself that all the ladies in Moscow have conspired to give him all their sons as adjutants.’

‘No, but do promise! I won’t let you go! My dear benefactor . . .’

‘Papa,’ said his beautiful daughter in the same tone as before, ‘we shall be late.’

‘Well, *au revoir*! Good-bye! You hear her?’

‘Then to-morrow you will speak to the emperor?’

‘Certainly; but as for Kutuzov, I don’t promise.’

‘Do promise, do promise, Vasili!’ cried Anna Mikhaylovna as he went, and she gave him a girlishly coquettish

smile, which at one time probably came naturally to her, but was now very ill-suited to her faded features.

Apparently she had forgotten her age, and by force of habit used all the old feminine arts. But as soon as the prince had gone her face resumed its former cold, artificial expression. She rejoined the group where the vicomte was still talking, and again pretended to listen, while waiting till it should be time to leave. Her task was accomplished.

CHAPTER V

‘AND what do you think of this latest comedy, this coronation at Milan?’ asked Anna Pavlovna, ‘and of the comedy of the people of Genoa and Lucca laying their wishes before Monsieur Buonaparte, and Monsieur Buonaparte sitting on a throne and fulfilling the wishes of the nations? Is it not delightful? It is enough to make one’s head whirl! It is as if the whole world had gone crazy.’

Prince Andrew looked Anna Pavlovna straight in the face, with a sarcastic smile.

“*Dieu me la donne, gare à qui la touche!*”¹ (Buonaparte’s words when crowned.) They say he was very fine when he said that,’ he remarked, repeating the words in Italian: “*Dio mi la dona, gai a qui la tocca!*”

‘I hope this will prove the last drop of water that will make the glass run over,’ Anna Pavlovna continued. ‘The sovereigns will not be able to endure this man who menaces everything.’

‘The sovereigns? I do not speak of Russia,’ said the vicomte, polite but hopeless: ‘The sovereigns, madame... What have they done for Louis the Eighteenth, for the queen, for Madame Elizabeth? Nothing!’ and he became more animated. ‘And believe me, they are reaping the reward of their betrayal of the Bourbon cause. The sovereigns! Why, they are sending ambassadors to compliment the usurper.’

And sighing disdainfully, he again changed his position.

Prince Hippolyte, who had been gazing at the vicomte for some time through his lorgnette, suddenly turned completely round towards the little princess, and having

¹ ‘God gives it me, beware of touching it.’

asked for a needle began tracing the Condé coat of arms upon the table. He explained this to her with as much gravity as if she had asked him to do it.

*Bâton de gueules, engrêlé de gueules d'azur—maison Condé,*¹ said he.

The princess listened, smiling.

'If Buonaparte remains on the throne of France a year longer,' the vicomte continued, with the air of a man who, in a matter with which he is better acquainted than any one else, does not listen to others but follows the current of his own thoughts, 'things will have gone too far. By intrigues, violence, exile, and executions, French society—I mean good French society—will have been for ever destroyed, and then . . .'

He shrugged his shoulders and spread out his hands. Pierre wanted to make a remark, for the conversation interested him, but Anna Pavlovna, who had him under observation, interrupted:

'The Emperor Alexander,' said she, with the melancholy which always accompanied any reference of hers to the Imperial family, 'has declared that he will leave it to the French people themselves to choose their own form of government; and I believe that, once free from the usurper, the whole nation will certainly throw itself into the arms of its rightful king,' she concluded, trying to be amiable to the royalist emigrant.

'That is doubtful,' said Prince Andrew. 'Monsieur le vicomte quite rightly supposes that matters have already gone too far. I think it will be difficult to return to the old order.'

'From what I have heard,' said Pierre, blushing and making another attempt to join in the conversation, 'almost all the aristocracy has gone over to Bonaparte's side.'

'It is the Buonapartists who say that,' replied the vicomte without looking at Pierre. 'At the present time it is difficult to know the real state of French public opinion.'

'It was Bonaparte who said it,' remarked Prince Andrew with a sarcastic smile. It was evident he did not like the

¹ Hippolyte's heraldry, like the rest of his conversation and conduct, is that of an utter fool. The arms of Condé are *D'or à la fasces de gueules*, or a fess gules. What Hippolyte says they are, is untranslatable nonsense.

vicomte and was aiming his remarks at him, though without looking at him.

"I showed them the path to glory, but they would not follow it," Prince Andrew continued after a short silence, again quoting Napoleon's words. "I opened my antechambers and they rushed in in crowds." I don't know how far he was justified in saying so.

'Not in the least,' replied the vicomte. 'After the murder of the duc even the most partial ceased to regard him as a hero. If in the eyes of some people,' he went on, turning to Anna Pavlovna, 'he ever was a hero, after the murder of the duc there was one martyr more in heaven and one hero less on earth.'

Before Anna Pavlovna and the others had time to smile their appreciation of the vicomte's epigram, Pierre again broke into the conversation, and though she felt sure he would say something improper, Anna Pavlovna was unable to stop him.

'The execution of the Duc d'Enghien,' declared Monsieur Pierre, 'was a necessity of state; and it seems to me that Napoleon showed magnanimity by not fearing to take the whole responsibility of that deed.'

'*Dieu! Mon Dieu!*' muttered Anna Pavlovna in a terrified whisper.

'What? Do you approve of murder? . . . Do you consider that assassination shows greatness of soul, Monsieur Pierre?' said the little princess, smiling and drawing her work nearer.

'Oh! Oh!' exclaimed several voices.

'Capital!' said Prince Hippolyte in English, and began slapping his knee with the palm of his hand.

The vicomte merely shrugged his shoulders. Pierre looked solemnly at his audience over his spectacles and continued.

'I speak as I do,' said he desperately, 'because the Bourbons fled from the Revolution, leaving the people to anarchy, and Napoleon alone understood the Revolution and quelled it, and therefore for the general good he could not stop short for the sake of a single life.'

'Would you not prefer to move to the other table?' suggested Anna Pavlovna.

But Pierre without heeding her continued his speech.

'No,' cried he with increasing animation, 'Napoleon

is great because he rose superior to the Revolution, suppressed its abuses, retained all that was good in it—equality of citizenship and freedom of speech and of the press—and for that reason only did he obtain power.

‘Yes, if having taken the power he had not used it for murder, but had restored it to the rightful king, I should have called him a great man,’ remarked the vicomte.

‘He could not do that. The people only gave him power that he might free them from the Bourbons, and because they saw him to be a great man. The Revolution was a grand thing!’ continued Pierre, betraying by this desperate and provocative proposition his extreme youth and his wish to speak out all that was in his mind.

‘What? Revolution and regicide a grand thing? . . . Well, after that . . . But will you not come to this other table?’ repeated Anna Pavlovna.

‘Rousseau’s *Contrat Social*,’ said the vicomte with a tolerant smile.

‘I am not speaking of regicide; I am speaking about ideas.’

‘Yes: ideas of robbery, murder, and regicide,’ again interjected an ironical voice.

‘Those were extreme measures, no doubt, but they are not what is most important. What are important are the rights of men, emancipation from prejudices, equality of citizenship; and all these ideas Napoleon has retained in full force.’

‘Liberty and Equality,’ said the vicomte contemptuously, as if at last seriously deciding to prove to this youth how foolish his words were, ‘all high-sounding words which have long been discredited. Who does not love Liberty and Equality? Even our Saviour preached Liberty and Equality. Since the Revolution, have people become happier? On the contrary. We wanted Liberty, but Buonaparte has destroyed it.’

Prince Andrew kept looking with an amused smile from Pierre to the vicomte and from the vicomte to their hostess. In the first moment of Pierre’s outburst Anna Pavlovna, used as she was to society, was horror-struck. But when she saw that Pierre’s blasphemous words had not exasperated the vicomte, and when she was convinced

that it was impossible to stop him, she joined the vicomte vigorously in an attack on the orator.

‘But, my dear Monsieur Pierre,’ said she, ‘how do you explain the fact of a great man executing a duc—or even an ordinary man—who is innocent, without a trial?’

‘I should like,’ said the vicomte, ‘to ask how Monsieur explains the 18th of Brumaire; was not that a fraud? It was a swindle, and not at all in the style of a great man!’

‘And the prisoners he killed in Africa? That was horrible!’ said the little princess, shrugging her shoulders.

‘He’s a low fellow, whatever you may say,’ remarked Prince Hippolyte.

Pierre, not knowing whom to answer, looked at them all and smiled. His smile was unlike that of other people whose smiles merge into gravity. When he smiled his grave, even rather gloomy face was instantaneously replaced by another; a childlike, kindly, even rather silly face, which seemed to ask forgiveness.

The vicomte, who was meeting him for the first time, saw clearly that this young Jacobin was not so terrible as his words suggested. All were silent.

‘How do you expect him to answer you all at once?’ said Prince Andrew. ‘Besides, with a statesman one has to distinguish between his actions as a private individual, as a general, and as an emperor. So it seems to me.’

‘Yes, yes, of course!’ Pierre chimed in, pleased at the arrival of this reinforcement.

‘One must admit,’ continued Prince Andrew, ‘that Napoleon as a man was great on the bridge of Arcola, and in the hospital at Jaffa where he shook hands with the plague-stricken; but . . . but there are other acts which it is difficult to justify.’

Prince Andrew, who had evidently wished to tone down the effect of Pierre’s awkward remarks, rose and made a sign to his wife that it was time to go.

Suddenly Prince Hippolyte started up, making signs to every one to attend, and asking them all to be seated, began:

‘I was told a charming Moscow anecdote to-day, and must treat you to it. Excuse me, vicomte—I must tell it in Russian or the point will be lost . . .’ And Prince Hippolyte began to tell his story in such Russian as

a Frenchman would speak after spending about a year in Russia. Every one waited, so emphatically and eagerly did he demand their attention to his story.

'There is in Moscow a lady, *une dame*, and she is very stingy. She must have two footmen behind her carriage, and very big ones. That was her taste. And she had a maid also big. She said . . .'

Here Prince Hippolyte paused, evidently recollecting with difficulty.

'She said . . . Oh yes! She said, "girl," to the maid, "put on a livery and come with me, behind the carriage, to make some calls."'

Here Prince Hippolyte spluttered and burst out laughing long before his audience, which produced an effect unfavourable to the narrator. However, several persons, including the elderly lady and Anna Pavlovna, smiled.

'She went. Suddenly there was a great wind. The girl lost her hat and her long hair came down . . .'

Here he could contain himself no longer and went on, between gasps of laughter: 'And the whole world found out . . .'

And so the anecdote ended. Though it was unintelligible why he had told it, or why it had to be told in Russian, yet Anna Pavlovna and the others appreciated Prince Hippolyte's politeness as a society man in so agreeably ending Pierre's unpleasant and unamiable outburst. After the anecdote the conversation lapsed into insignificant small talk about the last and next balls, about theatricals, and who would meet whom and when and where.

CHAPTER VI

HAVING thanked Anna Pavlovna for her charming soirée, the guests began to take their leave.

Pierre was ungainly. Stout, above the average height, broad, with huge red hands, he did not know how, as the saying is, to enter a drawing-room and still less how to leave one; that is, how to say something particularly pleasant before making his departure. Besides this he was absent-minded. When he rose to go he took up, instead of his own, the three-cornered hat of a general, and held it, pulling at the plume, till the general asked

him to return it. All his absent-mindedness and inability to enter a room and converse in it was, however, redeemed by his kindly, simple, and modest expression. Anna Pavlovna turned towards him and, with Christian mildness that expressed forgiveness of his indiscretion, nodded and said: 'I hope to see you again, but I also hope you will change your opinions, my dear Monsieur Pierre.'

When she said this, he did not reply and only bowed, but again everybody saw his smile, which said nothing, unless perhaps, 'Opinions are opinions, but you see what a capital good-natured fellow I am.' And every one, including Anna Pavlovna, felt this.

Prince Andrew went out into the hall and, turning his shoulders to the footman who was helping him on with his cloak, listened with indifference to his wife's chatter with Prince Hippolyte, who had also come into the hall. Prince Hippolyte stood beside the pretty, pregnant princess and stared fixedly at her through his eyeglass.

'Go in, Annette, or you will catch cold,' said the little princess, taking leave of Anna Pavlovna. 'It is settled,' added she in a low voice.

Anna Pavlovna had already found time to speak to Lisa about the match she contemplated between Anatole and the little princess's sister-in-law.

'I count on you, dear friend,' said Anna Pavlovna, also in a low tone. 'Write to her and let me know how her father looks at the matter. *Au revoir*'—and she left the hall.

Prince Hippolyte approached the little princess and, bending his face close to her, began to whisper something.

Two footmen, the princess's and his own, stood holding the one a shawl and the other an overcoat, awaiting the end of the conversation. They listened to the French sentences which for them were meaningless, with an air of understanding them but not wishing to appear to do so. The princess, as usual, spoke smilingly and listened with a laugh.

'I am very glad I did not go to the ambassador's,' said Prince Hippolyte,—'so dull—. It has been a delightful evening, has it not, delightful?'

'They say the ball will be very good,' replied the princess, drawing up her downy little lip. 'All the beautiful women in society will be there.'

'Not all, for you will not be there; not all,' said Prince Hippolyte smiling joyfully, and snatching the shawl from the footman whom he even pushed aside, he began wrapping it round the princess. Whether from awkwardness or intentionally (no one could have said which) after the shawl had been adjusted he kept his arm around her for quite a time, as though embracing the young woman.

She gracefully, but still smiling, moved away, turned, and glanced at her husband. Prince Andrew's eyes were closed, so weary and sleepy did he seem.

'Are you ready?' he asked his wife, looking past her.

Prince Hippolyte hurriedly put on his overcoat, which in the new fashion reached to his very heels, and stumbling in it he ran out into the porch, following the princess, whom a footman was helping into the carriage.

'*Princesse, au revoir,*' cried he, stumbling with his tongue as with his feet.

The princess, gathering up her dress, was taking her seat in the dark carriage; her husband was adjusting his sabre; Prince Hippolyte, pretending to assist, was in everybody's way.

'Allow me, sir,'—said Prince Andrew in Russian, in a cold disagreeable tone to Prince Hippolyte, who was blocking his path.

'I am expecting you, Pierre,' said the same voice, but gently and affectionately.

The postillion started, the carriage wheels rattled. Prince Hippolyte laughed spasmodically as he stood in the porch awaiting the vicomte, whom he had promised to drive home.

'Well, *mon cher,*' said the vicomte, having seated himself beside Hippolyte in the carriage, 'your little princess is very nice, very nice indeed; quite French,' and he kissed the tips of his fingers. Hippolyte burst out laughing.

'Do you know, you are a terrible chap for all your innocent airs,' continued the vicomte. 'I pity that poor husband, who gives himself the airs of a monarch.'

Hippolyte spluttered again, and amid his laughter said, 'And you were saying that the Russian ladies are not equal to the French? One must know how to deal with them.'

Pierre, arriving before the others, went into Prince Andrew's study, like one quite at home, and immediately

from habit lay down on the sofa, took from the shelf the first book that came to his hand (it was Caesar's *Commentaries*) and, resting on his elbow, began to read it, starting in the middle.

'What have you done with Mlle. Scherer? She will be quite ill now,' said Prince Andrew, as he entered the study rubbing his small white hands.

Pierre turned his body, making the sofa creak. He lifted his animated face to Prince Andrew, smiled and waved his hand.

'That abbé is very interesting, but he does not see the thing in the right light. . . . In my opinion perpetual peace is possible, but I do not know how to express it . . . not by a political balance of power. . . .' It was evident that Prince Andrew was not interested in such abstract conversation.

'One can't, *mon cher*, say everywhere all one thinks. Well, have you at last decided on anything? Are you going to be a guardsman or a diplomatist?' asked Prince Andrew after a momentary silence.

Pierre sat up on the sofa, his legs under him.

'Just fancy, I still don't know. I don't like either the one or the other.'

'But you must decide on something! Your father expects it.'

Pierre at the age of ten had been sent abroad with an abbé as tutor, and had remained away until he was twenty. When he returned to Moscow his father dismissed the abbé and said to the young man, 'Now go to Petersburg, look around, and choose your profession. I will agree to anything. Here is a letter to Prince Vasili and here is money for you. Write to me about it all, and I will help you in every way.' Pierre had already been choosing a career for three months and had not done anything. It was about this choice that Prince Andrew was speaking to him. Pierre rubbed his forehead.

'But he is probably a Freemason,' said he, referring to the abbé whom he had met that evening.

'That is all nonsense,' again interrupted Prince Andrew, 'let us talk business. Have you been to the Horse Guards?'

'No, I have not; but this is what I have thought, and I wanted to tell you. There is a war now against Napoleon. If it were a war for freedom I should under-

stand it and should be the first to enter the army, but to help England and Austria against the greatest man in the world is not right.'

Prince Andrew only shrugged his shoulders at Pierre's childish talk. He put on the air of one who finds it impossible to reply to such nonsense; but in fact to this naïve question it would have been difficult to give any other answer than the one Prince Andrew gave.

'If no one fought except on his own conviction there would be no wars,' he said.

'And that would be splendid,' said Pierre.

Prince Andrew smiled. 'Very likely it would be splendid, but it will never come about . . .'

'Well, why are *you* going to the war?' asked Pierre.

'Why? I do not know. I must. Besides that, I am going . . . ' He paused. 'I am going because this life I am leading here does not suit me!'

CHAPTER VII

THE rustling of a woman's dress was heard in the next room. Prince Andrew shook himself as if waking up, and his face assumed the look it had worn in Anna Pavlovna's drawing-room. Pierre removed his feet from the sofa. The princess entered. She had changed her gown for a house dress as fresh and elegant as the other. Prince Andrew rose and politely placed a chair for her.

'How is it,' she began as usual in French, sitting down briskly and fussily in the easy chair, 'how is it Annette never married? How stupid you men all are not to have married her! Excuse me for saying so, but you know nothing about women. What a controversialist you are, Monsieur Pierre!'

'And I am always arguing with your husband too. I can't understand why he wants to go to the war,' replied Pierre, addressing the princess with none of the embarrassment so commonly shown by young men in their intercourse with young women.

The princess started. Evidently Pierre's words touched her to the quick.

'Ah, that is just what I tell him!' said she. 'I don't understand it; I don't in the least understand why men

cannot live without wars. How is it that we women don't want anything, don't need anything? Now you shall judge between us. I always tell him: here he is uncle's aide-de-camp, a most brilliant position. He is so well known, so fully appreciated. The other day at the Apraksins' I heard a lady asking, "Is that the famous Prince Andrew?" I did indeed.' She laughed. 'He is so well received everywhere. He might easily become aide-de-camp to the emperor. You know the emperor spoke to him most graciously. Annette and I were saying how easily the matter might be arranged. What do you think?'

Pierre looked at his friend, and seeing that he did not like the conversation, gave no reply.

'When are you starting?' he inquired.

'Oh, don't speak of his going, don't! I won't hear of it,' said the princess in the same petulantly playful tone in which she spoke to Hippolyte in the drawing-room, and which was so plainly ill-suited to the family circle of which Pierre was almost a member. 'To-day I remembered that all these delightful associations must be broken off . . . and then you know, André . . . (she winked significantly at her husband) I'm afraid, I'm afraid!' she whispered, and a shudder ran down her back.

Her husband looked at her as if he were surprised at noticing that some one besides Pierre and himself was in the room, and addressed her in a tone of coldly polite inquiry.

'What is it you are afraid of, Lisa? I don't understand,' said he.

'There, how selfish men all are: all, all selfish! Just for a whim of his own, goodness only knows why, he leaves me and locks me up alone in the country.'

'With my father and sister, don't forget that,' said Prince Andrew gently.

'Alone all the same, without *my* friends. . . . And he expects me not to be afraid.'

Her tone was now querulous and her lip drawn up, giving her not a joyful but an animal, squirrel-like expression. She paused as if she considered it indecorous to speak of her pregnancy before Pierre, though the point of the matter lay in that.

'I still can't understand what you are afraid of,' said Prince Andrew slowly, looking fixedly at his wife.

The princess blushed and raised her arms with a gesture of despair.

'Well, Andrew, I must say you have changed. Oh, how you have . . .'

'Your doctor tells you to go to bed earlier,' said Prince Andrew. 'You had better go.'

The princess said nothing, but suddenly her short downy lip quivered. Prince Andrew rose, shrugged his shoulders, and walked about the room.

Pierre, looking with naïve surprise over his spectacles, now at him and now at her, moved as if to rise too, but changed his mind.

'What does it matter to me that Monsieur Pierre is here?' exclaimed the little princess suddenly, and her pretty face was all at once distorted by a tearful grimace. 'I have long been wanting to ask you, Andrew: Why have you changed so towards me? What have I done to you? You are going to the war and have no pity for me. Why is it?'

'Lise!' was all Prince Andrew said. But that one word expressed a prayer, a threat, and above all a conviction that she would repent of her words. But she continued hurriedly:

'You treat me like an invalid or a child. I see it all! Did you behave like that six months ago?'

'Lise, I beg you to desist,' said Prince Andrew yet more expressively.

Pierre, becoming more and more excited as he listened to all this, rose and approached the princess. He seemed unable to bear the sight of tears, and was ready to cry himself.

'Don't be excited, princess! It seems so to you because . . . I assure you I myself have experienced . . . and so . . . because . . . No, excuse me! A stranger is out of place here . . . No, don't be excited . . . Good-bye!'

Prince Andrew caught him by the hand.

'No, wait, Pierre! The princess is too kind to wish to deprive me of the pleasure of spending the evening with you.'

'No, he thinks only of himself,' muttered the princess without restraining her angry tears.

'Lise!' said Prince Andrew drily, raising his voice to the pitch which indicates that patience is exhausted.

Suddenly the angry, squirrel-like expression on the princess's pretty face changed into a winning and piteous look of fear. Her beautiful eyes glanced askance at her husband's face, and her own assumed the timid, penitent expression a dog has when it quickly but feebly wags its drooping tail.

'*Mon Dieu, mon Dieu!*' she muttered, and lifting her dress with one hand she approached her husband and kissed him on the forehead.

'Good night, Lise,' said he, rising and politely kissing her hand as he would have done to a stranger.

CHAPTER VIII

THE friends were silent. Neither cared to begin talking. Pierre continually glanced at Prince Andrew; Prince Andrew rubbed his forehead with his small hand.

'Let us go to supper,' he said with a sigh, rising and moving to the door.

They entered the elegant, newly decorated, and luxurious dining-room. Everything from the table-napkins to the silver, china, and glass bore that imprint of newness found in the households of the newly married. Half-way through supper Prince Andrew leant his arms on the table, and with a look of nervous agitation such as Pierre had never yet seen on his friend's face, began to talk—as one who has long had something on his mind and suddenly determines to speak out.

'Never, never marry, my dear fellow! That's my advice: never marry till you can say to yourself that you have done all you are capable of doing, and until you have ceased to love the woman of your choice and have seen her clearly as she is; or else you will make a cruel and irrevocable mistake. Marry when you are old and good for nothing . . . or all that is good and noble in you will be lost. It will all be wasted on trivialities. Yes! Yes! Yes! Don't look at me with such surprise. If you marry expecting anything from yourself in the future, you will feel at every step that for you all is ended, all is closed, except the drawing-room, where you will be ranged side by side with a court lackey and an idiot! . . . But what's the good? . . .' and he waved his arm.

Pierre took off his spectacles, without which his face seemed different, the good-natured expression being still more apparent, and gazed at his friend in amazement.

'My wife', continued Prince Andrew, 'is an excellent woman, one of those rare women with whom a man's honour is safe; but, O God! What would I not give now to be unmarried! You are the first and only one to whom I mention this, because I like you.'

As he said this Prince Andrew was even less than before like that Bolkonski who had lolled in Anna Pavlovna's easy chair, and with half-closed eyes uttered French phrases between his teeth. Every muscle of his thin face was now tremulously twitching with nervous excitement; his eyes, in which the fire of life had seemed extinguished, now flashed with brilliant light. It was evident that the more lifeless he seemed at ordinary times, the more impassioned he became in these moments of almost morbid irritation.

'You don't understand why I say this,' he continued, 'but it is the whole story of life. You talk of Bonaparte and his career,' said he (though Pierre had not mentioned Bonaparte), 'but Bonaparte when he worked went step by step towards his goal. He was free, he had nothing but his purpose to consider, and he reached it. But tie yourself to a woman, and, like a fettered convict, you lose all freedom! And all you have of hope and strength merely weighs you down and torments you with remorse. Drawing-rooms, scandal, balls, vanity, and triviality—these form the enchanted circle from which I cannot escape. I am now going to the war, the greatest war that ever was, and I know nothing and am fit for nothing. I am very amiable and have a caustic wit,' continued Prince Andrew, 'and at Anna Pavlovna's they listen to me. And that stupid set without whom my wife cannot exist, and those women . . . If you only knew what those society women are, and women in general! My father is right. Selfish, vain, stupid, trivial in everything—that's what women are when you see them in their true colours! When you meet them in society it seems as if there were something in them, but there's nothing, nothing, nothing! No, don't marry, dear boy; don't marry!' concluded Prince Andrew.

'It seems funny to me,' said Pierre, 'that you, you

should consider yourself incapable and your life a spoiled life. You have everything before you, everything. And you . . .'

He did not finish his sentence, but his tone showed how highly he valued his friend and how much he expected of him in the future.

'How can he talk like that?' thought Pierre. He esteemed his friend as a model of perfection, just because Prince Andrew united in himself in the highest degree those qualities which Pierre lacked, and which might be best described as will power. Pierre was always astonished at Prince Andrew's calm manner of treating everybody, his extraordinary memory, his extensive reading (he had read everything, knew everything, and had an opinion about everything), but above all at his capacity for work and study. And if Pierre was often struck by Andrew's lack of capacity for philosophical meditation, to which he himself was particularly addicted, he regarded even this not as a defect but as a sign of strength.

In the best, most friendly and simple relations of life, praise and commendation are essential, just as grease is necessary to wheels that they may run smoothly.

'My part is played out,' said Prince Andrew. 'What's the use of talking about me? Let us talk about you,' he added after a silence, smiling at his consoling thoughts.

That smile was immediately reflected on Pierre's face.

'But what is there to say about me?' said Pierre, his face relaxing into a careless, merry smile. 'What am I? An illegitimate son!' He suddenly blushed scarlet, and it was plain that he had made a great effort to say this. 'Without a name, without means . . . And it really . . .' But he did not say what 'it really' was. 'For the present I am free and am all right. Only I haven't the least idea what I am to do; I wanted to consult you seriously.'

Prince Andrew looked kindly at him, yet his glance—friendly and affectionate as it was—expressed a sense of his own superiority.

'I am fond of you, especially as you are the one live man among our whole set. Yes, you're all right! Choose whatever you like; it's all the same. You'll be all right anywhere. But look here: drop visiting those Kuragins

and leading that life. It suits you so badly—all this debauchery, the wild life, and the rest of it ! ’

‘ What would you have, my friend ? ’ answered Pierre, shrugging his shoulders. ‘ Women, my friend ; women ! ’

‘ I don’t understand it,’ replied Prince Andrew. ‘ Women who are *comme il faut*, that ’s a different matter ; but the Kuragins’ set of women, “ women and wine,” I don’t understand ! ’

Pierre was staying with Prince Vasili Kuragin and shared the dissipated life of his son Anatole, the son whom they were going to reform by marrying him to Prince Andrew’s sister.

‘ Do you know ? ’ said Pierre, as if suddenly struck by a happy thought, ‘ seriously, I have long been thinking of it. . . . Leading such a life, I cannot decide or think about anything. One’s head aches, and one spends all one’s money. He asked me for to-night, but I won’t go.’

‘ You give me your word of honour not to go ? ’

‘ On my word of honour ! ’

CHAPTER IX

It was past one o’clock when Pierre left his friend. It was a light northern summer night. Pierre took an open cab with the intention of driving straight home. But the nearer he drew to the house the more he felt the impossibility of going to sleep on such a night. One could see far ahead in the deserted street, and it seemed more like morning or evening than night. On the way Pierre remembered that Anatole Kuragin was expecting the usual set for cards that evening, after which there was generally a drinking bout, followed by visits of a kind Pierre was very fond of.

‘ I should like to go to Kuragin’s,’ thought he.

But he instantly recollected his promise to Prince Andrew. Then, as happens to people of what is called weak character, he desired so passionately once more to taste that loose life he knew so well, that he decided to go. The thought immediately occurred to him that his promise to Prince Andrew was of no account, because before he gave it he had already promised Prince Anatole to come to his gathering ; ‘ besides,’ thought he, ‘ all these

"words of honour" are conventional things without any definite meaning, especially if one realizes that by to-morrow one may either be dead or something so extraordinary may be happening to one, that honour and dishonour will be all the same !' Pierre often indulged in reflections of this sort, reversing all his decisions and intentions. He went to Kuragin's.

Reaching the large house near the Horse Guards' barracks, in which Anatole lived, Pierre went up into the lighted porch, ascended the stairs, and entered the open door. There was no one in the ante-room ; empty bottles, cloaks, and overshoes were lying about ; there was a smell of alcohol and sounds of voices and shouting in the distance.

Cards and supper were over, but the visitors had not yet dispersed. Pierre threw off his cloak and entered the first room, in which were the remains of supper. A waiter, thinking no one saw him, was drinking on the sly what was left in the glasses. From the third room came the sounds of laughter, the shouting of familiar voices, the growling of a bear, and general commotion. Some eight or nine young men were crowding anxiously round an open window. Three others were romping with a young bear, one pulling him by the chain and trying to set him at the others.

'I bet a hundred on Stevens !' shouted one.

'Mind, no holding on !' cried another.

'I bet on Dolokhov !' cried a third. 'Kuragin, you part our hands.'¹

'There, leave Bruin alone ; here's a bet on.'

'At one draught, or else he loses !' shouted a fourth.

'Jacob, bring a bottle !' shouted the host, a tall handsome fellow who stood in the midst of the group, without a coat, and with his fine linen shirt open to the middle of his chest. 'Wait a bit, you fellows. . . . Here is Petya ! Good man !' cried he, addressing Pierre.

Another voice, from a man of medium height with clear blue eyes, particularly striking among all these drunken voices by its sober ring, cried from the window : 'Come here ; part the bets !' This was Dolokhov, an officer of the Semyonov regiment, a notorious gambler

¹ The Russian custom is to shake hands on a bet, and for some third person acting as a witness, to separate the hands.

and fighter, who lived with Anatole. Pierre smiled, looking about him gaily.

‘I don’t understand at all. What’s it all about?’

‘Wait a bit, he is not drunk yet! Pass the bottle,’ said Anatole; and taking a glass from the table he went up to Pierre.

‘First of all, drink!’

Pierre drank one glass after another, looking from beneath his brows at the tipsy guests, who were again crowding round the window, and listening to their chatter. Anatole kept on refilling Pierre’s glass while explaining that Dolokhov was betting with Stevens, an English naval officer present, that he would drink a bottle of rum sitting on the outer ledge of the third-floor window with his legs hanging out.

‘Go on, you must drink it all,’ said Anatole, handing Pierre the last glass, ‘or I shan’t let you go!’

‘No, I won’t,’ said Pierre, pushing Anatole aside; and he went up to the window.

Dolokhov was holding the Englishman’s hand and clearly and distinctly repeating the conditions of the bet, addressing himself particularly to Anatole and Pierre.

Dolokhov was of medium height, with curly hair and light blue eyes. He was about twenty-five years old. He, like all infantry officers, wore no moustache, so that his mouth, the most striking feature of his face, was clearly seen. The lines of that mouth were remarkably finely curved. The middle of the upper lip formed a sharp wedge and closed firmly over the strong lower lip, and something like two distinct smiles played continually round the two corners of the mouth; this, combined with the resolute, insolent intelligence of his eyes, produced an effect which made it impossible not to notice his face. Dolokhov was a man of small means and no connexions. Yet, though Anatole spent tens of thousands of roubles, Dolokhov lived with him and had placed himself on such a footing that all who knew them, including Anatole himself, respected him more than they did Anatole. Dolokhov could play all games and nearly always won. However much he drank he never lost his clear-headedness. Both Kuragin and Dolokhov were at that time notorious among the rakes and scapegraces of Petersburg.

The bottle of rum was brought. The window frame, which prevented one from sitting on the outer ledge, was being forced out by two footmen who were evidently flurried and intimidated by the suggestions and shouts of the gentlemen around.

Anatole with his dauntless air strode up to the window. He wanted to smash something. Pushing away the footmen he tugged at the frame, but could not move it. He broke a pane.

'You have a try, Hercules,' said he, turning to Pierre.

Pierre seized the crossbars, pulled, and with a crash wrenched out the oak frame.

'Take it right out, or else they'll think I'm holding on,' said Dolokhov.

'Is the Englishman bragging. . . Eh? Is it all right?' said Anatole.

'First rate,' said Pierre, looking at Dolokhov, who was approaching the window, from which was visible the light of the sky and the twilight merging into dawn.

Dolokhov with a bottle of rum in his hand jumped upon the window-sill. 'Listen!' cried he, standing there and addressing those in the room. All were silent.

'I bet fifty imperials'¹—he spoke French that the Englishman might understand him, but he did not speak it very well—'I bet fifty imperials . . . or do you wish to make it a hundred?' added he, addressing the Englishman.

'No, fifty,' replied the latter.

'All right. Fifty imperials . . . that I will drink a whole bottle of rum without removing it from my mouth, sitting outside the window on this spot,' and he stooped and indicated the sloping ledge outside the window, 'and without holding on to anything. Is that right?'

'Quite right,' said the Englishman.

Anatole turned to the Englishman and, holding one of the buttons of his coat and looking down at him—the Englishman was short—began repeating the terms of the wager to him in English.

'Wait!' cried Dolokhov, hammering with the bottle upon the window-sill to attract attention. 'Wait a bit,

¹ About £80. The imperial is 10 roubles. The value of the rouble at par was then about 38 pence. The purchasing power of money then in Russia was very much higher than it has been in our generation.

Kuragin. Listen ! If any one does the same, I will pay him a hundred imperials. Do you understand ?'

The Englishman nodded, but gave no indication whether he intended to accept this challenge or not. Anatole did not release him, and though he kept nodding to show that he understood, Anatole went on translating Dolokhov's words into English. A thin young lad, an hussar of the Life Guards, who had lost heavily that night, climbed on the window-sill, leaned over, and looked down.

'Oh ! Oh ! Oh !' he muttered, looking down from the window at the stones of the pavement.

'Be quiet !' cried Dolokhov, pushing him away from the window. The lad jumped awkwardly back into the room, entangling his spurs.

Placing the bottle on the window-sill where he could easily reach it, Dolokhov carefully and slowly climbed out and let down his legs. Pressing against both sides of the window, he adjusted himself on his seat, lowered his hands, moved a little to the right and then to the left, and took up the bottle. Anatole brought two candles and placed them on the window-sill, though it was already daylight. Dolokhov's back in his white shirt, and his curly head, were lit up from both sides. Every one crowded to the window ; the Englishman in front. Pierre stood smiling but silent. One man, older than the others present, suddenly pushed forward with a frightened angry look and wanted to seize hold of Dolokhov's shirt.

'I say, this is folly ! He will kill himself,' said this one sensible man.

Anatole stopped him.

'Don't touch him ! You'll frighten him, and then he'll be killed. Eh ? . . . What then ? . . . Eh ?'

Dolokhov turned round, and again holding on with both hands, arranged himself on his seat.

'If any one else comes pushing here,' said he, emitting the words separately through his thin compressed lips, 'I will bundle him down there. Now then !'

Saying this, he again turned round, dropped his hands, took the bottle and lifted it to his lips, threw back his head and raised his free hand to balance himself. One of the footmen who had stooped to pick up the broken glass, remained in that position without taking his eyes

from the window and from Dolokhov's back. Anatole stood erect with staring eyes. The Englishman looked on sideways with protruding lips. The man who had wished to stop the affair ran to a corner of the room, and threw himself on a sofa with his face to the wall. Pierre hid his face, from which a faint smile forgot to fade though his features now expressed horror and fear. All were still. Pierre took his hand from his eyes: Dolokhov still sat in the same position, only his head was tilted further back so that his curly hair was touching the shirt collar, and the hand holding the bottle rose higher and higher, trembling with the effort. The bottle was emptying perceptibly and was rising higher, tilting his head yet further back. 'Why is it so long?' thought Pierre. It seemed to him that more than half an hour had elapsed. Suddenly Dolokhov made a backward movement with his spine and his hand trembled nervously; this was sufficient to cause his whole body to slip as he sat on the sloping ledge. As he began slipping down his head and arm wavered still more with the strain. One hand moved as if to catch hold of the window-sill, but refrained from touching it. Pierre again covered his eyes and thought he would never again open them. Suddenly he felt movement all around. He looked up: Dolokhov was standing on the window-sill with a pale but radiant face.

'It's empty!'

He threw the bottle to the Englishman, who caught it adroitly. Dolokhov jumped down. He smelt strongly of rum.

'Well done! . . . Fine fellow! . . . There's a bet for you! . . . Devil take you!' came from different sides.

The Englishman took out his purse and began counting out the money. Dolokhov stood frowning and silent. Pierre jumped upon the window-sill.

'Gentlemen, who wishes to bet with me? I'll do the same thing,' he suddenly cried. 'Even without a bet, there! Tell them to bring me a bottle. I'll do it. . . . Bring a bottle!'

'Let him do it, let him do it,' said Dolokhov, smiling. 'What next? Have you gone mad? . . . Who's going to allow it? . . . Why, you turn giddy even on a staircase,' exclaimed several voices.

'Let's have a bottle of rum! I'll drink it!' shouted Pierre, banging the table with a determined but drunken gesture, and preparing to climb out of the window.

They seized him by the arms; but he was so strong that the man who touched him was sent flying.

'No, you'll never manage him that way,' said Anatole. 'Wait a bit, and I'll get round him. . . . Listen! I'll bet with you to-morrow, but now we are all going to —'s.'

'Come on then,' cried Pierre. 'Come on! . . . And we'll take Bruin with us.'

He caught the bear, put his arms round it, lifted it from the ground, and began dancing round the room with it.

CHAPTER X

PRINCE VASILY kept the promise he had given to Princess Drubetskaya, who had spoken to him on behalf of her only son Boris on the evening of Anna Pavlovna's reception. The matter was mentioned to the emperor, an exception made, and Boris transferred into the regiment of Semyonov Guards, with the rank of cornet. He received, however, no appointment to Kutuzov's staff, despite all Anna Mikhaylovna's endeavours. Soon after Anna Pavlovna's reception Anna Mikhaylovna returned to Moscow, and went straight to her rich relations the Rostovs, with whom she lived when in the town, and where her darling Bory had been educated from childhood and had lived at different periods for years at a time. The Guards had already left Petersburg on August 10, and her son, who had remained in Moscow for his equipment, had to join them on their march to Radzivilov.¹

It was St. Nataly's day and the saint's day of two of the Rostovs: the mother and the youngest daughter, who were both named Nataly. Ever since the morning, six-horsed postillioned carriages had been coming and going continually, bringing visitors to the Countess Rostov's big house on the Povarskaya, so well-known to all Moscow. The countess herself and her handsome eldest daughter were in the drawing-room with the callers, who came to congratulate and constantly succeeded one another in relays.

¹ A frontier town where the Russian army, moving to the assistance of Austria, was to cross into Galicia.

The countess was a woman of about forty-five, with a thin oriental type of face, evidently worn out with child-bearing—she had had twelve. A languor of motion and speech, resulting from weakness, gave her a distinguished air which inspired respect. Princess Anna Mikhaylovna Drubetskaya, who, as a member of the household, was also seated in the drawing-room, helped to receive and entertain the visitors. The young people were in the rooms behind, not considering it necessary to take part in receiving the callers. The count met the guests and saw them off, inviting them all to dinner.

‘Thank you very, very much, *mon chère*,’ or ‘*ma chère*,’ he called every one without exception and without the slightest variation in his tone, ‘my dear’, whether they were above or below him in rank—‘I thank you for myself and for our two dear ones, whose name-day we are keeping. But mind you come to dinner, or I shall be offended, my dear! On behalf of the whole family I beg you to come, my dear friend!’ These words he repeated to every one without exception or variation and with the same expression on his full, cheerful, and clean-shaven face, the same firm pressure of the hand and the same quick, repeated bows. As soon as he had seen a visitor off he returned to one of those who still remained in the drawing-room; drew a chair towards him or her, and jauntily spreading out his legs and putting his hands on his knees with the air of a man who enjoys life and knows how to live, he swayed imposingly to and fro, propounded forecasts on the weather, or touched on questions of health, sometimes in Russian and sometimes in very bad but very self-confident French; then again, like a man weary but unflinching in the fulfilment of duty, he rose to see some visitors off, and invited them also to dinner, stroking his scanty grey hairs over his bald patch. Sometimes on his way back from the ante-room he would pass through the conservatory and pantry into the large marble dining-hall, where tables were being set out for eighty people; and looking at the footmen, who were bringing in silver and china, moving tables and unfolding damask table-linen, he would call Dmitri Vasilich, a man of gentle birth and the manager of all his affairs, and say while looking with pleasure at the enormous table: ‘Well, Dmitri, you’ll see that things

are all as they should be ? That 's all right ! The great thing is the serving, that 's it.' And with a self-complacent sigh he would return to the drawing-room.

'Mary Lvovna Karagina and her daughter !' announced the countess's gigantic footman in his bass voice, entering the drawing-room. The countess reflected a moment and took a pinch of snuff from a gold snuff-box ornamented with her husband's miniature.

'I'm quite exhausted with these calls. However, I'll receive her, and no more. She is so prim. Ask her in,' she said to the footman in a sad voice, as if saying: 'Go on, finish me off.'

A tall, stout, proud-looking woman with a round-faced smiling daughter entered the drawing-room, their dresses rustling.

'Dear countess, what an age . . . She has been laid up, poor thing . . . at the Razumovsky's ball . . . and the Countess Apraksina. . . . I was so delighted . . .', came the sounds of animated feminine voices interrupting one another, mingled with the rustling of dresses and the moving of chairs. Then began one of those conversations which last out until, at the first pause, the guests rise with a rustle of dresses and say, 'I am so delighted . . . mamma's health . . . and the Countess Apraksina. . .'. And then, again rustling, they pass into the ante-room, put on cloaks or mantles, and drive away. The conversation was on the chief topic of the day ; the illness of the wealthy and celebrated beau of Catherine's day, Count Bezukhov, and about his illegitimate son Pierre, the one who had behaved so improperly at Anna Pavlovna's reception.

'I am so sorry for the poor count,' said the visitor. 'He is in such bad health, and now this vexation about his son is enough to kill him !'

'What is that ?' asked the countess as if she did not know what the visitor alluded to, though she had already heard about the reason of Count Bezukhov's vexation some fifteen times.

'That 's what comes of a modern education,' exclaimed the visitor. 'It seems that while he was abroad this young man was allowed to do as he liked, and now in Petersburg I hear he has been doing such terrible things that he has been expelled by the police.'

'You don't say so!' replied the countess.

'He chose his friends badly,' interposed Anna Mikhaylovna. 'He, a son of Prince Vasili's, and a certain Dolokhov have, it is said, been up to heaven only know what tricks! And they have had to suffer for it. Dolokhov has been degraded to the ranks, and Bezukhov's son was sent back to Moscow. Anatole Kuragin's father managed somehow to get his son's escapade hushed up, but still he was ordered out of Petersburg.'

'But what have they been up to?' asked the countess.

'They are regular brigands, especially Dolokhov,' replied the visitor. 'He is a son of Mary Ivanovna Dolokhova, such a highly respected woman, and what do you think? Just fancy! Those three got hold of a bear somewhere, took it in a carriage, and set off with it to visit some actresses! The police tried to interfere, and what did the young men do? They tied a policeman and the bear back to back and put the bear into the Moyka Canal. And there was the bear, swimming about with the policeman on his back!'

'What a nice figure the policeman must have cut, my dear!' shouted the count, dying with laughter.

'Oh, how dreadful! How can you laugh at it, count?'

Yet the ladies themselves could not help laughing.

'The poor man was rescued with difficulty,' continued the visitor. 'And to think it is Cyril Vladimirovich Bezukhov's son who amuses himself in this sensible manner! And he was said to be so well educated and clever. This is all that his foreign education has done for him! I hope that here in Moscow no one will receive him, in spite of his money. They wanted to present him to me, but I quite declined: I have my daughters to consider.'

'Why do you say that this young man is so rich?' asked the countess, turning aside from the girls, who at once assumed an air of inattention. 'His children are all illegitimate. I think Pierre also is illegitimate.'

The visitor made a gesture with her hand.

'I should think he has a score of them.'

Princess Anna Mikhaylovna intervened in the conversation, evidently wishing to show that she had influential connexions and knew all that went on in society.

'The fact of the matter is', said she significantly and also in a half whisper, 'every one knows Count Cyril's

reputation. . . . He has lost count of his children, but this Pierre was his favourite.'

'How handsome the old man was, only a year ago!' remarked the countess. 'I have never seen a handsomer man.'

'He is now very much altered,' said Anna Mikhaylovna. 'Well, as I was saying, Prince Vasili is the next heir through his wife, but the count is very fond of Pierre, looked after his education, and wrote to the emperor about him; so that in case of his death—and he is so bad that he may die at any moment, and Dr. Lorrain has come from Petersburg—no one knows who will inherit his enormous fortune, Pierre or Prince Vasili. Forty thousand serfs and millions of roubles! I know it all very well because Prince Vasili told me himself. Besides, Cyril Vladimirich is my mother's second cousin. He's also my Bory's godfather,' she added, as if she attached no importance at all to the fact.

'Prince Vasili arrived in Moscow yesterday. I hear he is engaged upon an official audit,' remarked the visitor.

'Yes, but between ourselves,' said the princess, 'that is a pretext. The fact is he has come to see Count Cyril Vladimirich, hearing how ill he is.'

'But do you know, my dear, that was a capital joke,' said the count; and noticing that the elder visitor was not listening he turned to the young ladies. 'I can just imagine what a nice figure that policeman cut!'

And as he waved his arms to imitate the policeman, his portly form again shook with a deep ringing laugh, the laugh of one who always eats well and, in particular, drinks well.

'So, do come and dine with us!' he said.

CHAPTER XI

A SILENCE ENSUED. The countess looked at her callers, smiling pleasantly but not concealing the fact that now she would not be distressed if they rose and took their leave. The visitor's daughter was already smoothing down her dress with an inquiring look at her mother, when suddenly from the next room were heard the footsteps of boys and girls running towards the door, and the

noise of a chair falling, and a thirteen-year old girl, hiding something in the folds of her short muslin frock, darted in and stopped short in the middle of the room. It was evident that she had not intended her flight to bring her so far. Behind her in the doorway appeared a student with a crimson coat-collar, an officer of the Guards, a girl of fifteen, and a plump, rosy-faced boy in a short jacket.

The count jumped up and, swaying from side to side, spread his arms wide and threw them round the little girl who had run in.

'Ah, here she is!' he exclaimed laughing. 'My pet whose name-day it is. My dear pet!'

'*Ma chère*, there is a time for everything,' said the countess with feigned severity. 'You spoil her, Ilya,' she added, turning to her husband.

'How do you do, my dear? I wish you many happy returns of your name-day,' said the visitor. 'What a charming child,' she added, addressing the mother.

This black-eyed, large-mouthed girl, not pretty but full of life, with childish bare shoulders, which after her run, heaved and shook her bodice, with black curls tossed backward, thin bare arms, and little legs in lace-frilled drawers, and feet in low slippers—was just at that charming age when a girl is no longer a child, though the child is not yet a young woman. Escaping from her father she ran to hide her flushed face in the lace of her mother's mantilla—not paying the least attention to her severe remark—and began to laugh. She laughed, and in fragmentary sentences tried to explain about a doll which she produced from the folds of her frock.

'Do you see? . . . This doll. . . Mimi. . . You see. . . ' was all Natasha managed to utter (to her everything seemed amusing). She leaned against her mother and burst into such a loud ringing fit of laughter that even the prim visitor could not help joining in.

'Now then, go away and take your monster with you,' said the mother, pushing away her daughter with pretended sternness, and turning to the caller she added: 'Shé is my youngest daughter.'

Natasha, raising her face for a moment from her mother's mantilla, glanced up at the visitor through tears of laughter and again hid her face.

The visitor, compelled to look on at this family scene, thought it necessary to take some part in it.

‘Tell me, my dear,’ said she to Natasha, ‘is Mimi a relation of yours? A daughter, I suppose?’

Natasha did not like the visitor’s tone of condescension to childish things. She did not reply, but regarded the visitor gravely.

Meanwhile the younger generation: Boris, the officer, Anna Mikhaylovna’s son; Nicholas, the undergraduate, the count’s eldest son; Sonya, the count’s fifteen-year-old niece; and little Petya,¹ his youngest boy, had all settled down in the drawing-room and were obviously trying to restrain within the limits of decorum the animation and merriment that shone on all their faces. Evidently in the back rooms, whence they had rushed so impetuously, the conversation had been more amusing than the drawing-room talk of society scandals, the weather, and the Countess Apraksina. Occasionally they glanced at one another, hardly able to restrain their laughter.

The two young men, the undergraduate and the officer, friends from childhood, were of the same age and both handsome fellows, though not alike. Boris was tall and fair, and his calm and handsome face had regular, delicate features. Nicholas was short with curly hair and an open expression. Dark hairs were already appearing on his upper lip, and his whole face expressed energy and enthusiasm. Nicholas blushed when he entered the drawing-room. He evidently tried but failed to find something to say. Boris on the contrary at once found his footing, and related quietly and humorously how he had known that doll Mimi when she was still quite a young lady with an as yet unbroken nose; how she had aged during the past five years, and how her head had cracked right across the skull. Having said this he glanced at Natasha. She turned away from him and glanced at her youngest brother, who was blinking and shaking with suppressed laughter, and unable to control herself any longer, she jumped up and rushed from the room as fast as her nimble little feet would carry her. Boris did not laugh.

‘You wanted to go out too, didn’t you, mamma? Will

¹ Diminutive of Peter.

you want the carriage?' he asked his mother with a smile.

'Yes, yes, go and order it,' she answered, returning his smile.

Boris quietly left the room and went in search of Natasha. The plump boy ran after them angrily, as if vexed at the interruption that had occurred in his programme.

CHAPTER XII

THE only young people remaining in the drawing-room, not counting the young lady-visitor or the countess's eldest daughter (who was four years older than her sister and already behaved like a grown-up person), were Nicholas and Sonya, the niece. Sonya was a slender little brunette with a tender look in her eyes which were veiled by long lashes, thick black plaits coiling twice round her head, and a tawny tint in her complexion and especially in the colour of her slender but graceful and muscular arms and neck. By the grace of her movements, by the softness and suppleness of her small limbs and by a certain coyness and reserve of manner, she reminded one of a pretty half-grown kitten which promises to become a beautiful little cat. She evidently considered it proper to show an interest in the general conversation by smiling, but in spite of herself her eyes under their thick long lashes watched her cousin, who was going to join the army, with such passionate girlish adoration that her smile could not for a single instant deceive any one, and it was clear that the kitten had settled down only to spring up with more energy and recommence her play with her cousin as soon as, like Natasha and Boris, they too could escape from the drawing-room.

'Ah yes, my dear,' said the count, addressing the visitor and pointing to Nicholas, 'his friend Boris has become an officer, and so for friendship's sake he is leaving the university and me, his old father, and entering the military service, my dear. And there was a place and everything waiting for him in the Archives Department! Isn't that friendship?' remarked the count in an inquiring tone.

'Yes, they say war has been declared,' replied the visitor.

‘They’ve been saying it a long while,’ said the count, ‘and they’ll say so again and again, and that will be the end of it. My dear, there’s friendship for you,’ he repeated. ‘He’s joining the Hussars.’

The visitor, not knowing what to say, shook her head.

‘It’s not at all out of friendship,’ declared Nicholas, flaring up and turning away as if from a shameful aspersion. ‘It is not from friendship at all; I simply feel that the army is my vocation.’

He glanced at his cousin and at the young lady visitor; they were both regarding him with a smile of approbation.

‘Schubert, the colonel of the Pavlograd Hussars, is dining with us to-day. He has been here on leave, and is taking Nicholas back with him. It can’t be helped!’ said the count, shrugging his shoulders and speaking jokingly of a matter that evidently grieved him.

‘I have told you before, papa,’ said his son, ‘that if you don’t wish to let me go, I will stay. But I know I am no use anywhere, except in the army; I am not a diplomat nor an official—I don’t know how to hide what I feel.’ As he spoke he kept glancing with the flirtatiousness of a handsome youth at Sonya and the young lady-visitor.

The little kitten, feasting her eyes on him, seemed ready at any moment to start her gambols again and display all her kittenish nature.

‘All right, all right!’ said the old count. ‘He’s all on fire! This Buonaparte has turned all their heads; they all think how from ensign he became emperor. Well, well, God grant it,’ he added, not noticing his visitor’s sarcastic smile.

The elders began talking about Bonaparte. Julie Karagin turned to young Rostov.

‘What a pity you were not at the Arkharovs’ last Thursday—I was so dull without you,’ said she, giving him a tender smile.

The flattered young man sat down nearer to her with a coquettish smile and engaged the smiling Julie in a confidential conversation, without at all noticing that his involuntary smile cut Sonya (who blushed and smiled unnaturally) to the heart with jealousy. In the midst of the conversation he glanced round at her. She gave him a passionately angry glance, and hardly able to

restrain the tears that rose to her eyes, and maintain the artificial smile on her lips, rose and left the room. All Nicholas's animation vanished. He waited for the first pause in the conversation, and then with an anxious face left the room to find Sonya.

'How plainly all these young people wear their hearts on their sleeves!' said Anna Mikhaylovna, pointing to the retreating Nicholas. '*Cousinage—dangereux voisinage*'¹ she added.

'Yes,' said the countess when the brightness these young people had brought into the room had vanished, and as if answering a question no one had put, but which was always in her mind, 'and how much suffering, how much anxiety has had to be borne that we may rejoice in them now! And yet really the anxiety is greater now than the joy. One is always, always anxious! Especially just at this age, which is so dangerous both for girls and boys.'

'It all depends on education,' remarked the visitor.

'Yes, you're quite right,' continued the countess. 'Up to now I have always, thank God, been my children's friend and possessed their full confidence,' said she, repeating the mistake of so many parents who imagine that their children have no secrets from them. 'I know I shall always be my daughters' first confidante, and that if Nicholas, with his fiery nature, gets into mischief (a boy can't help it) all the same he will never be like those Petersburg young men.'

'Yes, they are splendid, splendid youngsters,' chimed in the count, who always solved questions that seemed to him perplexing by deciding that everything was splendid. 'Just fancy: wants to be an Hussar. What's one to do, my dear?'

'What a charming creature your youngest girl is,' said the visitor; 'a little volcano!'

'Yes, a regular volcano,' said the count. 'Takes after me! And what a voice she has: though she's my daughter, I tell the truth when I say she'll be a great singer, a second Salomoni! We have engaged an Italian to teach her.'

'Isn't she too young? I have heard that it harms the voice to begin at that age.'

¹ Cousinhood—dangerous contiguity.

'Oh no, not at all too young!' replied the count. 'Why, our mothers used to get married at twelve or thirteen.'

'And she's already in love with Boris. Just fancy!' said the countess with a gentle smile, looking at Boris's mother, and went on, evidently busy with a thought that always occupied her: 'Now you see, if I were to be severe with her and forbade it . . . goodness knows what they might be up to on the sly' (she meant that they would be kissing), 'but as it is, I know every word she says. She will come running to me of her own accord in the evening and tell me everything. Perhaps I spoil her; but really that seems the best plan. With her elder sister I was stricter.'

'Yes, I was brought up quite differently,' remarked the handsome eldest daughter, Countess Vera, with a smile.

But the smile did not enhance Vera's beauty as a smile generally does; on the contrary, it gave her an unnatural and therefore unpleasant expression. Vera was good-looking, not at all stupid, quick at learning, was well brought up, and had a pleasant voice; what she said was true and appropriate; yet, strange to say, every one—the visitors and countess alike—turned to look at her as if wondering why she had said it, and all felt awkward.

'Everybody theorizes with their eldest children, and tries to make something exceptional of them,' said the visitor.

'What's the good of denying it, my dear? Our dear countess did theorize with Vera,' said the count. 'Well, what of that? She's turned out splendidly all the same,' he added, winking at Vera.

The visitors rose and took their leave, promising to return to dinner.

'What manners! I thought they would never go,' said the countess when she had said farewell to them.

CHAPTER XIII

WHEN Natasha left the drawing-room and ran away, she only went as far as the conservatory. There she paused and stood listening to the conversation in the drawing-room, expecting Boris to come out. She was already growing impatient, and stamped her foot, ready to cry because he did not come immediately, when she heard the young man's decorous steps approaching neither quickly nor slowly. At this Natasha sprang swiftly among the flower tubs and hid there.

Boris paused in the middle of the room, looked round, brushed a little dust from the sleeve of his uniform, and stepped up to a mirror, examining his handsome face. Natasha, very still, peered out from her ambush, waiting to see what he would do. He stood for a while before the mirror, smiled, and moved toward the opposite door. Natasha was about to call him, but changed her mind. 'Let him look for me,' thought she. Hardly had Boris gone than Sonya, flushed, in tears, and muttering angrily, entered at the other door. Natasha restrained her first impulse to run out to her, and remained in her hiding place, watching—as one who had an invisible cap—to see what went on in the world. She was experiencing a new and peculiar pleasure. Sonya, muttering to herself, kept looking round towards the drawing-room door through which Nicholas presently came.

'Sonya, what is the matter with you? How can you?' said he, running to her.

'It's nothing, it's nothing; leave me alone!' sobbed Sonya.

'Ah, I know what it is.'

'Well, if you know, all right; then go back to her!'

'So-o-onya! Look here! How can you torment me and yourself like that, for a mere fancy?' said Nicholas taking her hand.

Sonya did not pull it away, and ceased crying. Natasha, not stirring and scarcely breathing, watched from her ambush with sparkling eyes. 'What will happen now?' thought she.

'Sonya! What is all the world to me? You alone are all in all,' said Nicholas. 'And I will prove it to you.'

'I don't like it when you talk like that.'

'Well then, I won't; only forgive me, Sonya!' He drew her towards him and kissed her.

'Oh, how nice,' thought Natasha; and when Sonya and Nicholas had left the room she followed and called Boris to her.

'Boris, come here,' said she with a significant and sly look. 'I have something to say to you. Here, here!' and she led him into the conservatory to the place among the tubs where she had been hiding.

Boris followed her, smiling.

'What is the *something*?' asked he.

She grew confused, glanced round, and espying the doll she had thrown on one of the tubs, took it in her arms.

'Kiss the doll,' said she.

Boris looked attentively and kindly at her eager face, but did not reply.

'Don't you want to? Well then, come here,' said she, and went still further in among the plants and threw down the doll. 'Nearer, nearer!' she whispered.

She caught the officer by his cuffs and a look of solemnity and fear appeared on her flushed face.

'And me? Would you like to kiss me?' she whispered almost inaudibly, glancing up at him from under her brows, smiling, and almost crying from agitation.

Boris blushed.

'How funny you are!' he said, bending down to her and blushing still more, but he waited and did nothing.

Suddenly she jumped on a tub to be higher than he, embraced him so that both her slender bare arms clasped him above his neck, and tossing back her curls, kissed him full on the lips.

Then she slipped down among the flower pots on the other side of the tubs and stood, hanging her head.

'Natasha,' he said, 'you know that I love you, but...'

'You are in love with me?' interrupted Natasha.

'Yes, I am in love with you, but please do not let us do this again. . . . Another four years . . . then I will ask for your hand.'

Natasha reflected.

'Thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen,' she counted on her slender little fingers. 'All right! Then it's settled?'

A smile of joy and satisfaction lit up her eager face.

'Settled!' replied Boris.

'For ever?' said the little girl. 'Till death itself?'

She took his arm and with a happy face went with him into the adjoining sitting-room.

CHAPTER XIV

AFTER receiving her callers the countess was so tired that she gave orders to admit no more, but the porter was instructed to be sure to invite to dinner all who came 'to congratulate'.¹ The countess wished to have a confidential chat with the friend of her childhood, the Princess Anna Mikhaylovna, having seen scarcely anything of her since she returned from Petersburg. Anna Mikhaylovna, with her careworn but pleasant face, drew her chair nearer to that of the countess.

'With you I will be quite frank,' said Anna Mikhaylovna. 'There are not many left of us old friends! That's why I so value your friendship.'

Anna Mikhaylovna looked at Vera and paused. The countess pressed her friend's hand.

'Vera,' she said to her eldest daughter who was evidently not a favourite, 'how is it you have so little tact? Don't you see you are not wanted here? Go to the other girls, or...'

The handsome Vera smiled contemptuously, but did not seem at all hurt.

'Had you told me sooner, mamma, I should have gone at once,' she replied as she rose to go to her own room.

But as she passed the sitting-room she noticed two couples sitting, one pair at each window. She stopped and smiled scornfully. Sonya was sitting close to Nicholas, who was copying out some verses for her, the first he had ever written. Boris and Natasha were at the other window, and ceased talking when Vera entered. Sonya and Natasha glanced at Vera with guilty, happy faces.

It was pleasant and touching to see these enamoured little girls; but evidently the sight of them roused no pleasant feelings in Vera.

¹ It is a Russian custom formally to congratulate people not only on births, engagements, marriages, and other auspicious occasions, but also on holidays, saints' days (or name days), birthdays, and so on.

‘How often have I asked you not to take my things?’ she said. ‘You have a room of your own,’ and she took the inkstand from Nicholas.

‘In a minute, in a minute,’ he said, dipping his pen.

‘You always manage to do things at the wrong time,’ continued Vera. ‘You came rushing into the drawing-room so that every one felt ashamed for you.’

Though what she said was quite just, perhaps for that very reason, no one replied, and the four merely exchanged looks among themselves. She lingered in the room with the inkstand in her hand.

‘And at your age what secrets can there be between Natasha and Boris, or between you two? It’s all nonsense!’

‘Now, Vera, what does it matter to you?’ said Natasha in a gentle, conciliatory tone.

She seemed that day to be more than ever kindly and affectionately disposed to every one.

‘Very silly,’ said Vera. ‘I am ashamed of you. Secrets indeed!’

‘All have secrets of their own,’ answered Natasha, getting warmer. ‘We don’t interfere with you and Berg.’

‘I should think not,’ said Vera, ‘because there can never be anything wrong in my behaviour. But I’ll just tell mamma how you are behaving with Boris.’

‘Nataly Ilyinichna is behaving very well to me,’ remarked Boris. ‘I have nothing to complain of.’

‘Don’t, Boris! You are such a diplomat that it is really annoying,’ said Natasha in an offended voice that trembled slightly. (She used the word ‘diplomat’, which was just then much in vogue among the children, in the special sense they attached to it.) ‘Why does she bother me!’ And she added, turning to Vera, ‘You will never understand it, because you’ve never loved any one. You have no heart! You are a Madame de Genlis and nothing more,’ (This nickname, that had been bestowed on Vera by Nicholas, was considered very stinging.) ‘and your greatest pleasure is to be unpleasant to people! Go and flirt with Berg as much as you please,’ she finished quickly.

‘I shall at any rate not run after a young man before visitors . . .’

'Well, now you've done what you wanted,' put in Nicholas, 'and said unpleasant things to every one and upset them. Let's go to the nursery.'

All four, like a flock of scared birds, got up and left the room.

'It's to me the unpleasant things were said,' remarked Vera, 'I said none to any one.'

'Madame de Genlis! Madame de Genlis!' shouted laughing voices from beyond the door.

The handsome Vera, who produced such an irritating and unpleasant effect on every one, smiled and, evidently unmoved by what had been said to her, went to the looking-glass and arranged her hair and scarf. Looking at her own handsome face she seemed to become yet colder and calmer.

* * * * *

In the drawing-room the conversation continued.

'Ah, my dear,' said the countess, 'my life is not all roses either. Don't I know that at the rate we are living our means won't last long? It's all the Club,¹ and his easy-going nature. Even in the country do we get any rest? Theatricals, hunting, and heaven knows what besides! But don't let's talk about me; tell me how you managed everything. I often wonder at you, Annette,—how at your age you can rush off alone in a carriage to Moscow, to Petersburg, to those ministers and great folk, and know how to deal with them all! It's quite astonishing. How did you get things settled? I couldn't possibly do it.'

'Ah, my love,' answered Anna Mikhaylovna, 'God preserve you from ever knowing what it is to be left a widow without means and with a son you love to adoration! One learns many a thing then,' she added with a certain pride. 'That lawsuit taught me much. When I want to see one of those big men I write a note: "Princess So-and-So desires an interview with So-and-So", and then I take a cab and go myself two, three, or four times—till I get what I want. I don't care what they may think about me.'

'Well, and to whom did you apply about Bory?'

¹ The English Club in Moscow (English only in name) was the scene of much high play.

inquired the countess. 'You see yours is already an officer in the Guards, while my Nicholas is going as a cadet.¹ There's no one to interest himself in him. To whom did you apply?'

'To Prince Vasili. He was so nice. He at once agreed to everything, and put the matter before the emperor,' said Princess Anna Mikhaylovna enthusiastically, quite forgetting all the humiliation she had endured to gain her end.

'Has Prince Vasili aged much?' asked the countess. 'I have not seen him since we acted together at the Rumyantsovs' theatricals. I expect he has forgotten me. He used to pay court to me in those days,' said the countess, with a smile.

'He is just the same as ever,' replied Anna Mikhaylovna, 'overflowing with courtesy. His position has not turned his head in the least. He said to me, "I am sorry I can do so little for you, dear princess. You have only to command me." Yes, he is a fine fellow and a very kind relative. But, Nataly, you know my love for my son: I would do anything for his happiness! And my affairs are in such a bad way that my position is now a terrible one,' continued Anna Mikhaylovna, sadly, lowering her voice. 'My wretched lawsuit takes all I have and does not make any progress. Would you believe it, I have literally not a penny and don't know how to equip Boris.' She took out her handkerchief and began to cry. 'I need five hundred roubles, and have only one twenty-five rouble note. I am in such a state. . . . My only hope now is in Count Cyril Vladimirovich Bezukhov. If he won't assist his godson—you know he is Boris's godfather—and allow him something for his keep, all my trouble will be thrown away. . . . I shall not be able to equip him.'

The countess's eyes filled with tears and she pondered in silence.

'I often think, though perhaps it's a sin,' said the princess, 'that here lives Count Cyril Vladimirovich Bezukhov so rich, all alone. . . . that tremendous fortune. . . . and what is his life worth? It's a burden to him, and Boris's life is only just beginning. . . .'

¹ A cadet was a volunteer, usually of good family, who had not yet received a commission, but whose place in the army was with the officers and not in the ranks.

'Surely he will leave something to Boris,' said the countess.

'Heaven only knows, my dear! These millionaires and grantees are so selfish. Still, I will take Boris and go to see him at once and I shall speak to him straight out. Let them think what they will about me, it's really all the same to me when my son's future is at stake.' The princess rose. 'It's now two o'clock and you dine at four. There will just be time.'

And like a practical Petersburg lady who knows how to make the most of time, Anna Mikhaylovna sent some one to call her son, and went into the ante-room with him.

'Good-bye, my love,' said she to the countess, who saw her to the door, and added in a whisper so that her son should not hear, 'Wish me success.'

'Are you going to see Count Cyril Vladimirich, my dear?' said the count from the dining-hall, and coming out into the ante-room he added: 'If he is better, ask Pierre to dine with us. He has been to the house, you know, and has danced with the children. Be sure to invite him, my dear. We will see how Taras distinguishes himself to-day. He says Count Orlov never gave such a dinner as ours will be!'

CHAPTER XV

'My dear Boris,' said the Princess Anna Mikhaylovna to her son as the Countess Rostov's carriage in which they were seated drove over the straw-covered street and turned into the wide courtyard of Count Cyril Vladimirich Bezukhov's house. 'My dear Boris,' said the mother, drawing her hand from beneath her old cloak and laying it timidly and tenderly on her son's arm, 'be affectionate and attentive to him. Count Cyril Vladimirich is your godfather after all, and your future depends on him. Remember that, my dear, and be nice to him, as you so well know how to be.'

'If only I knew that something besides degradation would come of it . . .' answered her son coldly. 'But I have promised and will do it for your sake.'

Although the doorkeeper saw someone's carriage standing at the entrance, after scrutinizing the mother and son

(who without asking to be announced had passed straight through the glass porch, between the rows of statues in niches) and looking significantly at the lady's old cloak, he asked whether they wanted the count or the princesses. On hearing that they wished to see the count, he said his Excellency was worse to-day and that his Excellency was not receiving anyone.

'We may as well go back,' said the son in French.

'My dear!' exclaimed his mother imploringly, again laying her hand on his arm as if that touch could soothe or rouse him.

Boris was silent and looked inquiringly at his mother without taking off his cloak.

'My friend,' said Anna Mikhaylovna in gentle tones, addressing the doorkeeper, 'I know Count Cyril Vladimich is very ill . . . that's why I have come . . . I am a relative. I shall not disturb him, my friend . . . I only need see Prince Vasili Sergeich: he is staying here, is he not? Please announce me.'

The doorkeeper sullenly pulled a cord that communicated with the first floor, and turned away.

'Princess Drubetskaya to see Prince Vasili Sergeich,' he called to a footman dressed in knee-breeches, shoes, stockings and a swallow-tail coat, who ran downstairs and was standing looking down from the half-way landing.

The mother smoothed the folds of her dyed silk dress before a large Venetian mirror that was let into the wall, and in her trodden-down shoes briskly ascended the carpeted stairs.

'My dear,' she said to her son, once more stimulating him by a touch, 'you have promised!'

The son, lowering his eyes, followed her quietly.

They entered the large hall, whence one of the doors led to the apartments at present occupied by Prince Vasili.

Just as the mother and son, having reached the middle of the hall, were about to ask their way of an elderly footman who had sprung up as they entered, the bronze handle of one of the doors turned and Prince Vasili came out—wearing a velvet coat with a single star on his breast, as was his custom when at home,—taking leave of a good-looking dark-haired man. This was the celebrated Petersburg doctor, Lorrain.

'Then it is certain?' said the prince.

'Prince, *humanum est errare*, but . . .' replied the doctor, swallowing his r's, and pronouncing the Latin words with a French accent.

'All right, all right . . .'

Seeing Anna Mikhaylovna and her son, Prince Vasili dismissed the doctor with a bow and approached them silently and with a look of inquiry. The son noticed that an expression of profound sorrow suddenly clouded his mother's face, and he smiled slightly.

'Ah prince! In what sad circumstances we meet again! And how is our dear invalid?' said she, as though unaware of the cold insulting look fixed on her.

Prince Vasili stared at her and at Boris questioning and perplexed. Boris bowed politely. Prince Vasili without acknowledging the bow turned to Anna Mikhaylovna, answering her query by a movement of the head and lips that indicated very little hope for the patient.

'Is it possible?' exclaimed Anna Mikhaylovna. 'Oh, how awful! It is terrible to think. . . . This is my son,' she added, indicating Boris. 'He wished to thank you himself.'

Boris again bowed politely.

'Believe me, prince, a mother's heart will never forget what you have done for us.'

'I am glad I was able to do something to please you, my dear Anna Mikhaylovna,' said Prince Vasili, arranging his shirt frill. He assumed in tone and manner while speaking here in Moscow, to Anna Mikhaylovna whom he had placed under an obligation, an air of much greater importance than he had done in Petersburg at Anna Scherer's reception.

'Try to serve well and to show yourself worthy,' added he, addressing Boris with severity. 'I am glad. . . . Are you here on leave?' he went on in his usual tone of indifference.

'I am awaiting orders to join my new regiment, your Excellency,' replied Boris, betraying neither annoyance at the prince's brusque manner nor a desire to enter into conversation, but speaking so quietly and deferentially that the prince gave him a searching glance.

'Are you living with your mother?'

'I am living at the Countess Rostov's,' replied Boris, again adding, 'your Excellency.'

'That is, with Ilya Rostov who married Nataly Shishina,' said Anna Mikhaylovna.

'I know, I know,' answered Prince Vasili in his monotonous voice. 'I never could understand how Nataly made up her mind to marry that unlicked bear! A perfectly absurd and stupid fellow, and a gambler into the bargain as I am told.'

'But a very good-natured man, prince,' said Anna Mikhaylovna with a pathetic smile, as if she also knew that Count Rostov deserved this censure but asked pity for the poor old man. 'What do the doctors say?' asked the princess after a pause, her worn face again expressing deep sorrow.

'They give little hope,' replied the prince.

'And I should so like to thank *Uncle* once more for all his kindness to me and to Boris. He is his godson,' she added, her tone suggesting that this fact ought to give Prince Vasili much satisfaction.

Prince Vasili became thoughtful and frowned. Anna Mikhaylovna saw that he feared to find in her a rival for Count Bezukhov's fortune, and hastened to reassure him.

'If it were not for my sincere affection and devotion to *Uncle*,' said she, uttering the word with peculiar assurance and unconcern, 'I know his character: noble, upright . . . but you see he has no one with him except the young princesses. . . . They are still young. . . .' She bent her head and continued in a whisper: 'Has he performed his final duty,¹ prince? How priceless are those last moments! It can make things no worse, and it is absolutely necessary to prepare him, if he is so ill. We women, prince,' and she smiled tenderly, 'always know how best to say these things. I absolutely must see him, however painful it may be for me. I am used to suffering.'

Evidently the prince understood her, and also understood, just as he had done at Anna Scherer's reception, that it would be difficult to get rid of Anna Mikhaylovna.

'Would not such a meeting be too trying for him, dear Anna Mikhaylovna?' said he. 'Let us wait until evening. The doctors are expecting a crisis.'

'But it is impossible to delay, prince! Consider that

¹ The duty being to receive extreme unction.

the welfare of his soul is at stake. Ah, it is awful: the duties of a Christian . . .’

A door of one of the inner rooms opened and one of the princesses, the count’s nieces, entered with a cold stern face. The length of her body was strikingly out of proportion to her short legs. Prince Vasili turned to her.

‘Well, how is he?’

‘Still the same; but what can you expect? . . . This noise . . .’ said the princess, looking at Anna Mikhaylovna as at a stranger.

‘Ah, my dear, I hardly knew you,’ said Anna Mikhaylovna with a happy smile, moving lightly up to the count’s niece. ‘I have only just arrived. I am here to help you nurse *my uncle*. I can imagine what you have gone through,’ and she sympathetically turned up her eyes.

The princess gave no reply and did not even smile, but left the room at once. Anna Mikhaylovna took off her gloves and, occupying the position she had conquered, settled down in an arm-chair, inviting Prince Vasili to take a seat beside her.

‘Boris,’ she said to her son with a smile, ‘I shall go in to see the count, my uncle; but you, my dear, had better go to Pierre meanwhile, and don’t forget to give him the Rostovs’ invitation. They ask him to dinner. I suppose he won’t go?’ she continued, turning to the prince.

‘On the contrary,’ replied the prince, who had plainly become depressed, ‘I shall be only too glad if you will relieve me of that young man . . . Here he is, and the count has not once asked for him.’

He shrugged his shoulders. A footman conducted Boris down one flight of stairs and up another, to Pierre’s apartments.

CHAPTER XVI

PIERRE had actually not found time in Petersburg to choose a career for himself, and had been expelled from thence for riotous conduct and sent to Moscow. The story that had been told about him at Count Rostov’s was true. Pierre had taken part in tying a policeman to a bear. He had now been some days in Moscow and was staying as usual at his father’s house. Though he expected

that this story would be already known in Moscow and that the ladies about his father—who were never favourably disposed towards him—would have made use of it to irritate the count against him, he went nevertheless on the day of his arrival to his father's part of the house. Entering the drawing-room, in which the princesses spent most of their time, he greeted the ladies, of whom two were seated at an embroidery frame while a third was reading aloud. It was the eldest who was reading, a severely prim maiden-lady with a very long waist—the same one that had met Anna Mikhaylovna. The two younger ones were embroidering, both were rosy and pretty and differed only in that one had a little mole on her lip, which added considerably to her beauty. Pierre was received as if he were a corpse or a leper. The eldest princess ceased reading and silently gazed at him with frightened eyes; the second assumed just the same expression; while the youngest, the one with the mole, who had a cheerful and lively disposition, bent over the frame to hide a smile provoked probably by the thought of the coming scene, the humour of which she foresaw. She drew her wool down through the material and, scarcely able to refrain from laughing, stooped as if trying to make out the pattern.

‘How do you do, cousin?’ said Pierre. ‘You don’t recognize me?’

‘I recognize you only too well, too well.’

‘How is the count? Can I see him?’ asked Pierre with his usual awkwardness but unabashed.

‘The count is suffering physically and mentally, and apparently you have done your best to increase his moral sufferings.’

‘May I see the count?’ Pierre again asked.

‘H’m . . . If you wish to kill him, to kill him outright, you may see him . . . Olga, go and see whether uncle’s beef-tea is ready; it is almost time,’ she added, giving Pierre to understand that they were busy, and busy making his father comfortable, while evidently he, Pierre, was only busy causing him annoyance.

Olga went out. Pierre stood looking at the sisters; then he bowed and said:

‘Then I will go to my rooms. You will let me know when I can see him.’

And he left the room, followed by the low but ringing laughter of the sister with the mole.

Next day Prince Vasili arrived and took up his abode in the count's house. He called Pierre into his rooms and said to him :

' My dear fellow, if you are going to behave yourself here as you did in Petersburg, you will end badly ; that is all I have to say to you. The count is very, very ill, and you must not see him at all.'

After that Pierre was left severely alone and spent the whole day in his rooms upstairs.

When Boris appeared at his door Pierre was pacing up and down his room, pausing occasionally at a corner, making menacing gestures at the wall as if running a sword through some invisible foe, and glaring savagely over his spectacles ; and then again resuming his walk, muttering indistinct sentences, shrugging his shoulders, and spreading out his arms.

' England is done for,' said he, frowning and pointing his finger at someone. ' Mr. Pitt, as a traitor to the nation and to the rights of man, is sentenced to . . .' But before Pierre—who at that moment imagined himself to be Napoleon in person, and to have just effected the dangerous crossing of the straits of Dover and captured London—could finish pronouncing Pitt's sentence, he saw a young, well-built and handsome officer entering his room. Pierre paused. He had left Moscow when Boris was a boy of fourteen and had quite forgotten him ; but, in his usual impulsive and hearty way, he took Boris by the hand with a friendly smile.

' Do you remember me ?' asked Boris quietly with a pleasant smile. ' I have come with my mother to see the count, but it seems he is not well.'

' Yes, I think he is ill. People are always disturbing him,' answered Pierre, trying to remember who this young man was.

Boris felt that Pierre did not recognize him, but did not consider it necessary to introduce himself, and without experiencing the least embarrassment looked Pierre straight in the face.

' Count Rostov asks you to come to dinner to-day,' said he, after a considerable pause which made Pierre feel uncomfortable.

'Ah, Count Rostov!' exclaimed Pierre joyfully. 'Then you are his son, Ilya? Just fancy, I did not know you at first. Do you remember how we went to the Sparrow Hills with Madame Jacquot? . . . It's such an age . . .'

'You are mistaken,' said Boris deliberately, with a bold and slightly sarcastic smile. 'I am Boris, son of the Princess Anna Mikhaylovna Drubetskaya. Rostov, the father, is Ilya, and his son is Nicholas. I never knew any Madame Jacquot.'

Pierre shook his head and arms as if attacked by mosquitoes or bees.

'Oh dear, what am I thinking of? I've mixed everything up. One has so many relatives in Moscow! So you are Boris? Of course. Well, now we know where we are. And what do you think of the Boulogne expedition? Don't you think the English will come off badly, if only Napoleon gets across the Channel? I think the expedition is quite feasible. If only Villeneuve does not make a mess of things!'¹

Boris knew nothing about the Boulogne expedition; he did not read the papers, and now heard Villeneuve's name for the first time.

'We here in Moscow are more occupied with dinners and scandal than with politics,' said he in his quiet amused tone. 'I know nothing about it and have not thought of it. Moscow is chiefly busy with gossip,' he continued. 'At present you and your father are being talked about.'

Pierre smiled in his good-natured way as if afraid for his companion's sake that the latter might say something he would afterwards regret. But Boris spoke distinctly, clearly and drily, looking straight at Pierre.

'Moscow has nothing else to do than to gossip,' Boris went on. 'Everybody is wondering to whom the count will leave his fortune, though he may yet outlive us all, as I sincerely hope will be the case. . . .'

'Yes, it is all very sad,' interrupted Pierre, 'very sad.'

Pierre was all the while afraid that this officer might unintentionally say something that would make it awkward for himself.

'But to you it must seem,' said Boris with a slight blush,

¹ Villeneuve was the French admiral who commanded the fleet intended for the invasion of England in 1805. His flagship was captured and he himself taken prisoner at Trafalgar in October of that year.

but not changing his tone or attitude, 'it must seem that everybody is trying to get something out of the rich man?'

'So it does,' thought Pierre.

'But I just wish to say, to avoid any misunderstanding, that you are quite mistaken if you reckon me or my mother among such people. We are very poor, but for my own part at any rate, just because your father is rich, I don't regard myself as a relation of his, and neither I nor my mother will ever ask or accept anything from him.'

Pierre did not understand for a long time; but when he did he jumped up from the sofa, seized Boris's arm under his elbow in his quick, clumsy way, and blushing far more than Boris, began to speak with a feeling of mingled shame and vexation.

'Well, this is strange! Did I... who could think?... I know very well...'

But Boris again interrupted him.

'I am glad I have spoken out fully. Perhaps you did not like it? Excuse me,' said he, quieting Pierre instead of being quieted by him, 'but I hope I have not offended you. I always make it a rule to speak out. Well, what answer am I to take back? Will you dine at the Rostovs?'

And Boris, having apparently relieved himself of a heavy obligation and having got himself out of an awkward situation and placed another in it, became quite pleasant again.

'No, but I say,' said Pierre, calming down, 'you are a wonderful fellow! What you have just said is good, very good. Of course you don't know me. We have not met for such a long time... not since we were children. You may think that I... I understand you, quite understand you. I could not have done it myself, I should not have had the courage, but it was splendid. I am very glad to have made your acquaintance. It's funny,' he added after a pause, 'that you should have suspected me!' He began to laugh. 'Well, what of it! I hope you will let us get better acquainted,' and he pressed Boris's hand. 'Do you know, I have not once been in to see the count. He has not sent for me... I pity him as a man, but what can one do?'

'And you think Napoleon will manage to get an army across?' asked Boris with a smile.

Pierre understood that Boris wished to change the subject, and being of the same mind himself, began explaining the advantages and disadvantages of the Boulogne expedition.

A footman came in to summon Boris. The Princess was leaving. Pierre, in order to cultivate Boris's acquaintance, promised to come to dinner, and pressing his hand warmly looked affectionately into Boris's eyes over his own spectacles. After Boris had gone, Pierre long continued pacing up and down the room, no longer piercing an imaginary foe with his imaginary sword, but smiling at the remembrance of that pleasant, clever, and resolute young man.

As happens in early youth, especially to one who leads a lonely life, he felt an unaccountable tenderness for this young man, and promised himself that they should be friends.

Prince Vasili saw the princess off. She held a handkerchief to her eyes and her face was wet with tears.

'It is dreadful, dreadful!' she was saying, 'but cost me what it may, I shall do my duty. I shall come and spend the night here. He must not be left in such a state. Every moment is precious. I can't think why the princesses are delaying. Perhaps God will help me to find a way to prepare him! . . . Adieu, prince! May God support you . . .'

'Adieu, *ma bonne*,' answered Prince Vasili, turning away from her.

'Oh, he is in a dreadful state,' said the mother to her son when they had entered the carriage. 'He hardly recognizes anybody.'

'I do not understand, Mamma, what are his relations to Pierre?' asked the son.

'The Will will show that, my dear; our fate also depends on it . . .'

'But why do you expect that he will leave us anything?'

'Ah my dear! He is so rich, and we are so poor!'

'Well, but that is not a sufficient reason, Mamma . . .'

'Oh dear, oh dear! How ill he is!' exclaimed the mother.

CHAPTER XVII

WHEN Anna Mikhaylovna had driven off with her son to visit Count Cyril Vladimirovich Bezukhov, the Countess Rostova sat for a long time all alone, applying her handkerchief to her eyes. At length she rang.

'What is the matter with you, my dear?' she said crossly to the maid who kept her waiting some minutes. 'Don't you wish to serve me? Then I shall know what to do with you.'

The countess was upset by her friend's sorrow and humiliating poverty, and was therefore out of sorts: a state of mind which with her always found expression in calling the maid 'my dear' and speaking to her with exceptional politeness.

'I beg your pardon, ma'am,' answered the maid.

'Ask the count to come to me.'

The count waddled up to his wife with a rather guilty look, as usual.

'Well, little countess? Ah, what a *sauté* of game *au madère* we shall have, my dear! I tasted it. It was not for nothing I paid a thousand roubles for Taras! He is worth it!'

He sat down by his wife, jauntily leaning his elbows on his knees and ruffling his grey hair with his hands.

'What are your orders, little countess?'

'You see, my dear . . . What's that spot?' she said, pointing to his waistcoat. 'It's the *sauté*, I suppose,' she added with a smile. 'Well, you see, count, I want some money.'

Her face became sad.

'Oh, little countess!' . . . and the count began bustling to get out his purse.

'I want a great deal, count! I want five hundred roubles,' and taking out her cambric handkerchief she began wiping her husband's waistcoat.

'Yes, immediately, immediately! Hallo, who's there?' he called out in a tone which is only used by persons who are certain that those they call will rush to obey the summons. 'Send Dmitri to me!'

¹ Taras, the man cook, was evidently a serf. Usually serfs were only sold with the estates on which they lived; but trained domestics were sometimes sold separately.

Dmitri, a man of good family who had been brought up in the count's house and now managed all his affairs, stepped softly into the room.

'This is what I want, my dear,' said the count to the deferential young man who had entered. 'Bring me . . . ' he reflected a moment, 'Yes, bring me seven hundred roubles, yes. But mind, don't bring me such tattered and dirty notes as last time, but nice clean ones for the countess.'

'Yes, Dmitri, clean ones, please,' said the countess, sighing deeply.

'When would you like them, your excellency?' asked Dmitri. 'Allow me to inform you . . . However, don't be uneasy,' he added, noticing that the count was beginning to breathe heavily and quickly, which was always a sign of coming wrath. 'I was forgetting . . . Do you wish it brought at once?'

'Yes, yes; just so! Bring it. Give it to the countess.'

'What a treasure that Dmitri is,' added the count with a smile when the young man had departed. 'There is never any "impossible" with him. That's a thing I hate. Everything is possible.'

'Ah, money, money! How much sorrow it causes in this world,' said the countess. 'But I am in great need of this sum.'

'You, my little countess, are a notorious spendthrift,' said the count; and having kissed his wife's hand he went back to his study.

When Anna Mikhaylovna returned from Count Bezukhov's the money, all in clean notes, was lying ready under a handkerchief on the countess's little table; and Anna Mikhaylovna noticed that something was agitating the countess.

'Well, my dear friend?' asked the countess.

'Oh, what a terrible state he is in! One would not know him, he is so ill, so ill! I only remained a few moments and hardly said a word . . .'

'Annette, for heaven's sake don't refuse me,' the countess began, with a blush that seemed very strange on her thin dignified elderly face, and she took the money from under the handkerchief.

Anna Mikhaylovna instantly guessed what she meant and stooped to be ready, at the proper moment to embrace the countess.

‘ This is for Boris from me, for his outfit.’

Anna Mikhaylovna was already embracing her and weeping. The countess wept too. They wept because they were friendly, and because they were kind-hearted, and because they—friends from childhood—were concerned about such a base thing as money, and because their youth was past. . . . But to both of them those tears were pleasant.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE Countess Rostova, with her daughters and a large number of guests, was already seated in the drawing-room. The count took the gentlemen into his study, and offered them pipes from his choice Turkish collection. From time to time he left them to inquire : ‘ Has she not come ? ’ They were expecting Mary Dmitrievna Akhrosimova, nicknamed in society *le terrible dragon*, a lady distinguished not for wealth or rank but for common sense and plain frankness of speech. Mary Dmitrievna was known to the Imperial family as well as to all Moscow and Petersburg, and both cities wondered at her, laughed privately at her rudenesses, and told anecdotes about her, while none the less all without exception respected and feared her.

In the count’s room, which was full of tobacco-smoke, the conversation was of the war that had been announced in a manifesto, and about the recruiting. None of them had yet seen the manifesto, but they all knew it had appeared. The count sat on the sofa between two guests who were smoking and talking. He neither smoked nor conversed, but bending his head first to one side and then to the other watched the smokers with evident pleasure, and listened to the conversation of his two neighbours, whom he egged on against each other.

One of them, a sallow clean-shaven civilian with a thin and wrinkled face, already growing old, was nevertheless dressed as the most fashionable of young men. He sat with his legs on the sofa as if quite at home, and having stuck an amber pipe far into his mouth was inhaling the smoke intermittently, with his eyes half closed. This was the old bachelor Shinshin, a cousin of the countess’s, a man with ‘ a sharp tongue ’ they said of him in Moscow society. He seemed to be condescending to his interlocutor’s

level. The other, a fresh rosy officer of the Guards, immaculately washed, buttoned up and brushed, held his pipe in the middle of his mouth and with pink lips gently inhaled the smoke, letting it escape from his handsome mouth in rings. This was Lieutenant Berg, an officer in the Semenov regiment, with whom Boris was to travel to join the army, and about whom Natasha teased her elder sister Vera, speaking of Berg as her 'intended'. The count sat between them and listened attentively. His favourite occupation when not playing boston, a card game he was devoted to, was that of listener, especially when he succeeded in setting two loquacious talkers at one another.

'Well then, old chap, *mon très honorable* Alphonse Karlich,' said Shinshin, laughing ironically and mixing the most vulgar Russian expressions with the most select French phrases—which was the peculiarity of his speech, '*Vous comptez vous faire des rentes sur l'État*;¹ you want to make something out of your company?'

'No, Peter Nikolaich; I only wish to show that in the cavalry the advantages are far less than in the infantry. Now just consider my own position, Peter Nikolaich...'

Berg always spoke quietly, politely, and with great precision. His conversation always related solely to himself; he would remain calm and silent when the conversation related to any topic that had no direct bearing on himself. He could remain silent for hours without either being at all put out of countenance himself or making others uncomfortable, but as soon as the conversation touched him personally he would begin speaking circumstantially and with evident pleasure.

'Consider my position, Peter Nikolaich. Were I in the cavalry I should receive not more than two hundred roubles every four months even with the rank of lieutenant; but as it is I receive two hundred and thirty roubles,' said he, looking at Shinshin with a joyful pleasant smile as if it were obvious to him that his success must always be the chief desire of every one else.

'Besides that, Peter Nikolaich, by exchanging into the Guards I shall be in a more conspicuous position,' continued Berg, 'and vacancies occur much more frequently in the Foot Guards. Then just think what can be done

¹ You expect to make an income out of the State.

with two hundred and thirty roubles ! I even manage to put a little aside and to send something to my father,' he went on, emitting a smoke ring.

'*La balance y est. . .*¹ A German knows how to skin a flint, as the proverb says,' remarked Shinshin, moving his pipe to the other side of his mouth and winking at the count.

The count burst out laughing. The other guests, seeing that Shinshin was talking, drew near to listen. Berg, oblivious of irony or indifference, continued to explain how, by his transfer into the Guards, he had gained a step on the men of his year at the Cadet Corps ; how, in war-time, the company commander might get killed, and he, as senior in the company, might then easily succeed to the post ; how popular he was with every one in the regiment, and how satisfied his father was with him. Berg evidently enjoyed narrating all this, and seemed not to suspect that others, too, might have their own interests. Still all that he said was so prettily sedate, and the *naïveté* of his youthful egotism was so obvious, that he disarmed his hearers.

'Well, my boy, you'll get along wherever you go—Foot or Horse—that I'll warrant,' said Shinshin, patting him on the shoulder and taking his feet off the sofa.

Berg smiled joyously. The count, followed by his guests, went into the drawing-room.

* * * * *

It was just at that moment before a big dinner when the assembled guests, expecting the summons to *zakuska*,² avoid engaging in any long conversation, yet think it necessary to move about and talk in order to show that they are not at all impatient for their food. The hosts keep looking towards the door, and now and then glance at each other ; and the visitors try to guess from these glances whom or what they are waiting for : some important relation who has not yet arrived, or a dish that is not yet ready.

Pierre had come just at dinner-time, and was sitting

¹ The balance is attained.

² The *zakuska*, 'little bite,' is the *hors d'œuvres*, consisting according to circumstances of a more or less varied choice of snacks : caviare, salt fish, cheese, radishes, or what not, with small glasses of vodka and other spirits. It is usually laid on a side table and serves to whet the appetite before a dinner or supper.

awkwardly in the middle of the drawing-room on the first chair he came across, blocking every one's way. The countess tried to make him talk, but he went on naïvely looking around through his spectacles as if in search of somebody, and answered all her questions with monosyllables. He was in the way, and was the only one who did not notice the fact. Most of the guests, knowing of the affair with the bear, looked with curiosity at this big, stout, quiet man, wondering how such a clumsy, modest fellow could play such a prank on a policeman.

'You only arrived recently?' asked the countess of him.

'*Oui, madame,*' replied he, looking around him.

'You have not yet seen my husband?'

'*Non, madame.*' He smiled quite inopportunely.

'I believe you have been recently in Paris? I suppose it was very interesting.'

'Very interesting.'

The countess exchanged glances with Anna Mikhaylovna. The latter understood that she was being asked to entertain this young man, and sitting down beside him she began to speak about his father; but he answered her, as he had the countess, only in monosyllables. The visitors were all conversing with one another. 'The Razumovskis . . . It was charming . . . You are very kind . . . the Countess Apraksina . . .' was heard on all sides. The countess rose and went out into the ball-room.

'Mary Dmitrievna?' came her voice from thence.

'Her own self,' came the answer in a rough female voice, after which Mary Dmitrievna entered the room.

All the unmarried ladies and even the married ones, excepting the very oldest, rose. Mary Dmitrievna paused at the door, and standing, tall and stout, held high her fifty-year-old head with its grey ringlets as she surveyed the guests and leisurely arranged her wide sleeves as though rolling them up. Mary Dmitrievna always spoke Russian.

'Many happy returns to her whose name-day we are keeping and her children,' she said, in her loud full-toned voice, which drowned all others. 'Well, you old sinner,' she went on, turning to the count who was kissing her hand, 'You're feeling dull in Moscow, I daresay? No-where to hunt with your dogs? But what is to be done, old man? Just see how these birdies are growing up,'

and she pointed to the girls. 'You must look for husbands for them, whether you like it or not.'

'Well, how's my Cossack?' (Mary Dmitrievna called Natasha her Cossack) said she, stroking the hand of Natasha, who came up fearless and gay to kiss her hand. 'I know she's a scamp of a girl, but I like her.'

She took a pair of pear-shaped ruby earrings from her huge reticule, and having given them to the rosy Natasha, who beamed with the pleasure of her saint's-day fête,¹ turned away at once and addressed herself to Pierre.

'Eh, eh, friend! Come here a bit,' said she, assuming a soft high tone of voice. 'Come here, my friend, . . .' and she threateningly rolled her sleeves still higher up. Pierre approached, looking at her in a childlike way through his spectacles.

'Come nearer, come nearer, friend! I used to be the only one to tell your father the truth when he was in favour, and where you are concerned it is an evident duty.'

She paused. All were silent, awaiting what was to follow, for this was clearly only a prelude.

'A fine lad! My word! A fine lad! . . . His father lies on his death-bed and he amuses himself setting a policeman astride a bear! It is disgraceful, sir, disgraceful! It would be better if you went to the war.'

She turned away and gave her hand to the count, who scarcely restrained his laughter.

'Well, I suppose it is time we were at table?' said Mary Dmitrievna.

The count went in first with Mary Dmitrievna; then came the countess on the arm of a colonel of Hussars, a man of importance to them, because Nicholas was to accompany him to the regiment; then followed Anna Mikhaylovna with Shinshin. Berg gave his arm to Vera. The smiling Julie Karagin went in with Nicholas. After them other couples followed, filling the whole dining-hall; and last of all the children, tutors, and governesses, followed singly. The footmen began moving about, chairs scraped, in the gallery the band struck up, and the guests settled down in their places. Then the strains of the count's household band were replaced by the clatter of knives

¹ Every Russian received the name of one of the saints in the Church calendar, and that saint's day was the name-day of those so christened, and was kept much as the English keep a birthday.

and forks, the voices of visitors, and the soft steps of the footmen. At one end of the table sat the countess with Mary Dmitrievna at her right, and on her left Anna Mikhaylovna ; beyond whom were the other lady visitors. At the other end sat the count, with the Hussar colonel on his left hand and Shinshin on his right, and the rest of the male visitors. At the middle of the long table, on one side sat the grown-up young people : Vera beside Berg, and Pierre beside Boris ; while on the other side were the children, tutors, and governesses. The count, from behind the crystal decanters and fruit vases, kept glancing at his wife, whose high cap was trimmed with light-blue ribbons, and busily filled his neighbours' glasses, not neglecting his own. The countess from behind the pineapples, without omitting her duties as hostess, threw significant glances at her husband, whose face and bald head seemed to her by their redness to contrast more than usual with his grey hair. At the ladies' end of the table an even chatter of voices was heard all the time ; at the gentlemen's end the voices sounded louder and louder, especially that of the colonel of Hussars, who ate and drank so much, growing redder and redder, that the count held him up as an example to the other guests. Berg with tender smiles was saying to Vera that love is not an earthly but a heavenly feeling. Boris was telling his new friend Pierre who the guests were, and exchanging glances with Natasha, who sat opposite him. Pierre spoke little, but examined the new faces and ate a great deal. He began with one of the two soups, choosing turtle with savoury patties, and went on to the game without omitting a single dish or one of the wines. These latter the butler thrust mysteriously forward wrapped in napkins from behind the next man's shoulders and whispered : ' dry Madeira . . . Hungarian . . . or Rhine-wine ' as the case might be. Of the four crystal glasses engraved with the count's initials that stood in front of his plate, Pierre held out one at random and drank with enjoyment, gazing with ever-increasing amiability at the other guests. Natasha, who sat opposite, was looking at Boris as girls of thirteen look at the boy they are in love with and have just kissed for the first time. Sometimes that same look fell on Pierre, and the sight of that funny, lively little girl made him inclined to laugh without knowing why.

Nicholas sat far from Sonya, beside Julie Karagin, to whom he was again talking with the same involuntary smile. Sonya smiled ostentatiously, but was obviously tormented by jealousy; now she blushed, now turned pale, and strained every nerve to overhear what Nicholas and Julie were talking about. The governess kept looking round uneasily, as if preparing for defence in case any one should try to put any slight on the children. The German tutor tried to remember all the dishes, wines, and kinds of dessert in order to send a full description of the dinner to his people in Germany; and he felt greatly offended when the butler, with a bottle wrapped in a napkin, passed him by. He frowned, trying to appear as if he did not want any of that wine, but was offended because no one understood that it was not to quench his thirst or from greediness that he wanted it, but simply from a conscientious desire for information.

CHAPTER XIX

At the men's end of the table the talk grew more and more animated. The colonel told them that the declaration of war had already appeared in Petersburg, and that a copy which he had himself seen had that day been forwarded by courier to the Commander-in-Chief.

'And why the deuce are we going to fight Bonaparte?' remarked Shinshin. 'He has stopped Austria's cackle, and I fear it will be our turn next.'

The colonel was a stout, tall, full-blooded German evidently devoted to the service and patriotically Russian. He took offence at Shinshin's remark.

'It is for the reasson, my goot sir,' said he, speaking with a German accent, 'for the reasson zat ze Emperor knows zat. He declares in ze manisesto zat he cannot fiew wiz indifference ze danger vthreatening Russia and zat ze safety and dignity of ze Empire as vell as ze sanctity of its *alliances* . . .', he spoke this last word with particular emphasis, as if in it lay the essence of the matter.

Then with the unerring official memory that characterized him he repeated the opening words of the manifesto:

'The Emperor's wish and sole and unalterable aim, is to establish peace in Europe on firm foundations, and this has now caused him to move part of the army abroad and to

create new conditions favourable to the attainment of that purpose.'

'Zat, my dear sir, is vhy . . . ' he concluded, drinking tumbler of wine with dignity, and looking to the count for approval.

'*Connaissez vous le proverbe* :¹ "*Jerome, Jerome, do not am, but mind spindles at home !*" ?' said Shinshin, puckering his brows and smiling. '*Cela nous convien à merveille.*² Vorov now—he knew what he was about; yet they at him *à plate couture*,³ and where are we to find a Vorov now? *Je vous demande un peu*,'⁴ said he, continually changing from French to Russian.

'Ve must vight to the last tr-r-op of our plood !' said the colonel, thumping the table; 'and ve must tie for r emperor, and zen all vill pe vell. And ve must argue little as po-o-ossible' . . . he dwelt particularly on the word *possible* . . . 'as po-o-ossible,' he ended, again turning to the count. 'Zat is how ve old hussars judge, and re's an end of it ! And how do you, as a young man and young hussar, how do you judge of it ?' he added, addressing Nicholas, who, when he heard that the war was being discussed, had turned from his partner, with eyes and ears intent on the colonel.

'I am quite of your opinion,' replied Nicholas, flaming, turning his plate and moving his wine glasses with as much decision and desperation as though, at that moment, they were facing some great danger. 'I am convinced that the Russians should die or conquer,' he concluded, conscious after the words were out of his mouth—as were others also—that his remarks were too enthusiastic and emphatic for the occasion and therefore awkward.

'What you said just now was splendid !' said his partner Julie.

Sonya trembled all over and blushed to her ears, behind them, and down to her neck and shoulders, while Nicholas was speaking.

Pierre listened to the colonel's speech and nodded approvingly.

'That's fine,' said he.

'The young man's a real hussar !' shouted the colonel, again thumping the table.

Do you know the proverb. ² That suits us down to the ground.
Hollow. ⁴ Now I ask you.

'What are you making so much noise about there?' Mary Dmitrievna's deep voice suddenly inquired from the other end of the table. 'What are you hammering the table for?' she demanded of the hussar, 'and why are you exciting yourself? Do you think the French are here?'

'I am speaking ze truse,' replied the hussar with a smile.

'It's all about the war,' the count shouted down the table. 'You know my son's going, Mary Dmitrievna? My son is going.'

'I have four sons in the army, but still I don't fret. It is all in God's hands. You may die in your bed, or God may spare you in a battle,' replied Mary Dmitrievna's strong voice which easily carried the whole length of the table.

'That's true!'

Once more the conversations divided: the ladies' at the one end, and the men's at the other.

'You won't ask,' Natasha's little brother was saying;

'I know you won't ask!'

'I will,' replied Natasha.

Her face suddenly flushed with reckless and joyous determination. She half rose, by a glance inviting Pierre, who sat opposite, to listen to what was coming, and turning to her mother:

'Mamma!' rang out the clear contralto notes of her childish voice, audible the whole length of the table.

'What is it?' asked the countess, startled; but seeing by her daughter's face that it was only mischief, she shook a finger at her sternly and made a threatening and forbidding movement with her head.

The conversation ceased.

'Mamma! What pudding will there be?' and Natasha's voice sounded yet more unhesitating and resolute.

The countess tried to frown, but could not. Mary Dmitrievna shook her fat finger.

'Cossack!' she said threateningly.

The majority of the visitors, uncertain how to regard this prank, looked at the elders.

'You had better take care!' said the countess.

'Mamma! What pudding will there be?' Natasha again cried boldly with capricious playfulness, confident that her escapade would be taken in good part.

Sonya and fat little Petya doubled up with laughter.

'There now! I have asked,' whispered Natasha to her little brother and to Pierre, at whom she again glanced.

'Ices, but you won't get any,' said Mary Dmitrievna.

Natasha saw she had nothing to fear, and therefore braved even Mary Dmitrievna.

'Mary Dmitrievna! What kind of ices? I don't like ice cream.'

'Carrot ices.'

'No! What kind, Mary Dmitrievna? What kind?' she almost screamed; 'I want to know!'

Mary Dmitrievna and the countess began to laugh, and all the guests joined in. Every one laughed, not at Mary Dmitrievna's answer, but at the unheard-of boldness and adroitness of this little girl, who had dared to treat Mary Dmitrievna in such a manner.

Natasha only desisted when she was told that there would be pineapple ices. Before the ices, champagne was served round. The band again struck up; the count and countess kissed, and the guests, leaving their seats, went up to 'congratulate' the countess and reached along the table to clink glasses with the count, with the children, and with one another. Again the footmen rushed about, the chairs scraped, and in the same order in which they had entered, but with redder faces, the guests returned to the drawing-room and to the count's study.

CHAPTER XX

THE card-tables were drawn forward, partners chosen for boston, and the count's visitors took their places, some in the two drawing-rooms, some in the sitting-room, some in the library.

The count, holding his cards fanwise, restrained himself with difficulty from his usual after-dinner nap, and laughed at everything. At the instigation of the countess the young people gathered round the clavichord and harp. Julie, at the general request, played first. After she had played a little air with variations on the harp, she joined the rest of the young ladies in begging Natasha and Nicholas, who were noted for their musical ability, to

sing something. Natasha, who was addressed as though she were grown up, was evidently much flattered thereby, but was, at the same time, shy.

'What shall we sing?' she asked.

'"The Spring,"' suggested Nicholas.

'Well then, let's be quick about it. Boris, come here,' said Natasha. 'But where is Sonya?'

Glancing round and seeing that her friend was not in the room, she ran to look for her.

Running into Sonya's room and not finding her there, Natasha ran into the nursery—but Sonya was not there either. Natasha concluded that she must be on the trunk in the passage. The trunk in the passage was a place of mourning for the younger female generation in the Rostov household. And in fact there she found Sonya crumpling her gauzy pink dress by lying on Nurse's dirty striped feather-bed which lay on the trunk, her face hidden behind her slender fingers, her bare shoulders heaving, sobbing convulsively. Natasha's face which had been so radiantly happy all that saint's-day, suddenly changed: her eyes became fixed, and then a shiver passed down her broad neck, and the corners of her mouth went down.

'Sonya! What is it? . . . What is the matter? . . . Ou . . . ou . . . ou!' And Natasha's large mouth widened, making her look quite ugly, and she began to howl like a baby without knowing why, except that Sonya was crying. Sonya wanted to lift her head to answer but could not, and hid her face still deeper in the bed. Natasha wept, sitting on the blue-striped feather-bed with her arms round her friend. With an effort Sonya sat up and began wiping her eyes and explaining.

'Nicholas is leaving in a week's time, his . . . papers . . . have come . . . he told me himself . . . but still I should not cry,' and she showed a paper she held in her hand—with the verses Nicholas had written, 'still, I should not cry, but you can't . . . no one can understand . . . what a soul he has!'

And she began to cry again because he had such a beautiful soul.

'It's all very well for you . . . I am not envious of you . . . I love you and Boris also,' she went on, gaining a little strength; 'he is nice . . . there are no obstacles before you . . . But Nicholas is my cousin . . . one would have

to . . . the Metropolitan himself¹ . . . and even then it cannot be done. And besides, if she tells Mamma'—Sonya looked upon the countess as her mother and called her so—'that I am spoiling Nicholas's career and am heartless and ungrateful, while truly . . . God is my witness,' and she made the sign of the cross, 'I love her so much, and all of you, only Vera . . . How have I deserved it? What have I done to her? I am so grateful to you that I would willingly sacrifice everything, only I have nothing. . . .'

Sonya could not continue, and again hid her face in her hands and in the feather-bed. Natasha began consoling her, but her face showed that she understood all the gravity of her friend's trouble.

'Sonya,' she suddenly exclaimed, as if she had guessed the true reason of her cousin's sorrow, 'I'm sure Vera has said something to you since dinner? Hasn't she?'

'Yes, these verses Nicholas wrote himself, and I copied some others, and she found them on my table and said she'd show them to Mamma, and that I was ungrateful and that Mamma would never allow him to marry me, but that he'll marry Julie. You see how he's been with her all day, Natasha! . . . What have I done to deserve it? . . .'

And again she began to sob, more bitterly than before. Natasha lifted her up and embraced her, and smiling through her tears began comforting her.

'Sonya, don't believe her, darling! Don't believe her! Do you remember how we and Nicholas, all three of us, talked in the sitting-room after supper? Why, we settled how everything was to be. I don't quite recollect how, but don't you remember that it could all be arranged and how nice it all was? There's Uncle Shinshin's brother has married his first cousin? And we are only second cousins, you know. And Boris says it is quite possible. You know I have told him everything. And he is so clever and so good!' said Natasha. 'Don't you cry, Sonya, dear love, darling Sonya!' and she kissed her and laughed. 'Vera's spiteful; never mind her! And all will be well and she won't say anything to Mamma. Nicholas will tell her himself, and he doesn't care at all about Julie.'

¹ In the Russian Church cousins come within the prohibited degrees of affinity, and special permission has to be obtained for their marriage.

Natasha kissed her on the hair.

Sonya sat up like a kitten that brightens, its eyes beginning to shine again, and seems ready to lift its tail, jump down on its soft paws and frolick once more with the ball of worsted, as a kitten should.

'Do you think so? . . . Really? On your honour?' she said, quickly smoothing her dress and hair.

'Really, on my honour!' answered Natasha, pushing in a crisp lock that had strayed from under her friend's plaits.

Both laughed.

'Well, let's go and sing "The Brook".'

'Come along!'

'Do you know, that fat Pierre who sat opposite me is so funny!' Natasha remarked, stopping suddenly. 'I feel so happy!'

And she set off at a run along the passage.

Sonya, shaking off some down which clung to her and hiding the verses in the bosom of her dress close to her bony little chest, ran after Natasha down the passage into the sitting-room, with flushed face and light joyous steps. At the visitors' request the young people sang the quartette 'The Brook', which greatly pleased every one. Then Nicholas sang a song he had just learnt.

At night time in the moon's fair glow
How sweet, as fancies wander free,
To feel that *in this world there's one*
Who still is thinking but of thee!

That while her fingers touch the harp
That wafts sweet music o'er the lea,
It is for thee thus swells her heart,
And sighs its message out to thee. . . .

A day or two, then bliss unspoilt,
But oh! till then I cannot live! . . .

He had not finished the last verse before the young people began to get ready for dancing in the large hall, and the steps and coughing of the musicians were heard from the gallery.

* * * * *

Pierre was sitting in the drawing-room where Shinshin had engaged him, as a man recently returned from abroad, in a political conversation in which several others joined, but which bored Pierre. When the music began Natasha

came in, and walking straight up to Pierre she said, laughing and blushing :

‘ Mamma told me to ask you to join the dancers.’

‘ I am afraid of confusing the figures,’ Pierre replied ; ‘ but if you will be my teacher . . .’ And lowering his big arm he offered it to the slender little girl.

While the couples were taking their places and the musicians tuning up, Pierre sat with his little partner. Natasha was perfectly happy : she was dancing with a *grown-up* man who had been *abroad*. She sat in a conspicuous place and conversed with him like a grown-up lady. She had a fan in her hand that one of the ladies had given her to hold. Assuming quite the pose of a society woman (heaven knows when and where she had learnt it) she talked with her partner, fanning herself and smiling over the fan.

‘ Dear, dear ! Just look at her !’ exclaimed the countess as she crossed the ball-room, pointing to Natasha.

Natasha blushed and laughed.

‘ Well really, Mamma ! Why should you ? What is there to be surprised at ?’

In the midst of the third *écossaise* the chairs scraped in the sitting-room, where the count and Mary Dmitrievna had been playing cards with the majority of the more distinguished and older visitors. They now, stretching themselves after sitting so long, and replacing their purses and pocket-books, entered the ball-room. First came Mary Dmitrievna and the count, both with merry countenances. The count, with facetious courtesy somewhat in *ballet* style, offered his bent arm to Mary Dmitrievna. He drew himself up, a smile of debonair gallantry lit up his face, and as soon as the last figure of the *écossaise* was ended, he clapped his hands to the musicians and shouted up to the gallery, addressing the first violin :

‘ Simeon ! Can you play *Daniel Cooper* ?’

This was the count’s favourite dance, which he had danced in his youth. (Strictly speaking, *Daniel Cooper* was one figure of the *anglaise*.)

‘ Just look at Papa !’ shouted Natasha to the whole room (quite forgetting that she was dancing with a grown-up), bending her curly head to her knees and making the whole room ring with her laughter.

And indeed everybody in the room looked with a smile

of pleasure at the jovial old man, who standing beside Mary Dmitrievna, his tall and stout partner, bent his arms, beat time, straightened his shoulders, turned out his toes, tapped gently with his foot, and by a smile that broadened his round face more and more, prepared the onlookers for what was to follow. As soon as the merry provocative strains of *Daniel Cooper*, somewhat resembling those of a merry peasant dance, began to sound, all the doorways of the ball-room were suddenly filled by the domestic serfs—the men on one side of the room and the women on the other—who with beaming faces had come to see their master making merry.

‘Just look at master! A regular eagle he is!’ loudly remarked the nurse, as she stood in one of the doorways.

The count danced well and knew it. But his partner could not and did not want to dance well. Her enormous figure stood straight, her powerful arms hanging down (she had handed her reticule to the countess), and only her severe but handsome face really joined in the dance. What was expressed in the whole of the count’s plump figure, in Mary Dmitrievna only found expression in her more and more beaming face and quivering nostrils. But if the count, getting more and more into the swing of it, charmed the spectators by the unexpectedness of his adroit manœuvres and the agility with which he jumped about on his light feet, Mary Dmitrievna produced no less impression by slight exertions—the slightest effort to move her shoulders or bend her arms when turning, or a stamp of her foot—which every one appreciated in view of her size and her habitual sternness. The dance grew livelier and livelier. The other couples could not for a moment draw attention to their own evolutions, and did not even try to do so. All were watching the count and Mary Dmitrievna. Natasha kept pulling every one by sleeve or dress, demanding that they should ‘look at Papa!’ though as it was they did not take their eyes from the couple. In the intervals of the dance the count, breathing deeply, waved and shouted to the musicians to play faster. Faster, faster and faster; lightly, more lightly and more lightly still whirled the count, flying round Mary Dmitrievna, now on tiptoe, now on his heels; until, turning his partner round to her seat, he made the final *pas*, raising his light foot backwards, bowing his

perspiring head, smiling, and making a wide sweep with his arm, amid a thunder of applause and laughter led by Natasha. Both dancers stood still, breathing heavily and wiping their faces with their cambric handkerchiefs.

'That's how we used to dance in our time, *ma chère*,' said the count.

'That was a *Daniel Cooper*!' exclaimed Mary Dmitrievna, puffing heavily and turning back her sleeves.

CHAPTER XXI

WHILE in the Rostovs' ball-room the sixth *anglaise* was being danced to a tune in which the weary musicians blundered, and while tired footmen and cooks were preparing supper, Count Bezukhov had a sixth stroke. The doctors pronounced recovery to be impossible. After a mute confession the sacrament was administered to the dying man, preparations were made for extreme unction, and in his house there was the bustle and agitated expectation usual at such moments. Outside the house, beyond the gates, a group of undertakers, hiding whenever a carriage drove up, waited in expectation of an important order for an expensive funeral. The Military Governor of Moscow, who had been assiduous in sending aides-de-camp to inquire after the Count's health, came himself that evening to bid a last farewell to the celebrated grandee of Catherine's time, Count Bezukhov.

The magnificent reception-room was crowded. All rose respectfully when the Military Governor, having stayed about half an hour alone with the dying man, passed out, slightly acknowledging their bows and trying to escape as quickly as possible from the glances fixed on him by the doctors, clergy, and relatives of the family. Prince Vasili, who had grown thinner and paler during the last few days, accompanied the Military Governor to the door, repeating something to him several times in low tones.

When the Military Governor had gone, Prince Vasili sat down all alone on a chair in the ball-room, throwing one leg high over the other, leaning his elbow on his knee and covering his face with his hand. After sitting thus or a while he rose, and, looking about him with frightened

eyes, went with unusually hurried steps down the long corridor leading to the back of the house, to the room of the eldest princess.

Those who were in the dimly-lit reception-room spoke in nervous whispers, and whenever any one entered or came from the dying man's room, grew silent and gazed with eyes full of curiosity or expectancy at his door, which creaked slightly when opened.

'The limits of human life . . . the limits are fixed and may not be o'erpassed,' said an old priest to a lady who had taken a seat beside him and was listening wonderingly to his words.

'I wonder, is it not too late to administer extreme unction?' asked the lady, adding the priest's clerical title, as if she had no opinion of her own on the subject.

'Ah madam, it is a great sacrament,' replied the priest, passing his hand over the thin grizzled strands of hair combed back across his bald head.

'Who was that? The Military Governor himself?' was being asked at the other side of the room. 'How young-looking he is!'

'Yes, and he is over sixty. I hear the count no longer recognizes any one? They wished to administer extreme unction.'

'I knew some one who received extreme unction seven times.'

The second princess had just come from the sick room with her eyes red from weeping and sat down beside Doctor Lorrain, who was sitting in a graceful attitude, under a portrait of Catherine, leaning his elbow on a table.

'Beautiful,' said the doctor in answer to a remark about the weather. 'The weather is beautiful, princess; and besides, in Moscow one feels as if one were in the country.'

'Yes, indeed,' replied the princess with a sigh. 'So he may have something to drink?'

Lorrain considered.

'Has he taken his medicine?'

'Yes.'

The doctor glanced at his watch.

'Take a glass of boiled water and put in a pinch of cream of tartar,' and he indicated with his delicate fingers what he meant by a pinch.

'Dere has neffer been a gasc,' a German doctor was

saying to an aide-de-camp, 'dat one liffs after de sird sdroke.'

'And what a well-preserved man he was!' remarked the aide-de-camp. 'Who will inherit his wealth?' he added in a whisper.

'It von't go begging,' replied the German with a smile.

Every one again looked towards the door, which creaked as the second princess went in with the drink she had prepared according to Lorrain's instructions. The German doctor approached Lorrain.

'Do you think he can last till morning?' asked the German, addressing Lorrain in French which he pronounced badly.

Lorrain, pursing up his lips, waved a severely negative finger before his nose.

'To-night, at latest,' said he in a low voice, and he moved away with a decorous smile of self-satisfaction at being able to understand the condition of the patient and to state it clearly.

Meanwhile Prince Vasili had opened the door into the princess's room.

In this room it was almost dark; only two tiny lamps were burning before the icons, and there was a pleasant scent of flowers and burnt pastilles. The room was crowded with small pieces of furniture, whatnots, cupboards, and little tables. The quilt of a high white feather-bed was just visible behind a screen. A small dog began to bark.

'Ah, is it you, cousin?'

She rose and smoothed her hair, which was as usual so extremely smooth that it seemed to be made of one piece with her head and covered with varnish.

'Has anything happened?' she asked. 'I have had so many frights.'

'No, there is no change. I only came to have a talk about business matters, Catiche,' muttered the prince, seating himself wearily on the chair she had just vacated. 'You have warmed the seat well, I must say,' he remarked. 'Well, sit down: let's have a talk.'

'I thought perhaps something had happened,' she said with her unchanging stonily severe expression; and taking a seat opposite the prince she prepared to listen.

'I wished to get a nap, cousin, but I can't.'

'Well, my dear?' said Prince Vasili, taking her hand and pressing it downwards as was his habit.

It was plain that this 'well?' referred to many things they both understood without naming.

The princess, who had a straight rigid body, abnormally long for her legs, looked directly and without emotion at Prince Vasili with her prominent grey eyes. Then she shook her head and glanced up at the icons with a sigh. This might have been taken as an expression of sorrow and devotion, or of weariness and hope of resting before long. Prince Vasili understood it as an expression of weariness.

'And I?' he said; 'do you think it is easier for me? I am as worn out as a post-horse, but still I must have a talk with you, Catiche, a very serious talk.'

Prince Vasili said no more and his cheeks began to twitch nervously, now on one side, now on the other, giving his face an unpleasant expression which was never to be seen on it in a drawing-room. His eyes too seemed strange: at one moment impudently sly and at the next alarmed.

The princess, holding her little dog on her lap with her thin bony hands, looked attentively into Prince Vasili's eyes, evidently resolved not to be the first to break silence, were it necessary to wait till morning.

'Well, you see, my dear princess and cousin Catharine Semenovna,' continued Prince Vasili, returning to his theme, apparently not without an inner struggle; 'at such a moment as this, one must think of everything. One must think of the future, of all of you . . . I love you all, like children of my own, as you know.'

The princess continued gazing at him without moving and with the same dull expression.

'And then of course my family has also to be considered,' Prince Vasili went on, testily pushing away a little table without looking at her. 'You know, Catiche, that we—you three sisters Mamontov, and my wife—are the sole direct heirs of the count. I know, I know how hard it is for you to talk or think of such matters. It is no easier for me; but, my dear, I am getting on for sixty and must be prepared for anything. Do you know I have sent for Pierre? The count, pointing to his portrait, demanded that he should be called.'

Prince Vasili looked questioningly at the Princess, but could not make out whether she was considering what he had just said, or whether she was simply looking at him.

'There is one thing I constantly pray God to grant, *mon cousin*,' she replied, 'and it is that He would be merciful to him and would let his noble soul depart in peace from him . . .'

'Yes, yes, of course,' interrupted Prince Vasili impatiently, rubbing his bald head and angrily pulling back towards him the little table that he had pushed away.

'But . . . in short the fact is . . . you know yourself that last winter the count made a will in which he left all his property, not to us who are his direct heirs, but to Pierre.'

'He has made wills enough!' quietly remarked the princess. 'But he cannot leave the estate to Pierre. Pierre is illegitimate.'

'But, my dear,' said Prince Vasili suddenly, clutching the little table, and becoming more animated, and talking more rapidly: 'what if a letter has been written to the emperor in which the count asks for Pierre's legitimation? Do you understand that, in consideration of the count's services, his request would be granted? . . .'

The princess smiled as people do who think they know more about the subject under discussion than those they are talking with.

'I can tell you further,' continued Prince Vasili, seizing her hand, 'that letter was written though it was not sent, and the emperor knew of it. The only question is, has it been destroyed or not? If not, then as soon as *all is over*,' and Prince Vasili sighed to intimate what he meant by the words *all is over*, 'and the count's papers are examined, the will and letter will be delivered to the emperor and the petition will certainly be granted. Pierre, as a legitimate son, will get everything.'

'And our share?' asked the princess smiling ironically, as if everything but this were possible.

'But, my dear Catiche, it is as clear as daylight! He alone will then be the legitimate heir to everything, and you won't get anything. You must know, my dear, whether the will and letter were written, and whether they have been destroyed or not. And if they have somehow been overlooked you ought to know where they are, and must find them, because . . .'

'What next?' interrupted the princess, smiling sardonically and not changing the expression of her eyes. 'I am a woman, and according to you we are all stupid; but I know this: an illegitimate son cannot inherit . . . *un bâtard!*'¹ she added, as if supposing that this translation of the word would effectively prove to Prince Vasili the invalidity of his contention.

'Well really, Catiche! Can't you understand! You are so clever, how is it you don't see that if the count has written a letter to the Emperor begging to have Pierre legitimized, it follows that Pierre will no longer be Pierre but will become Count Bezukhov and will then inherit everything according to the will? And if the will and letter are not destroyed, then you will have nothing but the consolation of having been virtuous *et tout ce qui s'en suit!*'² That's certain.'

'I know the will was made, but I also know that it is invalid; and you, *mon cousin*, seem to consider me a perfect fool,' said the princess with the expression women assume when they suppose they are saying something witty and stinging.

'My dear Princess Catherine Semenovna,' began Prince Vasili impatiently, 'I came here not to wrangle with you, but to talk about your interests as with a relation, a good, kind, true relation. And I tell you for the tenth time, that if the letter to the Emperor and the will in Pierre's favour are among the count's papers, then, my love, you and your sisters are not heiresses! If you don't believe me, then believe an expert. I have just been talking to Dmitri Onufrieh' (the family solicitor) 'and he says the same.'

At this a sudden change evidently took place in the princess's thoughts; her thin lips grew white, though her eyes did not alter, and her voice when she began to speak came with a spasmodic impetuosity that she herself plainly did not expect.

'That would be a fine thing!' said she. 'I never wanted anything and I don't now.'

She pushed the little dog off her lap and smoothed her dress.

'And this is gratitude—this is recognition for those who

¹ A bastard.

² And all that follows therefrom.

have sacrificed everything for his sake ! ' she cried. ' It 's splendid ! Fine ! I don't want anything, prince.'

' Yes, but you are not the only one. There are your sisters . . . ' replied Prince Vasili.

But the princess did not listen to him.

' Yes, I knew it long ago but had forgotten. I knew that I could expect nothing but meanness, deceit, envy, intrigue, and ingratitude—the blackest ingratitude—in this house . . . '

' Do you or don't you know where that will is ? ' insisted Prince Vasili, his cheeks twitching more than before.

' Yes, I was a fool ! I still believed in people, loved them, and sacrificed myself. But only the base, the bad, succeed ! I know who has been intriguing ! '

The princess wished to rise, but the prince detained her by the hand. She had the air of one who has been suddenly disillusioned with the whole human race. She gave her companion an angry glance.

' There is still time, my love. You must remember, Catiche, that it was all done casually in a moment of anger, of sickness, and was afterwards forgotten. Our duty, my dear, is to rectify his mistake, to ease his last moments by preventing him from committing this injustice, and not to let him die feeling that he is rendering unhappy those who . . . '

' Who sacrificed all for him,' chimed in the princess, who again would have risen had not the prince still held her fast. ' though he never could appreciate it. No, *mon cousin*, ' added she with a sigh, ' I shall always remember that in this world one must expect no reward, that in this world there is neither honour nor justice. In this world one has to be cunning and cruel.'

' Now come, come ! Be reasonable. I know your excellent heart.'

' No, I have a cruel heart.'

' I know your heart,' repeated the prince. ' I value your friendship and wish you to have as good an opinion of me. Don't upset yourself and let us talk sense while there is still time, be it a day or be it but an hour. . . . Tell me all you know about the will, and above all where it is. You must know. We will take it at once and show it to the count. He has no doubt forgotten it and will wish to destroy it. You understand that my sole desire is con-

scientiously to fulfil his wishes ; that is my only reason for being here. I came simply to help him and you.'

'Now I see it all ! I know who has been intriguing—I know !' cried the princess.

'That's not the point, my dear.'

'It's that protégé of yours, that sweet Princess Drubetskaya, that Anna Mikhaylovna, whom I would not have for a housemaid . . . the infamous vile woman !'

'Do not let us lose any time . . .'

'Ah, don't tell me ! Last winter she wheedled herself in here and told the count such vile disgraceful things about us, especially about Sophie—I can't repeat them—that the count was made quite ill and would not see us for a whole fortnight. I know it was then he wrote this vile infamous paper ; but I thought the thing was invalid.'

'We've got to it at last—why did you not tell me about it sooner ?'

'It's in the mosaic portfolio that he keeps under his pillow,' said the princess, ignoring his question. 'Now I know ! Yes ; if I have a sin, a great sin, it is hatred of that vile woman !' almost shrieked the princess, now quite changed. 'And what does she come worming herself in here for ? But I will give her a piece of my mind. The time will come !'

CHAPTER XXII

WHILE these conversations were being carried on in the reception-room and in the Princess's room, a carriage containing Pierre (who had been sent for) and Anna Mikhaylovna (who considered it necessary to accompany him) was approaching Count Bezukhov's house. As the wheels rolled softly over the straw beneath the windows, Anna Mikhaylovna while addressing words of comfort to her companion realized that he was asleep in his corner, and woke him up. Rousing himself, Pierre followed Anna Mikhaylovna out of the carriage, and only then began to think of the interview with his dying father that awaited him. He noticed that they had come not to the front entrance but to the back door. While he was getting down from the carriage steps two men, who looked like tradespeople, ran hurriedly from the doorstep and hid in

the shadow of the wall. Pausing for a moment Pierre observed on each side several other men of the same kind hiding in the shadow of the house. But neither Anna Mikhaylovna nor the footman nor the coachman, who could not help seeing these people, took any notice of them. 'It seems it's all right,' Pierre concluded, and followed Anna Mikhaylovna. She hurriedly ascended the narrow dimly-lit stone steps, calling to Pierre, who was lagging behind, to follow. Though he did not see why it was necessary for him to go to the count at all, still less why he had to go by the back stairs, yet judging by Anna Mikhaylovna's air of assurance and haste, Pierre concluded that it was all absolutely necessary. Half-way up the stairs they were nearly knocked over by some men carrying pails, who came running downstairs, their boots clattering. These men pressed close to the wall to let Pierre and Anna Mikhaylovna pass, and did not evince the least surprise at seeing them there.

'Is this the way to the princesses' apartments?' asked Anna Mikhaylovna of one of them.

'Yes,' replied a footman in a bold loud voice, as if anything were now permissible; 'the door to the left, ma'am.'

'Perhaps the count did not ask for me,' said Pierre when he reached the landing. 'I'd better go to my own room.'

Anna Mikhaylovna paused and waited for him to come up.

'Ah, my friend!' she said, touching his arm as she had done her son's when speaking to him that afternoon, 'believe me I suffer no less than you do, but be a man!'

'But really, hadn't I better go away?' he asked, looking kindly at her over his spectacles.

'Ah, my dear friend! Forget the wrongs that may have been done you. Remember that he is your father... perhaps in the agony of death.' She sighed. 'As soon as I saw you I loved you like a son. Trust yourself to me, Pierre. I shall not forget your interests.'

Pierre comprehended nothing, but the conviction that all this had to be grew stronger, and he meekly followed Anna Mikhaylovna who was already opening a door.

This door led into a back ante-room. An old man, a servant of the princesses, sat in a corner of the room

knitting a stocking. Pierre had never been in this part of the house and did not even know of the existence of these rooms. Anna Mikhaylovna, addressing a maid who was hurrying past with a decanter on a tray as 'my dear' and 'my love', asked about the princesses' health, and then led Pierre along a stone passage. The first door on the left of this passage led to the princesses' apartments. The maid with the decanter had in her haste not closed the door (everything was done in haste in this house at that time), and Pierre and Anna Mikhaylovna in passing instinctively glanced into the room, where Prince Vasili and the eldest princess were sitting in conversation close together. Seeing them pass Prince Vasili threw himself back in his chair with obvious impatience, while the princess jumped up and with a gesture of desperation slammed the door with all her might.

This action was so unlike her usual composure, the fear depicted on Prince Vasili's face so out of keeping with his dignity, that Pierre stopped and glanced inquiringly over his spectacles at his guide. Anna Mikhaylovna evinced no surprise, but only smiled faintly and sighed, as if to say that this was no more than she had expected.

'Be a man, my friend. I will watch over your interests,' said she in reply to his look as she went still faster along the passage.

Pierre could not make out what it was all about, and even less what 'watching over his interests' meant; but he decided that all these things had to be. From the passage they went into a large dimly-lit room adjoining the count's reception-room. It was one of those elegant but cold apartments known to Pierre only from the front approach; but even in this room there now stood an empty bath, and water had been spilt on the carpet. They were met by a deacon with a censer and by a servant who passed out on tiptoe without heeding them. They entered a reception-room familiar to Pierre, with two Italian windows opening into the conservatory and a large bust and full-length portrait of Catherine the Great. The same people were still sitting here in almost the same positions as before, whispering to one another. All became silent and turned to look at the pale tear-worn Anna Mikhaylovna as she entered, and at the big stout Pierre who, hanging his head, meekly followed her.

Anna Mikhaylovna's face expressed a consciousness that the decisive moment had arrived. With the air of a practical Petersburg lady she now, keeping Pierre close beside her, entered the room even more boldly than she had entered it that afternoon. She felt that, as she brought with her the one whom the dying man wished to see, her own admission was assured. Casting a rapid glance at all those in the room and noticing the count's confessor there, without exactly bowing, yet seeming to grow suddenly smaller, she glided up to him with a sort of amble, and respectfully received the blessing first of one and then of another priest.

'God be thanked that you are in time,' said she to one of the priests; 'all we relatives have been in such anxiety. This young man . . . is the count's son,' she added more softly. 'What an awful moment!'

Having said this she went up to the doctor.

'Dear doctor,' said she, 'this young man is the count's son. Is there any hope?'

The doctor cast a rapid glance upwards and silently shrugged his shoulders. Anna Mikhaylovna with just the same movement raised her shoulders and eyes, almost closing the latter, sighed, moved away from the doctor, and turned to Pierre. To him in a particularly respectful and tenderly sad voice she said:

'Put your trust in His mercy!' and pointing out a small sofa where he should sit and await her return, she went silently towards the door that every one was watching, and it creaked slightly as she disappeared behind it.

Pierre, having made up his mind to obey his instructress implicitly, moved towards the sofa she had indicated. As soon as Anna Mikhaylovna disappeared he noticed that the eyes of all in the room fixed on him with more than curiosity and sympathy. He noticed that they whispered to one another, casting significant looks at him with a kind of awe and even with servility. A deference such as he had never before received was shown him. The strange lady, who had been conversing with the priests, rose and offered him her seat; an aide-de-camp picked up and returned a glove Pierre had dropped; the doctors became respectfully silent as he passed by, and moved to make way for him. At first Pierre wished to take another

seat so as not to disturb the lady, and also to pick up the glove himself and to pass round the doctors, who were not even in his way ; but all at once he felt that this would not do, and that to-night he was a person obliged to perform some sort of awful rite which every one expected of him, and that he was therefore bound to accept their services. He took the glove in silence from the aide-de-camp and seated himself in the lady's chair, placing his huge hands symmetrically on his knees in the simple attitude of an Egyptian statue, and decided in his own mind that all was as it should be, and that in order not to become confused and do foolish things he must not act according to his own ideas to-night, but must yield himself up entirely to the will of those who were leading him.

Not two minutes had passed before Prince Vasili with head erect majestically entered the room. He was wearing his long coat with three stars on his breast. He seemed to have grown thinner since the morning ; his eyes seemed larger than usual when he glanced round and noticed Pierre. Approaching him he took his hand (a thing he never used to do) and pulled it downwards as if wishing to ascertain whether it was firmly fixed on.

' Be brave, be brave, my friend ! He has asked to see you. That is well ! ' and he turned to go.

But Pierre thought it necessary to ask : ' How is . . . ' and hesitated, not knowing whether it would be proper to call the dying man ' the count ', yet ashamed to call him ' father '.

' He had another stroke about half an hour ago. Be brave, my friend . . . '

Pierre's mind was in such a confused state that the word *stroke* suggested to him a blow from something. He looked at Prince Vasili in perplexity, and afterwards grasped that a stroke was an illness. Prince Vasili said something to Lorrain in passing and went through the door on tiptoe. He could not well walk on tiptoe and his whole body jerked at each step. The eldest princess followed him, and the priests and deacons and some servants also went in at the door. From the other side of that door was heard a noise of things being moved about, and finally Anna Mikhaylovna, still with the same expression, pale but resolute in the discharge of duty, ran out and, touching Pierre lightly on the arm, said :

‘The divine mercy is inexhaustible! Extreme unction is about to be administered.’ Come.’

Pierre, passing over the soft carpet, went in at the door, and noticed that the strange lady, the aide-de-camp and one of the servants, all followed him as if there were now no further need for permission to enter that room.

CHAPTER XXIII

PIERRE well knew this large room divided by columns and an arch, its walls hung round with Persian carpets. The part of the room behind the columns, with a high mahogany silk-curtained bedstead on one side and on the other an immense case containing icons, was brightly illuminated with red light like a Russian church during evening service. Under the shining icons stood a reclining chair, and in that chair on snowy white smooth pillows, evidently freshly covered, Pierre saw—wrapped to the waist in a bright green quilt—the familiar majestic figure of his father, Count Bezukhov, with that grey mane of hair above his forehead, which reminded one of a lion, and the deep characteristically noble wrinkles of his handsome ruddy face. He lay just under the icons; both his large thick hands were outside the quilt. Into the right hand, which was lying palm downwards, a wax taper had been stuck between the forefinger and thumb, and an old servant, leaning over from behind the chair, held it in position. By the chair stood the priests, their long hair falling over their magnificent glittering vestments, with lighted tapers in their hands, slowly and solemnly conducting the service. A little behind them stood the two younger princesses holding handkerchiefs to their eyes, and just in front of them stood their eldest sister, Catiche, with a vicious and determined look steadily fixed on the icons, as though she were saying that she could not answer for herself if she ventured to glance round. Anna Mikhaylovna, with a meek sorrowful and all-forgiving expression on her face, stood by the door near the strange lady. Prince Vasili beyond the door, near the invalid chair, a wax taper in his left hand, was leaning his left arm on the carved back of a velvet chair he had turned round for the purpose, and was crossing himself with his right hand,

turning his eyes upward each time he touched his forehead. His face wore a calm look of piety and resignation to the will of Heaven. 'If you do not understand these sentiments,' he seemed to be saying, 'so much the worse for you!'

Behind him stood the aide-de-camp, doctors and men servants; the men and women had separated, as in church. All were silent, crossing themselves, and the reading of the church service, the subdued chanting of deep bass voices, and in the intervals sighs and the shuffling of feet, were the only sounds heard. Anna Mikhaylovna, with an air of importance that showed that she felt she quite knew what she was about, went across the room to where Pierre was standing, and gave him a taper. He lit it, and, distracted by observing those around him, began crossing himself with the hand that held the taper.

Sophie, the youngest, rosy, and laughter-loving princess with the mole, watched him. She smiled, hid her face in her handkerchief, and remained with it hidden for a while; then looking up and seeing Pierre she again began to laugh. She evidently felt unable to see him without laughing, and could not refrain from looking at him; so to escape temptation she slipped quietly behind one of the columns. In the midst of the service the voices of the priests suddenly ceased; they whispered to one another, and the old servant who was holding the count's hand rose and said something to the ladies. Anna Mikhaylovna advanced and, leaning over the dying man from behind his back, beckoned to Lorrain. The French doctor held no taper; he was leaning against one of the columns in a respectful attitude implying that he, a foreigner, in spite of all differences of faith, understood the full importance of the rite now being performed, and even approved of it. He now approached the sick man with the noiseless tread of one in the full vigour of life, with his delicate white fingers lifted from the green quilt the hand that was free, and turning sideways felt the pulse and reflected a moment. The sick man was given something to drink, there was a stir around him; then the people resumed their places and the service continued. During this interval Pierre noticed that Prince Vasili left the chair on which he had been leaning, and—with an air which intimated that he knew his business and if others did not understand him

it was so much the worse for them—did not approach the dying man but passed by him, joined the eldest princess, and with her moved to the side of the room where stood the high bedstead with its silken hangings. On leaving the bed both Prince Vasili and the princess passed out by a back door, but one after the other returned to their places before the service was concluded. Pierre paid no more attention to this occurrence than to the rest of what went on, having made up his mind once for all that what was being done around him that night was in some way essential.

The chanting of the service ceased, and the voice of a priest was heard respectfully congratulating the dying man on having received the sacrament. The dying man lay in the same lifeless and immovable attitude. Around him every one began to stir: steps were audible and whispers, amongst which Anna Mikhaylovna's was the most distinct.

Pierre heard her say:

'It is absolutely necessary to put him on the bed; here it will be impossible...'

The sick man was so surrounded by doctors, princesses, and servants that Pierre could no longer see the ruddy head with its grey mane—of which, though he saw other faces as well, he had not lost sight for a single moment during the whole service. He judged by the cautious motions of those who crowded round the reclining chair that they had lifted the dying man and were moving him.

'Catch hold of my arm, or we'll drop him!' he heard one of the servants say in a frightened whisper. 'Catch hold from underneath. Here, somebody!' exclaimed different voices; and the heavy breathing of the bearers and the shuffling of their feet grew more hurried, as if the weight they were carrying were too much for them.

The bearers, among whom was Anna Mikhaylovna, passed the young man and he caught a momentary glimpse, between their heads and backs, of the dying man's high stout uncovered chest and powerful shoulders, raised by those who were holding him under the armpits, and of his grey curly leonine head. This head, with its remarkably broad brow and cheekbones, its handsome, sensual mouth, and its cold majestic expression, was not disfigured by the approach of death. It was the same as

Pierre remembered it three months before, when the count sent him to Petersburg. But now this head was swaying helplessly with the uneven motions of the bearers, and the cold listless gaze fixed itself upon nothing.

After a few minutes' bustle beside the high bedstead, those who had carried the sick man moved away. Anna Mikhaylovna touched Pierre's hand and said 'Come'. Pierre went with her to the bed on which the sick man had been laid in a stately pose apparently connected with the ceremony just completed. He lay with his head raised high on the pillows. His hands were symmetrically placed on the green silk quilt, palms downwards. When Pierre approached, the count was gazing straight at him, but with a look the significance of which could not be understood by mortal man. Either this look meant nothing but that as long as one has eyes they must look somewhere, or it meant too much. Pierre hesitated, not knowing what to do, and glanced inquiringly at his guide. Anna Mikhaylovna made a hurried sign with her eyes, glancing at the sick man's hand and moving her lips as if to send it a kiss. Pierre, carefully stretching his neck so as not to touch the quilt, followed her suggestion and pressed his lips to the large-boned fleshy hand. Neither the hand nor a single muscle of the count's face stirred. Once more Pierre looked questioningly at Anna Mikhaylovna to see what he was to do next. Anna Mikhaylovna with her eyes indicated a chair that stood beside the bed. Pierre obediently sat down, his eyes asking if he were doing right. Anna Mikhaylovna nodded approvingly. Again Pierre assumed the simple symmetrical attitude of an Egyptian statue, evidently regretting that his stout and clumsy body took up so much room, and with all the power of his soul trying to look as small as possible. He looked at the count, who still gazed at the spot where Pierre's face had been before he sat down. Anna Mikhaylovna indicated by her attitude her consciousness of the pathetic importance of these last moments of meeting between the father and son. This lasted about two minutes, which to Pierre seemed an hour. Suddenly the broad muscles and lines of the count's face began to twitch. The twitching increased, the handsome mouth was drawn to one side (only now did Pierre realize how near death his father was) and from that distorted mouth issued an indistinct hoarse sound.

Anna Mikhaylovna looked attentively at the sick man's eyes, trying to divine what he wanted; she pointed first to Pierre, then to the drink, then named Prince Vasili in a questioning whisper, then pointed to the quilt. The eyes and face of the sick man showed impatience. He made an effort to look at the servant who stood constantly at the head of the bed.

'Wants to turn on the other side,' whispered the servant, stretching himself in order to turn the count's heavy body towards the wall.

Pierre rose to help him.

While the count was being turned over, one of his arms fell back helplessly and he made a fruitless effort to drag it forward. Whether he noticed the look of terror with which Pierre regarded that lifeless arm, or whether some other thought flitted across his dying brain, at any rate he glanced at the disobedient arm, at Pierre's terror-stricken face, and again at the arm; and on his face appeared a feeble piteous smile quite ill-suited to his features, that seemed to deride his own weakness. At sight of this smile Pierre felt an unexpected quivering in his breast and an irritation in his nose, and tears dimmed his eyes. The sick man was turned on to his side with his face to the wall. He sighed.

'He is dozing,' said Anna Mikhaylovna, observing that one of the princesses was coming to take her turn at watching. 'Let us go.'

Pierre went out.

CHAPTER XXIV

IN the reception-room there was no one except Prince Vasili and the eldest princess, who, talking animatedly, were sitting beneath the portrait of Catherine the Great. As soon as they noticed Pierre and his companion they became silent, and Pierre thought he saw the princess hide something as she whispered:

'I can't bear the sight of that woman.'

'Catiche has ordered tea to be served in the small drawing-room,' said Prince Vasili addressing Anna Mikhaylovna. 'Go and take some refreshment, my poor Anna Mikhaylovna, or your strength will not hold out.'

To Pierre he made no remark, merely giving his arm a sympathetic squeeze below the shoulder. Pierre went with Anna Mikhaylovna into the small drawing-room.

'After a sleepless night nothing so refreshes one as a cup of this delicious Russian tea,' Doctor Lorrain was saying with an expression of restrained animation, as he stood in the small circular room, sipping tea from a delicate Chinese handleless cup before a table on which tea and a cold supper were laid. Around the table all who were at Count Bezukhov's house that night had gathered for refreshment. Pierre well remembered this small circular drawing-room with its mirrors and little tables. During balls given at the house, Pierre, who did not know how to dance, enjoyed sitting in this small room to watch the ladies in their ball dresses, with diamonds and pearls on their bare shoulders, who as they passed through looked at themselves in the brilliantly illuminated mirrors which repeated and multiplied their reflections. Now this same room was dimly lit by two candles. On one small table tea-things and dishes stood untidily, and at dead of night a motley throng of people sat there, not holiday-making, but sombrely whispering, and betraying by every word and movement that they none of them forgot what was happening and what was still to happen in the bedroom. Pierre did not eat anything, though he wished very much to do so. He looked questioningly at his guide and saw her returning on tiptoe to the reception-room where they had left Prince Vasili and the eldest princess. Pierre concluded that this also was essential, and after a short interval followed her. Anna Mikhaylovna was standing beside the eldest of the three princesses, and they were both speaking in excited whispers.

'Permit me, princess, to know what is necessary and what is not necessary,' said the younger of the two speakers, evidently in the same state of excitement as when she had slammed the door of her room.

'But, my dear princess,' answered Anna Mikhaylovna blandly but impressively, blocking the way to the bedroom and preventing the other from passing, 'won't this be too much for poor uncle, at a time when he needs repose? Worldly conversation at a moment when his soul is prepared. . . .'

Prince Vasili was seated in an easy chair in his usual

free and easy attitude, one leg thrown high across the other. His cheeks were twitching violently and were so flabby that they looked fullest at the bottom; but he had the air of a man little concerned with what the two ladies were saying.

'Come, my dear Anna Mikhaylovna, let Catiche do as she likes. You know how fond the count is of her.'

'I don't even know what is in this paper,' said the younger of the two ladies, addressing Prince Vasili and showing him a mosaic portfolio she held in her hand. 'All I know is that his real will is in his writing-table and this is a paper he has forgotten. . . .'

She wished to pass Anna Mikhaylovna, but the latter sprang so as to bar her path.

'I know, my dear kind princess,' said Anna Mikhaylovna, seizing the portfolio so firmly that it was plain she would not let go easily. 'Dear princess, I beg and implore you, have some pity on him! *Je vous en conjure*. . . .'

The princess did not reply. Their efforts in the struggle for the portfolio were the only sounds audible; but it was evident that if the princess did speak, her words would not be flattering to Anna Mikhaylovna. Though the latter held on tenaciously, her voice lost none of its honeyed firmness and softness.

'Pierre, my dear, come here. I think he will not be out of place in a family consultation; is it not so, prince?'

'Why don't you speak, cousin?' suddenly shouted the princess so loud that those in the drawing-room heard her and were startled. 'Why do you remain silent when heaven knows who permits herself to interfere, creating a disturbance on the very threshold of a dying man's room? Intriguer!' she hissed viciously and tugged with all her might at the portfolio.

But Anna Mikhaylovna advanced a pace or two to keep her hold on the portfolio, and changed her grip.

Prince Vasili rose. 'Oh,' said he with reproach and surprise, 'this is absurd! Come, let go I tell you.'

The princess let go.

'And you too!'

But Anna Mikhaylovna did not obey him.

'Let go, I tell you! I will take the responsibility. I myself will go and ask him, I! . . . does that satisfy you?'

'But, prince,' said Anna Mikhaylovna, 'after such a solemn sacrament, allow him a moment's peace! Here, Pierre, tell them your opinion,' said she, turning to the young man who, having come quite close, was gazing with astonishment at the angry face of the princess which had lost all dignity, and at the twitching cheeks of Prince Vasili.

'Remember that you will answer for all the consequences,' said Prince Vasili severely. 'You don't know what you are doing.'

'Vile woman!' shouted the princess, darting unexpectedly at Anna Mikhaylovna and snatching the portfolio from her.

Prince Vasili bent his head and spread out his hands.

At this moment that terrible door, which Pierre had watched so long and which had always opened so quietly, burst noisily open and banged against the wall, and the second of the three sisters rushed out clasping her hands.

'What are you doing!' she cried vehemently. 'He is dying and you leave me alone with him!'

The eldest sister dropped the portfolio. Anna Mikhaylovna, stooping, quickly caught up the object of contention and ran into the bedroom. The eldest sister and Prince Vasili, recovering themselves, followed her. A few minutes later the eldest sister came out, her face pale and cold, biting her under lip. At sight of Pierre her face showed irrepressible hatred.

'Yes, now you may be glad!' said she; 'this is what you have been waiting for.'

And bursting into tears she hid her face in her handkerchief and rushed from the room.

Prince Vasili came next. He staggered up to the sofa on which Pierre was sitting and dropped upon it, covering his face with his hand. Pierre noticed that he was pale and that his jaw quivered and shook, as in a fever.

'Ah, my friend!' said he, taking Pierre by the elbow; and there was in his voice a sincerity and weakness Pierre had never heard in it before. 'How often we sin, how much we deceive, and all for what? I am near sixty, dear friend . . . I . . . All will end in death, all! Death is terrible . . .' and he burst into tears.

Anna Mikhaylovna came out last. She approached Pierre with slow quiet steps.

‘ Pierre ! ’ said she.

Pierre gave her an inquiring look. She kissed the young man on his forehead, wetting him with her tears. Then after a pause she said :

‘ He is no more . . . ’

Pierre looked at her over his spectacles.

‘ Come, I will go with you. Try to weep ; nothing relieves one as tears do.’

She led him into the dark drawing-room, and Pierre was glad no one could see his face. Anna Mikhaylovna left him, and when she returned he was fast asleep with his head on his arm.

Next morning Anna Mikhaylovna said to Pierre :

‘ Yes, my dear, this is a great loss for us all, not to mention you. God will support you : you are young and are now, I hope, in command of an immense fortune. The will has not yet been opened. I know you well enough to be sure that this will not turn your head, but it imposes great responsibilities on you. You must be a man.’

Pierre was silent.

‘ Perhaps later on I shall tell you that if I had not been there, heaven only knows what would have happened ! You know uncle promised me, only yesterday, that he would not forget Boris. But it was too late. I hope, my dear friend, you will carry out your father’s wish ? ’

Pierre understood nothing of all this, and with a shy blush looked in silence at Princess Anna Mikhaylovna. After her talk with Pierre, Anna Mikhaylovna returned to the Rostovs’ and lay down to sleep. After she woke up that morning she recounted to the Rostovs and to all her friends the circumstances of Count Bezukhov’s death. She said the count had died as she would herself wish to die : that his end was not only pathetic, but edifying. As to the last meeting between father and son, it was so touching that she could not think of it without tears, and did not know who had behaved better during those awful moments—the father who so remembered everything and everybody at the last, and had spoken such pathetic words to the son, or Pierre, whom it had been pitiful to behold, so stricken was he with grief, though he tried hard to hide it, in order not to sadden his dying father.

‘ It is painful, but it does one good. The soul is elevated

by the sight of men such as the old count and his worthy son,' said she. Of the behaviour of the eldest princess and Prince Vasili she spoke disapprovingly, but in whispers and as a great secret.

CHAPTER XXV

YOUNG Prince Andrew and his wife were daily expected at Bald Hills, Prince Nicholas Andreevich Bolkonski's estate; but this expectation did not upset the ordered routine of life in the old prince's house. General-in-Chief Prince Nicholas Andreevich, nicknamed in society 'The King of Prussia', ever since the Emperor Paul had exiled him to his country estate had lived continuously there, with his daughter the Princess Mary and her companion Mademoiselle Bourienne. Though in the new reign he was free to return to Moscow or Petersburg, he still continued to live in the country, remarking that any one who wanted him would come the hundred miles from Moscow to Bald Hills, while he himself needed no one and nothing. He declared there were only two sources of human vice—idleness and superstition, and only two virtues—activity and intelligence. He himself superintended his daughter's education, and to develop in her these two cardinal virtues gave her lessons in algebra and geometry till she was twenty, and arranged her life so that her whole time was occupied. He himself was continually engaged: writing his memoirs, solving problems in the higher mathematics, turning snuff-boxes on a lathe, working in the garden, or superintending the buildings that were always in course of construction on his estate. As order is a prime condition facilitating activity, in his household orderliness was carried to the utmost limits of exactitude. He always came to table under precisely the same conditions, and not only at the same hour but at the same minute. With those about him, from his daughter down to his serfs, the prince was sharp and invariably exacting, so that without being a hard-hearted man he excited such fear and respect as few hard-hearted men would have aroused. Although he was in retirement, and had now no influence in state affairs, every chief appointed to the province in which the prince's estate lay considered it his duty to visit him,

and waited in the lofty antechamber just as the architect, gardener, or Princess Mary did, till the prince appeared punctually to the appointed moment. Every one sitting in this antechamber experienced the same feeling of respect and even fear when the enormously high study door opened and there appeared the figure of a rather small old man, with powdered wig, small spare hands, and bushy grey eyebrows, which when he frowned sometimes overshadowed the gleam of his shrewd, youthfully glittering eyes.

On the morning of the day on which the young couple arrived, the Princess Mary entered the antechamber as usual at the time appointed for the morning greeting, crossing herself with trepidation and repeating a silent prayer. Every morning she came in like that, and every morning she prayed that the daily interview might pass off well.

An old powdered man-servant who was sitting in the antechamber rose quietly and said in a whisper: 'Please walk in.'

The monotonous hum of a lathe came through the door which, when the princess timidly opened it, moved noiselessly and easily. She paused at the entrance. The prince was working at the lathe, and after glancing round continued his task.

The spacious study was full of things evidently in constant use. The large table covered with books and plans, the tall glass-fronted bookcases with keys in the locks, the high desk for writing while standing, on which lay an open exercise-book, and the lathe with tools laid ready to hand and turnings scattered around—all indicated continuous, varied, and orderly activity. The motion of the small foot shod in a Tartar boot embroidered with silver and the firm pressure of the thin sinewy hand showed that the prince still possessed the tenacious endurance and vigour of hardy old age. After a few more turns of the lathe he removed his foot from the pedal, wiped his chisel, threw it into a leather pocket attached to the lathe and, approaching the table, summoned his daughter. He never gave his children a blessing, so he simply held out his bristly cheek (he had not yet shaved) and after regarding her tenderly and attentively said severely:

'Quite well? All right. Sit down.' He took the

exercise-book containing lessons in geometry written by himself, and drew up a chair with his foot.

'For to-morrow!' said he, as he rapidly sought the page, scratching with his hard nail a mark from one paragraph to another.

The princess bent over the exercise-book on the table.

'Wait a bit, here's a letter for you,' said the old man suddenly, taking a letter addressed in a woman's hand from a bag hanging above the table, on to which he threw it.

Red blotches appeared on the princess's face at sight of the letter. She took it quickly and bent her head over it.

'From Heloise?' asked the prince with a cold smile that showed his still sound, yellowish teeth.

'Yes, it's from Julie,' replied the princess with a timid look and a timid smile.

'I'll let two more letters pass, but I'll read the third,' said the prince sternly; 'I'm afraid you write much nonsense. I'll read the third!'

'Read this if you like, father,' said the princess, blushing still more and holding out the letter.

'The third, I said the third!' shouted the prince abruptly, pushing the letter away, and leaning his elbows on the table he drew towards him the exercise-book containing geometrical figures.

'Well, madam,' he began, stooping over the book with his head close to his daughter's and placing an arm along the back of the chair on which she sat, so that she felt herself surrounded on all sides by the pungent scent of old age and tobacco which she had known so long.

'Now, madam, these triangles are equal; have the goodness to notice the angle ABC'

The princess looked with dismay at her father's eyes glittering close to her; the red spots on her face came and went, and it was plain that she understood nothing and was so frightened that her fear would prevent her understanding any of her father's further explanations, however clear they might be. Whether it was the teacher's fault or the pupil's, this same thing happened every day: the princess's eyes grew dim, she could not see and could not hear, but was only conscious of her stern father's withered face close to her, of his breath and the smell of him, and

thought only of how to get away quickly to her own room where she could make out the problem in peace. The old man was beside himself: pushed his chair backwards and forwards noisily, made efforts to control himself and not become vehement, but almost always did become vehement; then he scolded and sometimes even flung the exercise-book about.

The princess gave a wrong answer.

'Well now, isn't she a fool!' shouted the prince, pushing away the book and suddenly turning away; but, rising immediately, he paced up and down, lightly touched his daughter's hair and again sat down.

He drew up his chair and continued to explain.

'This won't do, princess; it won't do,' said he, when Princess Mary, having taken and closed the exercise-book with next day's lesson, was about to leave: 'Mathematics are most important, madam! I won't have you like our stupid ladies. Get used to it and you'll like it,' and he patted her cheek. 'Then the nonsense will fly out of your head.'

She wished to go, but he stopped her with a gesture and took an uncut book from the high desk.

'Here is some sort of *Key to the Sacrament* that your Heloïse has sent you. Religious! I never interfere with any one's faith . . . I have glanced through it. Take it. Well, now go. Go.'

He patted her on the shoulder and himself closed the door after her.

Princess Mary returned to her room with the sad scared expression that rarely left her and which made her plain sickly face yet plainer. She sat down at her writing-table on which stood miniature portraits and which was littered with books and papers. The princess was as untidy as her father was methodical. She put down the geometry-book and eagerly broke the seal of her letter. It was from her childhood's most intimate friend, that same Julie Karagin who had been at the Rostovs' name-day. Julie wrote in French:

'Dear and precious friend, how terrible and frightful a thing is separation! Often as I assure myself that half my life and half my happiness are wrapped up in you and that in spite of the distance separating us our hearts are united by indissoluble bonds, my heart rebels against

fate, and in spite of the pleasures and distractions that surround me I cannot overcome a certain secret sorrow that has been in my heart ever since we parted. Why are we not together as we were last summer, in your big study, on the blue sofa, the sofa of confidences? Why cannot I now, as three months ago, draw fresh moral strength from your look, so gentle, calm, and penetrating, a look I loved so much and seem to see before me as I write?'

Having read thus far, the Princess Mary sighed and glanced at a mirror which stood to the right of her. It reflected a weak ungraceful figure and thin face. Her eyes, always sad, now looked with special hopelessness at her reflection in the glass.

'She flatters me,' thought the princess, turning away and continuing to read. But Julie did not flatter her friend: the princess's eyes, large, deep, and luminous (it seemed as if at times there radiated from them shafts of warm light), were so beautiful that very often, notwithstanding the plainness of her face, they gave her an attraction more powerful than that of beauty. But the princess never saw this beautiful effect of her own eyes, the look they had when she was not thinking of herself. As with every one, her face assumed a forced unnatural expression as soon as she looked in a glass. She went on reading:

'All Moscow talks of nothing but war. One of my two brothers is already abroad; the other is with the Guards, who are starting on their march to the frontier. Our dear emperor has left Petersburg, and it is thought intends to expose his precious person to the chances of war. God grant that the Corsican monster who is destroying the peace of Europe may be overthrown by the angel whom it has pleased the Almighty, in His goodness, to give us as sovereign! To say nothing of my brothers, this war has deprived me of one of the associations nearest my heart. I mean young Nicholas Rostov, who with his enthusiasm could not bear to remain inactive and has left the university to join the army. I will confess to you, dear Mary, that in spite of his extreme youth his departure for the army was a great grief to me. This young man, of whom I spoke to you last summer, is so noble-minded and full of that real youthfulness one finds so seldom nowadays among our twenty-year-old patriarchs; and particularly,

he is so frank and has so much heart. He is so pure and full of poetry that my relations with him, slight as they were, have been one of the sweetest comforts to my poor heart, which has already suffered so much. Some day I will tell you about our parting and all that was said then. That is still too fresh. . . . Ah, dear friend, you are happy not to know these poignant joys and sorrows. You are happy, for the latter are generally stronger than the former ! I know very well that Count Nicholas is too young ever to be more than a friend to me, but this sweet friendship and this poetic and pure intercourse were what my heart needed. But enough of this ! The chief news about which all Moscow gossips is the death of old Count Bezukhov, and his will. Fancy ! The three princesses have received very little, Prince Vasili nothing, and it is M. Pierre who has inherited all the property and has besides been recognized as legitimate ; consequently he is now Count Bezukhov and possessor of the finest fortune in Russia. It is rumoured that Prince Vasili played a very despicable part in this affair, and that he returned to Petersburg quite crestfallen.

‘I confess I understand very little about all these matters of wills and inheritance ; but I do know that since this young man, whom we all used to know as plain M. Pierre, has become Count Bezukhov and the owner of one of the largest fortunes in Russia, I am much amused to watch the altered attitude of the mammas with marriageable daughters, and of the young ladies themselves, towards him, though, between you and me, he always seemed to me a poor sort of fellow. For the past two years people have amused themselves by finding husbands for me (most of them I don’t even know), and now the matchmaking chronicles of Moscow speak of me as the future Countess Bezukhov. But you will understand that I have no desire for the post. *A propos* of marriages : do you know that a while ago that *universal auntie* Anna Mikhaylovna told me, under the seal of strict secrecy, of a plan of marriage for you. It is neither more nor less than with Prince Vasili’s son Anatole, whom they want to reform by marrying him to some one rich and *distinguée*, and it is on you that his parents’ choice has fallen. I don’t know what you will think of it, but I consider it my duty to warn you. He is said to be

very handsome and a terrible scapegrace. That is all I have been able to find out about him.

'But enough of this chatter. I am at the end of my second sheet of paper, and mamma has sent for me to go and dine at the Apraksins'. Read the mystical book I am sending you; it has an enormous success here. Though there are things in it difficult for the feeble human mind to grasp, it is a beautiful book that calms and elevates the soul. Adieu! Give my respects to Monsieur your father, and my compliments to Mdle. Bourienne. I embrace you as I love you.

JULIE.

'P.S. Send me news of your brother and his charming little wife.'

The princess pondered awhile, then smiled gravely, so that her face, lit up by her radiant eyes, was completely transformed, and, rising suddenly and stepping heavily, she went to the table. She took some paper and her hand moved rapidly over it. This is the reply she wrote, also in French:

'Dear and precious friend, your letter of the 13th has given me great joy. So you love me still, my romantic Julie? Separation, of which you say so much that is bad, has on you not had its usual influence. You complain of our separation. What then should I say if I *dared* complain, I who am deprived of all who are dear to me? Ah, if we had not religion to console us life would indeed be sad. Why do you imagine me regarding with severity your affection for this young man? On this point I am severe only with myself. I understand those feelings in others, and if, never having felt them myself, I cannot approve of them, neither do I condemn them. Only it seems to me that Christian love, love of one's neighbour, love of one's enemy, is worthier, sweeter, and better than the sentiments which the beautiful eyes of a young man can inspire in a romantic and loving girl like yourself.

'The news of Count Bezukhov's death reached us before your letter, and my father was much affected by it. He says the count was the last representative but one of the great century, and that it will be his own turn next; but that he will do all in his power to postpone it as long as possible. God preserve us from that terrible misfortune!

‘I cannot share your opinion of Pierre, whom I knew as a child. He always seemed to me to have an excellent heart, and that is the quality I most esteem in people. As to his inheritance and the part played by Prince Vasili, it is very sad for both. Ah, my dear friend, the words of our divine Saviour, that it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of God, are terribly true. I pity Prince Vasili but am still more sorry for Pierre. So young, and burdened with such riches—what temptations he will have to face ! If I were asked what I desire most on earth, it would be to be poorer than the poorest beggar. A thousand thanks, dear friend, for the volume you have sent me which is having such success in Moscow. Yet, since you tell me that among some good things it contains others which the feeble human understanding cannot grasp, it seems to me rather useless to spend time in reading that which is unintelligible, and can therefore bear no fruit. I never could understand the fondness some people have for confusing their thoughts by dwelling on mystical books that merely awaken doubts in their minds and excite their imagination, giving them a bent for exaggeration quite contrary to Christian simplicity. Let us rather read the Epistles and the Gospels. Let us not seek to penetrate what mysteries they contain ; for how can we, miserable sinners that we are, know the terrible and holy secrets of Providence while we remain in this flesh, which forms an impenetrable veil between us and the Eternal ? Let us rather confine ourselves to the study of those sublime rules which our divine Saviour has left for our guidance here below. Let us try to conform to them and follow them, and let us be persuaded that the less we allow our feeble human minds to roam the better we shall please God, who rejects all knowledge that comes not from Himself ; and the less we seek to fathom what He has been pleased to conceal from us, the sooner will He vouchsafe its revelation to us through His divine Spirit.

‘My father has not spoken to me of a suitor ; he only told me that he had received a letter and was expecting a visit from Prince Vasili. In regard to this project of a marriage for me, I will tell you, dear sweet friend, that I look on marriage as a divine institution to which we

must submit. However painful it may be to me, if the Almighty should ever lay upon me the duties of wife and mother, I shall try to perform them as faithfully as I can, without disquieting myself by an examination of my sentiments towards the one He may give me for husband.

'I have had a letter from my brother, who announces his speedy arrival with his wife at Bald Hills. This pleasure will however be but a brief one, for he will leave us again to take part in this miserable war into which we have been drawn, heaven knows how or why. It is not merely where you are, at the heart of affairs and of the world, that the talk is all of war; even here amid the work of the fields and the calm of nature—which townfolk consider characteristic of the country—rumours of war make themselves heard and painfully felt. My father talks of nothing but marches and countermarches, things of which I understand nothing; and the day before yesterday, during my daily walk through the village street, I witnessed a heartrending scene. . . . It was a convoy of conscripts enrolled from our people and starting to join the army. You should have seen the state of the mothers, wives, and children of the departing men, and should have heard their sobs. It seems as though mankind has forgotten the laws of its divine Saviour, who preached love and forgiveness of offences, and that men think instead that the highest merit lies in their skill in killing one another.

'Adieu, dear and kind friend; may our divine Saviour and His most Holy Mother keep you in their holy and all-powerful protection!

MARY.'

'Ah, you are sending off a letter, princess? I have already dispatched mine. I have written to my poor mother,' said the smiling Mademoiselle Bourienne rapidly in her pleasant mellow tones and with guttural *r*'s. She brought into Princess Mary's strenuous, mournful, and gloomy world a perfectly different atmosphere, careless, lighthearted, and self-contented.

'Princess, I must warn you,' she added, lowering her voice and evidently listening to herself with pleasure, and speaking with exaggerated *grassement*,¹ 'the prince has

¹ The guttural pronunciation of the letter *r*, chiefly affected by Parisians.

been scolding Michael Ivanich. He is in a very bad humour, very morose. Be warned.'

'Ah, dear friend,' replied Princess Mary, 'I have asked you never to warn me of the humour my father is in. I do not allow myself to judge him, and do not wish others to do it.'

The princess glanced at her watch, and seeing that she had lost five minutes of the time she should have devoted to practising on the clavichord, went with a look of alarm into the sitting-room. Between twelve and two o'clock, in accord with the order of the day, the prince rested, and the princess played the clavichord.

CHAPTER XXVI

THE grey-haired man-servant was sitting drowsily listening to the snoring of the prince, who was in his large study. From the far side of the house through the closed doors came difficult passages—twenty times repeated—of one of Dussek's sonatas.

Just then a closed carriage and another with a hood drove up to the porch. Prince Andrew got out of the carriage, helped his little wife to alight, and let her pass into the house before him. The grey-haired Tikhon, in a wig, slipping out of the antechamber, reported in a whisper that the prince was sleeping, and hastily closed the door. Tikhon knew that neither the son's arrival nor any other unusual event must be allowed to disturb the appointed order of the day. Prince Andrew apparently knew this as well as Tikhon did; he looked at his watch as if to make sure that his father's habits had not changed since last he was at home, and, having assured himself that they had not, he turned to his wife.

'He will get up in twenty minutes. Let us go to Princess Mary,' he said.

The little princess had grown stouter during this time, but her eyes and her short downy smiling lip lifted when she began to speak just as merrily and prettily as ever.

'Why, this is a palace!' said she to her husband, looking around with the expression people assume when complimenting their host at a ball. 'Let's come, quick, quick!' And with a glance round she smiled at Tikhon,

at her husband, and at the footman who accompanied them.

'Is that Mary practising? Let's go quietly and take her by surprise.'

Prince Andrew followed her with a polite but sad expression on his face.

'You've been growing older, Tikhon,' said he in passing, to the old man who had kissed his hand.

From a side-door of the room before the one whence came the sounds of the clavichord, the pretty fair-haired French woman, Mlle. Bourienne, rushed out, apparently beside herself with rapture.

'Ah! what a joy for the princess!' exclaimed she: 'At last! I must let her know.'

'No, no, please not. . . . You are Mlle. Bourienne: I know you already, thanks to my sister-in-law's friendship for you,' said the little princess, kissing the Frenchwoman. 'She's not expecting us?'

They approached the door of the sitting-room, whence came the sounds of the oft-repeated passage of the sonata. Prince Andrew stopped and made a grimace, as if expecting something unpleasant.

The little princess entered the room. The passage broke off in the middle; a cry was heard; then Princess Mary's heavy footsteps and the sound of kissing. When Prince Andrew entered, the two princesses, who had only once met before for a short time at his wedding, were embracing each other and pressing their lips to whatever place they happened to touch. Mlle. Bourienne stood near them, pressing her hand on her heart, with a beatific smile and obviously as ready to cry as to laugh. Prince Andrew shrugged his shoulders and frowned, as lovers of music do when they hear a false note. The two women released each other; and then as if afraid of being too late seized each other's hands, kissing them and pulling them away, and again began kissing each other on the face, after which, to Prince Andrew's surprise, both began to cry and kissed again. Mlle. Bourienne also began to cry. Prince Andrew evidently felt uncomfortable; but to the two women it seemed quite natural that they should cry, and apparently it never entered their heads that at this meeting it could have been otherwise.

'Ah! my dear! . . . Ah! Mary! . . .', they suddenly

exclaimed, and then laughed. 'I dreamt last night . . . —' 'You were not expecting us? . . . —' 'Ah! Mary, you have got thinner! . . . —' 'And you have grown stouter! . . . —'

'I knew the princess at once,' put in Mlle. Bourienne. 'And I had no idea! . . . —' exclaimed Princess Mary. 'Ah! Andrew, I did not see you.'

Prince Andrew and his sister, hand in hand, kissed one another, and he told her she was still the same cry-baby as ever. Princess Mary had turned towards her brother, and through her tears the loving, warm, gentle look of her luminous eyes, very beautiful at that moment, rested on Prince Andrew's face.

The little princess talked incessantly, her downy upper lip continually and rapidly touching her rosy nether lip where necessary, and being drawn up again next moment, when her face again broke into a smile that showed her glittering teeth and eyes. She told of an accident they had had on the Spasski Hill, which might have been dangerous for her in her condition, and immediately after informed them that she had left all her dresses in Petersburg, and would go about here dressed goodness knows how; and that Andrew had quite changed, and that Kitty Odyntsova had married an old man; and that there was a suitor for Mary, a real one, but that they would talk of that later on. The Princess Mary remained silent and looked at her brother, while her beautiful eyes showed both love and sadness. It was evident that a train of thought independent of her sister-in-law's words had taken possession of her mind. In the midst of a description of the last Petersburg fête, she suddenly addressed her brother:

'So you are really going to the war, Andrew?' she said, sighing.

Lisa also shuddered.

'Yes, even to-morrow,' replied her brother.

'He leaves me here; God knows why, when he might have been promoted . . . —'

Princess Mary did not wait for her to finish, and continuing her train of thought, turned to her sister-in-law with a tender glance at her figure.

'Is it certain?' she asked.

The face of the little princess changed. She sighed and said:

'Yes, quite certain. Ah! it is very dreadful....'

Her lip descended. She brought her face close to her sister-in-law's and unexpectedly again began to cry.

'She needs a rest,' said Prince Andrew with a frown. 'Don't you, Lisa? Take her to her room, and I'll go to father. How is he? Just the same?'

'Just, just the same. Though I don't know what your opinion will be,' answered the princess cheerfully.

'And the hours the same? And the walks in the avenues? And the lathe?' asked Prince Andrew with a scarcely perceptible smile, which showed that in spite of all his love and respect for his father he was aware of his weaknesses.

'The hours are the same, and the lathe, and also the mathematics and my lessons in geometry,' said Princess Mary gleefully, as if her lessons in geometry were among the greatest delights of her life.

When twenty minutes had passed and the time had come for the old prince to get up, Tikhon came to call the young prince to his father. The old man made one exception in the usual routine of his day, in honour of his son's arrival; he gave orders to admit him to his apartments when the time came to dress for dinner. The old prince always dressed in an old-fashioned style, in antique coat and with powdered hair; and when Prince Andrew entered his father's dressing-room (not with the *blasé* look and manner he wore in drawing-rooms, but with the animated face with which he talked to Pierre) the old man was sitting on a large leather-covered chair, wrapped in a powdering mantle, entrusting his head to Tikhon.

'Ah! here's the warrior! Want to vanquish Buonaparte?' said the old man, shaking his powdered head as much as the tail, which Tikhon was holding fast to plait, would allow.

'You at least must tackle him properly, or else if he goes on like this he'll soon have us, too, for his subjects! How are you?' And he presented his cheek.

The old man was in a good temper after his nap before dinner. (He used to say, that a nap after dinner was 'silver—before dinner, gold'.) He cast happy, sidelong looks from under his thick, bushy eyebrows, at his son. Prince Andrew approached and kissed his father on the spot indicated to him. He did not respond to his father's

favourite topic—making fun of the military men of the day, and more especially Bonaparte.

‘Yes, father, I have come to you and brought my wife, who is pregnant,’ said Prince Andrew, following every movement of his father’s face with an eager and respectful look. ‘How is your health?’

‘Only fools and rakes fall ill, my boy. You know me: I am busy from morning till night and abstemious, so of course I am well.’

‘Thank God,’ said his son with a smile.

‘God has nothing to do with it! Well, go on,’ he continued, returning to his hobby; ‘tell me how the Germans have taught you to fight Buonaparte by this new science that you call “strategy”?’

Prince Andrew smiled.

‘Give me time to collect my wits, father,’ said he, with a smile that showed that his father’s foibles did not prevent his son from loving and honouring him. ‘You see, I have not yet had time to look round.’

‘Nonsense, nonsense!’ cried the old man, shaking his pigtail to see whether it was firmly plaited, and grasping his son by the hand. ‘The house for your wife is ready. The Princess Mary will take her there and show her over, and they’ll talk nineteen to the dozen. That’s their woman’s way! I am pleased to have her. Sit down and talk. About Michelsen’s army I understand,—Tolstoy’s also . . . a simultaneous descent. . . . What is the southern army to do? Prussia is neutral . . . I know that. What about Austria?’ said he, rising from his chair and pacing up and down the room followed by Tikhon, who ran after him, handing him different articles of clothing. ‘What of Sweden? How will Pomerania be crossed?’

Prince Andrew, seeing that his father insisted in his demand, began—at first unwillingly, but gradually with more and more animation, and by habit changing, in the course of his narration, from Russian to French—to explain the plan of operations for the coming campaign. He explained how an army, ninety thousand strong, was to threaten Prussia, so as to bring her out of her neutrality and draw her into the war; how part of that army was to join some Swedish forces in Stralsund; how two hundred and twenty thousand Austrians,

together with a hundred thousand Russians, were to operate in Italy and on the Rhine; how fifty thousand Russians and as many English were to land at Naples, and how a total force of five hundred thousand men was to attack the French from different sides. The old prince did not evince the least interest during this explanation, but as though he were not listening to it continued to dress while walking about, and three times unexpectedly interrupted. Once he stopped it by shouting: 'The white one, the white one!'

This meant that Tikhon was not handing him the waistcoat he wished for. Another time he interrupted, saying:

'And will she soon be confined?' and shaking his head reproachfully said: 'That's bad! Go on, go on.'

The third interruption came when Prince Andrew was finishing his description. The old man began to sing, in the cracked voice of old age: '*Malbrook s'en va-t-en guerre. Dieu sait quand reviendra.*'¹

His son only smiled.

'I am not saying it is a plan I approve of,' said the son; 'I am only telling you the facts. Napoleon also has formed his plan, not worse than this one.'

'Well, you've told me nothing new,' and the old man repeated, meditatively and rapidly:

'*Dieu sait quand reviendra.* Go to the dining-room.'

CHAPTER XXVII

At the appointed hour the prince, powdered and shaven, appeared in the dining-room where his daughter-in-law, the Princess Mary, and Mlle. Bourienne were already awaiting him together with the prince's architect, who by a strange caprice of his employer's was admitted to table, though as a man of quite insignificant position he had no reason to expect such an honour. The prince, who generally kept very strictly to social distinctions and rarely admitted even important government officials to his table, unexpectedly in the case of Michael Ivanych—who went into a corner to blow his nose on his checked handkerchief—took to demonstrating that all men are

¹ 'Marlborough is going to the wars; God knows when he'll return,' the commencement of a very well-known French song.

equal, and more than once impressed on his daughter that Michael Ivanych was 'not a whit worse than you or I'. At dinner the prince most frequently addressed the silent Michael Ivanych.

In the dining-room, which like all the rooms in the house was exceedingly lofty, the members of the household, and the footmen—one behind each chair—stood waiting for the prince to enter. The head butler, napkin on arm, was examining the way in which the table had been laid, making signs to the footmen, and anxiously glancing from the clock to the door by which the prince would enter. Prince Andrew was looking at a large gilt frame, new to him, containing the genealogical tree of the Princes Bolkonski; opposite hung another such frame with a badly-painted portrait (evidently by the hand of the artist belonging to the estate)¹ of a ruling prince, in a crown; an alleged descendant of Rurik and ancestor of the Bolkonskis. Prince Andrew, looking again at that genealogical tree, shook his head, laughing as one laughs who looks at a portrait so characteristic of the original as to be amusing.

'How thoroughly like him that is!' he said to Princess Mary, who had approached him.

Princess Mary looked at her brother with astonishment. She did not understand what he was laughing at. Everything her father did inspired her with reverence and lay beyond question.

'Every man has his Achilles' heel,' continued Prince Andrew. 'Fancy, with *his* powerful mind, to indulge in such nonsense!'

Princess Mary could not understand how her brother could be so bold in his criticism, and was about to reply to him, when the expected footsteps were heard coming from the study. The prince entered quickly and jauntily as was his wont, as if by the briskness of his manners intentionally presenting a contrast to the strict formality of his house. At that moment the great clock struck two, and another with a shrill tone joined in from the drawing-room. The prince stopped, and his lively glittering eyes from under their thick bushy eyebrows sternly surveyed all present and rested on the newly

¹ It was not unusual on large estates for a proprietor to have painters, musicians, &c., from among his own serfs.

arrived princess. She felt as courtiers do when the Tsar enters, the sensation of fear and respect which the old man inspired in all around him. He stroked her hair, and then patted her awkwardly on the back of her neck.

‘I’m glad, very glad,’ he said, looking attentively into her eyes, and then quickly went to his place and sat down. ‘Sit down, sit down! Sit down, Michael Ivanych!’

He indicated the place beside him to his daughter-in-law. A footman moved the chair for her.

‘Ho, ho!’ said the old man, casting his eyes on her rounded figure. ‘She’s been in a hurry. That’s not right!’

He laughed in his usual dry cold unpleasant way, with his lips only and not with his eyes.

‘You must walk, walk as much as possible, as much as possible,’ he said.

The little princess did not, or did not wish to, hear his words. She was silent and seemed confused. The prince asked her about her father, and she began to smile and talk. He asked about their mutual acquaintances, and she became still more animated and went on chattering, giving him messages from different people and telling him the town gossip.

‘The Countess Apraksina, poor thing, has lost her husband, and she has cried her eyes out,’ she said, becoming more and more animated.

As she became increasingly lively, the prince looked at her more and more severely, and suddenly, as if he had studied her sufficiently and had formed a definite idea of her, he turned away and addressing Michael Ivanych said:

‘Well, Michael Ivanych, our Buonaparte will be getting it hot. Prince Andrew’ (he always called his son thus when speaking to a third person) ‘has been telling me what forces are being collected against him! While you and I have been considering him a nobody all the time.’

Michael Ivanych did not at all know when ‘you and I’ had said such things about Bonaparte, but understanding that he was wanted as a peg on which to hang the prince’s favourite subject of conversation, he looked inquiringly at the young prince, wondering what would follow.

‘He is great at tactics!’ said the prince to his son, pointing to the architect.

And the conversation again turned to the war, to Bonaparte, and the generals and statesmen of the day. The old prince seemed convinced not only that all the men of the day were mere boys who did not know the a b c of war or of politics, and that Bonaparte was an insignificant little Frenchy, successful only because there were no longer any Potemkins or Suvorovs left to oppose him,—but he was convinced also that there were no political difficulties in Europe, and no real war, but only a sort of puppet-show, at which the men of the day were playing, making pretence to do something real. Prince Andrew cheerfully bore with his father's ridicule of the new men, and drew him on and listened to him with evident pleasure.

'The past always seems good,' said he, 'but did not that same Suvorov fall into a trap Moreau set him and from which he did not know how to escape?'

'Who told you that? Who?' cried the prince. 'Suvorov!' And he jerked away his plate, which Tikhon adroitly caught. 'Suvorov! . . . Consider, Prince Andrew! Two, . . . Frederick and Suvorov; Moreau! . . . Moreau would have been a prisoner if Suvorov had had a free hand; but he had the Hofs-kriegs-wurst-schnaps-Rath¹ on his hands. It would have puzzled the devil himself! When you get there you'll find out what those Hofs-kriegs-wurst-Raths are! Suvorov couldn't manage them, so what chance has Michael Kutuzov? No, my friend,' he continued, 'you and your generals won't get on against Buonaparte; you'll have to call in some Frenchmen, so that birds of a feather may fight together. The German, Pahlen,² has been sent to New York in America, to fetch the Frenchman Moreau,' he said, alluding to the invitation made that year to Moreau to enter the Russian service. . . . 'Wonderful! . . . Were the Potemkins, Suvorovs, and Orlovs Germans? No, lad, either you fellows have all lost your wits, or I have outlived mine. May God help you, but we'll see what will happen. Buonaparte has become a great commander among them! Hm! . . .'

'I do not say all the arrangements are good,' said

¹ 'Court-war-sausage-schnaps-Council,' Prince Bolkonski's contemptuous name for the Austrian Council of War.

² An ironical reference to P. A. Pahlen, who had been Governor-General of Petersburg under Paul, in whose assassination he took part.

Prince Andrew, 'I am only surprised at your opinion of Bonaparte. You may laugh as much as you like but all the same Bonaparte is a great general!'

'Michael Ivanych!' shouted the old prince to the architect, who busy with his roast meat hoped he had been forgotten: 'Didn't I tell you Buonaparte was a great tactician? There, he says the same thing.'

'Oh yes, your excellency,' replied the architect.

The prince again laughed his cold laugh.

'Buonaparte was born with a silver spoon in his mouth. He has got splendid soldiers. Besides he began by attacking Germans. And only idlers have failed to beat the Germans. Since the world began, everybody has beaten the Germans. They beat no one—except one another. He made his reputation out of them.'

And the prince began to expound all the mistakes which, according to him, Bonaparte had made in his campaigns and even in politics. His son made no rejoinder, but it was evident that whatever arguments were presented, he was as little able to change his opinion as his father was. He listened, refraining from a reply, and involuntarily wondered how this old man, living alone in the country for so many years, could know and discuss so minutely and acutely all the recent European military and political events.

'You think I'm an old fellow and don't understand the present state of affairs?' concluded his father. 'But it troubles me. I don't sleep at nights. Come now, where has this great commander of yours—where has he shown his skill?' he concluded.

'That would take too long to tell,' answered the son.

'Well, then go off to your Buonaparte! Mlle. Bourienne, here's another admirer of that powder-monkey emperor of yours,' he exclaimed in excellent French.

'You know, prince, I am not a Buonapartist!'

'*Dieu sait quand reviendra*' . . . hummed the prince out of tune; and with a laugh still more out he quitted the table.

The little princess, during the whole of this dispute and the rest of the dinner, was silent, glancing with a frightened look now at her father-in-law and now at the Princess Mary. When they had left the table she took her sister-in-law's arm and drew her into another room.

‘What a clever man your father is,’ said she; ‘perhaps that is why I am afraid of him.’

‘Oh, he is so kind!’ answered the Princess Mary.

CHAPTER XXVIII

PRINCE ANDREW was to leave next evening. The old prince, not altering his routine, retired as usual after dinner. The little princess was in her sister-in-law’s room. Prince Andrew, in a travelling coat without epaulettes, had been in the apartments assigned to him with his valet packing. After inspecting the carriage himself and seeing the trunks put in, he ordered the horses to be harnessed. Only those things he always kept with him remained in his room; a small box, a large canteen fitted with silver plate, two Turkish pistols, and a sabre—a present from his father who had brought it from before Ochakov.¹ All these travelling effects of Prince Andrew’s were in very good order: they were new, clean, and in cloth covers carefully tied with tapes.

At the moment of starting on a journey or of completely changing their mode of life, men capable of reflection are generally in a serious frame of mind. At such moments the past is examined and plans for the future formed. Prince Andrew’s face looked very thoughtful and tender. With his hands behind his back he paced briskly from corner to corner of the room, looking straight before him and thoughtfully shaking his head. Did he fear going to the war, or was he sad at leaving his wife?—perhaps both, but evidently he did not wish to be seen in that mood, for, on hearing footsteps in the passage, he hurriedly unclasped his arms, stopped at a table as if tying the cover of a small box, and assumed his usual quiet and impenetrable expression. It was the heavy tread of Princess Mary he heard.

‘I hear you have given orders to harness,’ she cried, out of breath (she had apparently been running), ‘and I so wished to have another talk with you alone! Heaven knows for how long we may again be parted. You are not angry with me for coming? You have changed so, Andrusha,’ she added, as if to explain such a question.

¹ A town captured from the Turks by the Russians under Suvorov in 1788.

She smiled as she uttered his pet name, 'Andrusha.' It obviously seemed strange to her to think that this stern, handsome man should be Andrusha—the slender mischievous boy who was her playfellow in childhood.

'And where is Lise?' he asked, answering her question only by a smile.

'She was so tired that she has fallen asleep on the sofa in my room. Oh, Andrew! What a treasure of a wife you have,' said she, seating herself on the sofa opposite her brother. 'She is quite a child: such a dear, merry child. I have grown so fond of her.'

Prince Andrew was silent, but the princess noticed the ironical and contemptuous look that showed itself on his face.

'One should be indulgent to little weaknesses; who is without them, Andrew? Don't forget that she was educated and brought up in society. Besides, her position now is not a rosy one. We should enter into every one's situation. *Tout comprendre, c'est tout pardonner*.¹ Think what it means to her, poor thing, after what she has been used to, to be parted from her husband and to remain alone in the country, in her condition! It is very hard.'

Prince Andrew smiled as he looked at his sister, as we smile at those we think we thoroughly understand.

'You live in the country and don't think the life terrible,' he replied.

'I . . . that's different. Why speak about me? I don't want any other life, and can't, for I know no other. But think, Andrew: for a young society woman to be buried in the country during the best years of her life, all alone,—for papa is always busy and I . . . well, you know how poor my resources are for the entertainment of a woman used to the best society. There is only Mlle. Bourienne. . . .'

'I don't like that Mlle. Bourienne of yours,' remarked Prince Andrew.

'No! She is very nice and kind, and above all, she's a girl much to be pitied. She has no one, no one. To tell you the truth, I not only do not need her, but even find her in the way. You know I always was a savage, and now am even more so. I like being alone. . . . Father

¹ To understand all is to forgive all.

is very fond of her. She and Michael Ivanych are two people to whom he is always gentle and kind, because they are both under obligations to him. As Sterne says: 'We do not love people so much for the good they have done us, as for the good we have done them.'¹ Father took her when she was homeless after losing her own father. She is very kind-hearted, and my father likes her way of reading. She reads to him in the evenings and reads splendidly.'

'To be quite frank, Mary, I expect father's character sometimes makes things trying for you, doesn't it?' Prince Andrew suddenly asked.

Princess Mary was first surprised and then terrified at this question.

'For me? For me? . . . Trying for me! . . .' said she.

'He always was rather harsh; and now I should think he's getting very trying,' said Prince Andrew, apparently speaking so lightly of their father in order to puzzle his sister, or to test her.

'You are good in every way, Andrew, but there is a kind of intellectual pride in you,' said the princess, following the train of her own thoughts rather than the trend of the conversation—'and that is a great sin. How can one judge father? But even if one might, what feeling except veneration could such a man as my father evoke? And I am so contented and happy with him. I only wish you were all as happy as I am.'

Her brother shook his head incredulously.

'There is only one thing that is hard for me. . . . I will tell you the truth, Andrew. That is father's way of looking at religious subjects. I don't understand how a man with his immense intellect can fail to see what is clear as daylight, and can go so far astray. That is the only trouble I have. But even in this I can see lately a shade of improvement. His satire has been less bitter of late,

¹ It is possible that the Princess Mary is misquoting Sterne. Tolstoy is known to have read *The Sentimental Journey*, where, in the chapter 'The Riddle Explained,' section 'Paris', the passage occurs, 'We get forward not so much by doing services as receiving them; you take a withering twig, and put it in the ground; and then you water it because you have planted it.' The illustration of the twig suggests that the words 'doing' and 'receiving' have accidentally changed places. If it should be read in that way, the Princess Mary's version of it is near enough, considering that she quotes from memory and in a foreign language.

and there was a monk he received and with whom he had a long talk.'

'Ah! my dear, I am afraid you and the monk are wasting your powder,' said Prince Andrew, banteringly yet tenderly.

'Ah! *mon ami*, I only pray and hope that God will hear me. Andrew, . . . ' she said shyly, after a moment's silence, 'I have a great favour to ask of you.'

'What is it, dear?'

'No, but promise that you will not refuse! It will give you no trouble, and is nothing unworthy of you, but it will comfort me. Promise, Andrusha! . . . ' said she, putting her hand into her reticule and holding something there, but not yet showing it—as if what she held were the subject of her request, and must not be shown before the request was granted.

Shy and supplicating she looked at her brother.

'Even if it cost me a great deal of trouble, . . . ' answered Prince Andrew, as if guessing what it was about.

'Think as you please! I know you are just like father. Think as you please, but do this for my sake! Please do it! Father's father, our grandfather, wore it in all his wars.' (She did not yet take what she was holding out of her reticule.) 'So you promise?'

'Of course. What is it?'

'Andrew, I bless you with this icon, and you must promise me you will never take it off. Do you promise?'

'If it does not weigh a hundredweight, and won't break my neck. . . . To please you . . . ' said Prince Andrew. But immediately noticing the pained expression his joke had brought to his sister's face, he repented and added: 'With pleasure; I am really very pleased, my dear.'

'Against your will He will save and have mercy on you and bring you to Himself, for in Him alone is truth and peace,' said she in a voice that trembled with emotion, solemnly holding up with both hands before her brother an oval, antique, dark-faced icon of the Saviour, in a silver setting attached to a finely wrought silver chain.

She crossed herself, kissed the icon, and handed it to Andrew.

'Please, Andrew, for my sake! . . . '

Rays of gentle light shone from her large, shy eyes. Those eyes illumined the whole thin sickly face and made

it beautiful. Her brother was about to take the little icon, but she stopped him. Andrew understood her, crossed himself, and kissed the icon. There was a look of tenderness (he was touched) and at the same time there was irony in his face.

‘Thank you, my dear.’

She kissed him on the forehead and again sat down on the sofa. They were silent for a while.

‘As I was saying to you, Andrew, be kind and generous as you always were. Don’t judge Lisa harshly,’ she began. ‘She is so sweet, so kind, and her position now is a very trying one.’

‘I do not think I have blamed my wife to you, Masha,¹ or complained of her. Why do you say all this to me?’

Red patches appeared on Princess Mary’s face and she was silent, as if she felt guilty.

‘I have said nothing, but some one has already been talking to you. And I am sorry,’ he went on.

The patches on her face became a still deeper red, spreading over her forehead, neck, and cheeks. She wished to say something but could not. Her brother had guessed right: the little princess had been crying after dinner and had spoken of her forebodings about her confinement and how she dreaded it, and complained of her fate, her father-in-law, and her husband. After weeping she had fallen asleep. Prince Andrew felt sorry for his sister.

‘Know this, Masha: that there is nothing I can reproach *my wife* with; I have not reproached and never shall reproach her, and I cannot reproach myself with anything in regard to her; and this always will be so in whatever circumstances I may be placed. But if you want to know the truth . . . if you want to know whether I am happy? No! Whether she is? No! But why this is so; I don’t know. . . .’

As he said this he rose, came up to his sister and, stooping, kissed her forehead. His beautiful eyes lit up with a thoughtful, kindly, and unwonted brightness, but he was looking not at his sister, but over her head into the darkness beyond the open doorway.

‘Let us go to her; I must say good-bye. Or—go and wake her, and I will come in a moment. Petrushka!’

¹ The diminutive of Mary.

he called to his valet: 'Come here, take this away. Put this on the seat, and this to the right.'

Princess Mary rose and turned towards the door. She paused and said:

'Andrew, if you had faith you would have turned to God and asked him to give you the love you do not feel, and your prayer would have been answered.'

'Well, may be!' said Prince Andrew. 'Go, Masha; I will come immediately.'

On the way to his sister's room, in the passage which connected one house with the other, Prince Andrew met Mlle. Bourienne smiling sweetly. It was the third time that day that she, with an ecstatic and artless smile, had happened to meet him in solitary passages.

'Oh! I thought you were in your rooms,' said she, blushing for some reason and dropping her eyes.

Prince Andrew looked at her severely, and an expression of anger suddenly came over his face. He said nothing to her, but looked at her forehead and hair without looking into her eyes, with such contempt that the Frenchwoman blushed and retired in silence. When he came to his sister's room his wife was already awake, and her merry voice, hurrying one word after another, came through the open door. She was speaking as if, after long self-restraint, she wished to make up for lost time.

'No, but imagine the old Countess Zubova,¹ with false curls and her mouth full of false teeth, as if she were trying to cheat old age. . . . Ha, ha, ha! Mary!'

This very sentence about the Countess Zubova and this same laugh Prince Andrew had already heard from his wife in the presence of others some five times. He entered the room softly. The little princess, plump and rosy, sat in an easy chair with her work in her hands, talking incessantly, repeating reminiscences and even phrases brought from Petersburg. Prince Andrew came up, stroked her hair, and asked if she felt rested after their journey. She answered him, and continued her former chatter.

The carriage with six horses was waiting at the porch. It was an autumn night, so dark that the coachman could not see the carriage-pole. Men with lanterns were

¹ The word *zub* means tooth, and a pun on this is intended.

bustling about in the porch. The enormous house was brilliant with lights shining through its lofty windows. The domestic serfs were crowding in the hall, waiting to bid good-bye to the young prince. The members of the household were all gathered in the reception hall: Michael Ivanych, Mlle. Bourienne, the Princess Mary, and the little princess. Prince Andrew had been called to his father's study, as the latter wished to say good-bye to him alone. All were waiting for them to come out.

When Prince Andrew entered the study, the old man with his old-age spectacles on and in his white dressing gown (in which he never received any one but his son) sat at the table, writing. He glanced round.

'Going?' And he continued to write.

'I've come to say good-bye.'

'Kiss me here,' and he pointed to his cheek: 'Thanks, thanks!'

'What do you thank me for?'

'For not dilly-dallying, and not hanging to a woman's apron-strings. The Service before everything. Thanks, thanks!' And he went on writing so that his quill spluttered and squeaked. 'If you have anything to say, speak. These two things can be done together,' he added.

'About my wife. . . . I, as it is, am ashamed of leaving her on your hands. . . .'

'Why talk nonsense? Say what you want.'

'When the time for her confinement draws near, send to Moscow for a doctor. . . . Let him be here. . . .'

The old prince stopped writing, and, as if not understanding, fixed his stern eyes on his son.

'I know that no one can help if nature does not do her work,' said Prince Andrew, evidently confused. 'I know that out of a million cases only one is fatal; but it is her fancy and mine. She has been told tales, has had dreams, and is afraid.'

'Hm . . . Hm . . . ' muttered the old prince to himself, finishing what he was writing. 'I'll do it.'

He signed with a flourish, and suddenly turning to his son began to laugh.

'It's a bad look-out, eh?'

'What is, father?'

'The wife!' said the old prince, shortly and significantly.

'I don't understand!' said Prince Andrew.

'Yes, it can't be helped, lad,' said the prince. 'They're all alike; one can't unmarry. Don't be afraid! I'll tell no one, but you know it yourself.'

He seized his son by the hand with bony slender fingers, and shook it, looking straight into his face with quick eyes which seemed to see through him; and again laughed his cold laugh.

The son sighed, thus admitting that his father had understood him. The old man continued to fold and seal his letter, taking up and throwing down the sealing-wax, the seal, and the paper with his accustomed rapidity.

'What's to be done? She's pretty! I will do everything. Make your mind easy,' said he in abrupt sentences, while sealing his letter.

Andrew remained silent: he was both pleased and displeased that his father understood him. The old man rose and handed the letter to his son.

'Listen!' said he; 'don't worry about your wife: what can be done, shall be. Now listen! Give this letter to Michael Ilarionych.¹ I have written that he should make use of you in proper places and not keep you long as an adjutant: a bad position! Tell him I remember and love him. Write and say how he receives you. If he is good to you—serve him. Nicholas Bolkonski's son need never serve if he is in disfavour. Now come here.'

He spoke so rapidly that he did not finish half his words, but his son was accustomed to understand him. He led his son to the desk, raised the lid, pulled out a drawer, and produced an exercise book filled with his bold, tall, close handwriting.

'I shall probably die before you. So remember, these are my memoirs; hand them to the emperor after my death. Now here is a lottery-ticket² and a letter; it is a premium for the man who writes a history of Suvorov's wars. Send it to the Academy. Here are some jottings for you to read when I am gone. You will find them useful.'

¹ Kutuzov, the commander-in-chief of the Russian Forces in Austria.

² This was the scrip for a certain sum invested in the State Lottery Loan. It bore interest, and might win a large prize, or any one of a number of smaller ones.

Andrew did not tell his father he would be sure to live a long time yet. He felt that he must not say it.

'I will do it all, father,' he said.

'Well, now, good-bye!' He gave his son his hand to kiss, and embraced him. 'Remember this, Prince Andrew, if they kill you, it will hurt me, your old father. . . .' He paused unexpectedly, and then suddenly continued in a shrill voice: 'but if I hear that you have behaved unlike a son of Nicholas Bolkonski, I'll be ashamed!' shrieked he.

'You need not have said that to me, father,' said the son with a smile.

The old man was silent.

'I also wished to ask you,' continued Prince Andrew, 'that if I get killed and have a son, as I said yesterday, do not let him be taken away from you . . . let him grow up with you. . . . Please!'

'Mustn't let the wife have him?' said the old man, and laughed.

They stood silent, opposite one another. The old man's quick eyes were fixed straight on his son's. Something twitched in the lower part of the old prince's face.

'We've said good-bye. Go!' he suddenly shouted in a loud angry voice, opening his door.

'What is it? What?' asked both princesses, when they saw Prince Andrew, and the figure of the old man for a moment at the door, in a white dressing-gown, spectacled and wigless, shouting in an angry voice.

Prince Andrew sighed and gave no answer.

'Well!' he said, turning to his wife.

And this 'Well!' sounded coldly ironical, as if he were saying: 'Now go through your performance.'

'Andrew, already!' said the little princess, turning pale and looking with frightened eyes at her husband.

He embraced her. She gave a scream, and fell unconscious on his shoulder. He cautiously released the shoulder she leant on, looked into her face, and carefully placed her in an easy chair.

'Adieu, Mary,' said he softly to his sister, taking her hand and kissing her, and then he left the room with rapid steps.

The little princess lay in an easy chair, Mlle. Bourienne chafing her temples. The Princess Mary, supporting her

sister-in-law, still looked with tearful, beautiful eyes towards the door through which Prince Andrew had passed, and made the sign of the cross in his direction. From the study, like pistol shots, came the frequent sound of the old man angrily blowing his nose. Hardly had Prince Andrew gone, when the study door opened quickly, and the stern figure of the old man in the white dressing-gown looked out.

‘Gone? That’s all right!’ said he; and, looking angrily at the unconscious little princess, he shook his head reprovingly and slammed his door.

END OF BOOK I.

BOOK II

BOOK II

CHAPTER I

IN October 1805 the Russian army occupied the villages and towns of the Archduchy of Austria, and more regiments arriving from Russia settled around the fortress of Braunau, burdening the inhabitants on whom they were quartered. Kutuzov, the commander-in-chief, had his head-quarters at Braunau.

On October 11, 1805,¹ one of the infantry regiments that had just arrived in Braunau was waiting half a mile from the town to be inspected by the commander-in-chief. In spite of the un-Russian appearance of the locality and surroundings—fruit gardens, stone walls, tiled roofs, and hills in the distance—in spite of the fact that the inhabitants (who gazed with curiosity at the soldiers) were not Russian, the regiment had just the appearance of any Russian regiment preparing for an inspection anywhere in the heart of Russia.

On the evening of the last day's march an order had been received to the effect that the commander-in-chief would inspect the regiment on the march. As the words of the order did not appear clear to the regimental commander and a question arose whether the troops were to be in marching order or not, the council of battalion commanders decided to present the regiment in parade order, on the principle that it is always better to 'bow too low than not to bow low enough'. So the soldiers after a twenty-mile march were kept mending and cleaning all night long without closing their eyes; while the adjutants and company commanders calculated and reckoned, and by morning the regiment—instead of a straggling disorderly crowd as it had been on its last march, the day before—presented a well-ordered array of two thousand men, each of whom knew his place and

¹ Tolstoy gives the dates Russian fashion, that is to say, old style, which during the nineteenth century was twelve days behind the new style adopted in England in 1752. Consequently October 11, 1805, corresponds to our October 23, 1805.

his duty, had every button and every strap in place, and shone with cleanliness. And not only externally was all in order, but had it pleased the commander-in-chief to look under the uniforms he would have found on each man alike a clean shirt, and in every knapsack the appointed number of articles, 'awl, soap, and all', as the soldiers say. There was only one circumstance concerning which no one could be at ease. It was the state of the soldiers' boots. More than half the men's boots were worn out. But this defect was not due to any fault of the regimental commander, as in spite of repeated demands he could not get the boots from the Austrian commissariat, and the regiment had marched some seven hundred miles.

The regimental commander was an elderly, choleric, thick-set, and stout general with grizzled eyebrows and whiskers, and wider from chest to back than across the shoulders. He had on a perfectly new uniform, showing the creases where it had been folded, and thick gold epaulettes that rose upwards rather than hung down on his substantial shoulders. He looked like a man happily accomplishing one of the most solemn duties of life. He walked about in front of the line and at every step pulled himself up, slightly bending his back. It was evident that the commander admired his regiment, rejoiced in it, and that his whole mind was absorbed in it; yet his strut seemed to indicate that besides military matters social interests and the female sex occupied no small part of his mind.

'Well, Michael Mitrich, sir?' he said, addressing one of the battalion commanders, who smilingly pressed forward; it was plain that both men felt happy. 'It was sharp work last night. However, I think the regiment does not look so bad, eh?'

The battalion commander perceived the jovial irony and laughed.

'It would not be turned away even on the Empress's Field.'

'What?' asked the commander.

At that moment on the road from the town, along which signallers had been posted, two men appeared on horse-back. They were an aide-de-camp followed by a Cossack.

The aide-de-camp was sent to confirm the order which

had been obscurely worded the day before, namely that the commander-in-chief wished to see the regiment just in the condition in which it had been marching; in great coats, cap covers, and no preparation whatever!

The previous day a member of the Hofkriegsrath from Vienna had come to Kutuzov with proposals and demands for him to join up with the army of the Archduke Ferdinand and Mack. Kutuzov, who did not consider this junction advantageous, meant, among other proofs of the soundness of his view, to let the Austrian general see the wretched state in which the troops arrived from Russia. With this object he intended to meet the regiment; so the worse the condition they were in, the better pleased would the commander-in-chief be. Though the aide-de-camp did not know these circumstances, he nevertheless delivered the strict order that the men should be in their great-coats and cap covers, and that the commander-in-chief would otherwise be dissatisfied. On hearing these words the regimental commander hung his head, silently shrugged his shoulders, and spread out his arms with a choleric gesture.

‘A fine mess we’ve made of it!’ he remarked.

‘There now! Didn’t I tell you, Michael Mitrich, that if it was said “on the march” it meant in great-coats?’ said he reproachfully to the battalion commander. ‘Oh, my God!’ he added, stepping forward with decision. ‘Company commanders!’ he shouted in a voice accustomed to command. ‘Sergeant-majors! . . . How soon will he be here?’ he asked the aide-de-camp with a respectful politeness evidently meant for the personage he was referring to.

‘In an hour’s time, I should say.’

‘Shall we have time to get them changed?’

‘I don’t know, general. . . .’

The regimental commander, going up to the line himself, ordered the soldiers to change into their great-coats. The company commanders ran off to their companies, the sergeant-majors began bustling (the great-coats were not in very good condition), and instantly the squares that had up to then been in regular order and silent began to sway and stretch and hummed with voices. On all sides soldiers were running to and fro, throwing up their knapsacks with a jerk of their shoulders and pulling the

straps over their heads, unstrapping their great-coats and drawing on the sleeves with upraised arms.

In half an hour's time all had returned to the same order, only that the squares had become grey instead of black. The regimental commander walked with his jerky steps to the front of the regiment, and examined it from a distance.

'Whatever is this? This!' he shouted and stood still. 'Commander of the third company!'

'Commander of the third company wanted by the general... commander to the general... third company to the commander.' The words passed along the lines, and an adjutant ran to look for the missing officer.

When the misrepeated words had reached their destination in a shout of: 'The general to the third company,' the missing officer appeared from behind his company, and, though he was a middle-aged man and not in the habit of running, trotted awkwardly stumbling on his toes towards the general. The captain's face wore the expression seen on that of a schoolboy who is told to say a lesson he has not learnt. Spots appeared on his nose, the redness of which was evidently due to intemperance, and the mouth twitched nervously. The general examined the captain from head to foot as he came up panting, slowing his pace as he approached.

'You will soon be dressing your men in petticoats! What is this?' shouted the regimental commander, thrusting forward his jaw and pointing at a soldier in the lines of the third company who had on a great-coat of bluish cloth, which contrasted with the others. 'What have you been after? The commander-in-chief is expected, and you leave your place? Eh? I'll teach you how to dress the men in fancy coats for a parade... Eh...?'

The commander of the company, with his eyes fixed on his superior, pressed two fingers more and more rigidly to his cap, as if in this pressure lay his only means of salvation.

'Well, why don't you speak? Whom have you got there dressed up as a Hungarian?' said the commander with an austere gibe.

'Your excellency...'

'Well, your excellency what? Your excellency! But what about your excellency?... no one knows.'

'Your excellency, it's the officer Dolokhov, who has been reduced to the ranks,' said the captain softly.

'Well? Has he been degraded into a field-marshal, or into a soldier? If a soldier, he should be dressed in the usual uniform, like the others.'

'Your excellency, you gave him permission yourself, during the march.'

'Gave him permission? Permission? That's just like you young people,' said the regimental commander cooling down a little. 'Permission indeed. . . . One says a word to you and you . . .' The commander paused. 'One says a word to you and you . . . What?' he added, again getting excited, 'I beg you to dress your men decently.'

And the commander, turning to look at the adjutant, directed his jerky steps down the line. He apparently admired his irritation and, walking past the regiment, wished to find another excuse to vent his wrath. Having snapped at an officer whose badge was not cleaned, at another because his line was not straight, he came up to the third company.

'H-o-o-w are you standing? Where's your foot? Your foot?' shouted the commander, with a tone of suffering in his voice, while there were still five men between him and Dolokhov, with his bluish-grey uniform.

Dolokhov slowly straightened his bent knee, looking straight with his bold bright eyes into the general's face.

'Why a blue coat? Off with it. . . . Sergeant-major! Change his coat . . . the ras . . .' he did not finish.

'General, it is my duty to obey orders, but I am not obliged to endure . . .' Dolokhov hurriedly interrupted.

'No talking in the ranks. . . . No talking, no talking!'

'Not obliged to endure insults,' Dolokhov concluded in loud, ringing tones.

The eyes of the general and the soldier met. The general became silent, angrily pulling down his tight sash.

'I request you to have the goodness to change your coat,' he said as he turned away.

CHAPTER II

'He's coming!' shouted the signaller at that moment.

The regimental commander flushed, ran to his horse, seized the stirrup with trembling hands, threw his body across the saddle, righted himself, drew his sabre, and with a happy and determined countenance, opening his mouth awry, prepared to shout. The regiment gave itself a shake, like a bird preening its plumage, and became motionless.

'Att-ention!' shouted the regimental commander in a soul-shaking voice which expressed joy for himself, severity for the regiment, and welcome for the approaching chief.

Along the broad country road edged on both sides with trees came a high light-blue Viennese calèche, slightly creaking on its springs and drawn by six horses at a quick trot. Behind the calèche galloped the suite and a convoy of Croats. Beside Kutuzov sat an Austrian general in a white uniform that looked strange among the black Russian ones. The calèche stopped in front of the regiment. Kutuzov and the Austrian general were talking in low voices, and Kutuzov smiled slightly as he stepped heavily down from the carriage, just as if those two thousand men did not exist, all breathlessly watching him and the regimental commander.

An order was shouted, and again the regiment stirred with a jingling sound and presented arms. Then amidst a dead silence was heard the feeble voice of the commander-in-chief. The regiment roared, 'Health to Your Excellency!' and again all became silent. At first Kutuzov stood still while the regiment moved; then he and the general in white, accompanied by the suite, walked between the lines.

From the way the regimental commander saluted the commander-in-chief, and devoured him with his eyes, drawing himself up ingratiatingly, and from the way he walked through the ranks behind the generals, bending forward and hardly able to restrain his jerky movements, and from the way he jumped at every word or motion of the commander-in-chief, it was evident that he fulfilled his duty as a subordinate with even greater pleasure

than he did his duty as a commander. Thanks to the severity and care of the regimental commander, his regiment, in comparison with other regiments approaching Braunau at the same time, was in splendid condition. There were only 217 sick and stragglers. Everything was in good order except the boots.

Kutuzov passed through the ranks, sometimes stopping to say a few kind words to officers whom he had known in the Turkish wars, and sometimes to soldiers. Glancing at their boots he several times shook his head sadly, pointing them out to the Austrian general with an expression which seemed to say that he was not blaming any one, but could not help noticing how bad the state of things was. The regimental commander ran forward on each such occasion, fearing to miss a single word that referred to his regiment. Behind Kutuzov, at a distance that permitted every softly spoken word to be heard, followed some twenty men of his suite. These gentlemen talked among themselves and sometimes laughed. Nearest of all to the commander-in-chief walked his handsome aide-de-camp, Prince Bolkonski, and beside him his comrade Nesvitski, a tall staff-officer, extremely stout and with a kindly, smiling good-looking face and moist eyes. Nesvitski could hardly keep from laughter which was provoked by a swarthy hussar officer who walked beside him. The hussar, with a grave face and without a smile or change in the expression of his fixed eyes, watched the regimental commander's back and mimicked his every movement. Each time the commander started and bent forward, the hussar also started and bent forward in exactly the same manner. Nesvitski laughed and nudged the others to make them watch the wag.

Kutuzov walked slowly and languidly past thousands of eyes which were starting out of their sockets to watch the chief. On approaching the third company he suddenly stopped. His suite, not having expected this, involuntarily came up to him.

'Ah, Timokhin!' said he, recognizing the red-nosed captain who had had to suffer for the blue coat.

It seemed impossible to stretch oneself more than Timokhin had done when the regimental commander reprimanded him, but now at the moment when the commander-in-chief addressed him he drew himself up

to such a degree that it seemed, should the commander look at him any longer, the captain would be unable to stand it further; so Kutuzov, evidently aware of the captain's predicament and wishing him nothing but good, turned hastily away. Over Kutuzov's puffy face, marred by a scar, flitted a scarcely perceptible smile.

'Another Ismail comrade,' said he. 'A brave officer! You are satisfied with him?' he asked the regimental commander.

And the latter—unconscious that he was being reflected in the hussar officer as in a looking-glass—started, moved forward, and answered: 'Very well satisfied, your excellency!'

'None of us is free from weakness,' said Kutuzov smiling and moving away from him. 'He used to have a leaning towards Bacchus.'

The regimental commander grew frightened lest he should be blamed for this, and did not answer. The hussar at that moment noticed the face of the red-nosed captain, and his drawn-in stomach, and mimicked his expression and pose with such exactitude that Nesvitski could not refrain from laughing. Kutuzov turned round. The officer could evidently command his expression at will, and while Kutuzov was turning he managed to make a grimace and then assume a most deferential and innocent look.

The third company was the last, and Kutuzov pondered, evidently trying to recollect something. Prince Andrew stepped forward from among the suite and said softly in French:

'You wished to be reminded of the officer Dolokhov, who has been reduced to the ranks in this regiment.'

'Where is Dolokhov?' asked Kutuzov.

Dolokhov, who had already changed into a soldier's grey great-coat, did not wait to be called. The shapely figure of the fair-haired soldier with the clear blue eyes stepped forward from the ranks, approached the commander-in-chief and presented arms.

'A grievance?' Kutuzov asked with a slight frown.

'This is Dolokhov,' said Prince Andrew.

'Ah!' said Kutuzov. 'I hope this lesson will do you good. Do your duty. The emperor is gracious, and I won't forget you if you deserve well.'

The clear blue eyes looked at the commander-in-chief just as boldly as they had looked at the regimental commander, and their expression seemed to tear asunder the conventional curtain that separates a commander-in-chief so widely from a private.

'One thing I ask of your excellency,' Dolokhov said in his sonorous, firm, and deliberate voice. 'I ask for an opportunity to expiate my fault and to prove my devotion to his majesty the emperor and to Russia!'

Kutuzov turned away. The same smile of the eyes with which he had turned away from Captain Timokhin again flitted over his face. He turned away, making a grimace as if he wished to say that everything Dolokhov had said to him, and everything he could say, had long been known to him and that he was weary of it, as it was not at all what was necessary. He turned away and went to the carriage.

The regiment divided into companies, which proceeded to their appointed quarters in the vicinity of Braunau, where they hoped to receive boots and clothes and to rest after their hard march.

'You don't bear me a grudge, Prokhor Ignatých?' said the regimental commander, as he rode past the third company that was on its way to its billets, and approached Captain Timokhin who was walking in front. The regimental commander's face, now that the inspection was happily accomplished, expressed irrepressible joy. 'Serving the emperor . . . it can't be helped . . . sometimes one says a hasty word at the front . . . I myself am the first to apologize! You know me! . . . He was very pleased!' and he held out his hand to the captain.

'Don't mention it, general; how dare I!' replied the captain, his nose growing redder as he gave a smile exposing the space where two front teeth were missing, that had been knocked out with the butt end of a rifle at Ismail.

'And tell M. Dolokhov that I will not forget him—he may be quite easy. And tell me, please—I always meant to ask you—how is he behaving? And all . . .'

'As far as service goes he is quite punctilious, your excellency; but his character . . .'

'And what of his character?' asked the regimental commander.

'It comes over him on certain days,' answered the captain. 'One day he is clever and educated and kind, and the next, a beast. . . . In Poland, allow me to inform you, he nearly killed a Jew.'

'Oh well, oh well!' remarked the regimental commander. 'Still, one must have pity on a young man in misfortune. You know he has important connexions. . . . Well then, you just . . .'

'I will, your excellency,' said Timokhin, showing by his smile that he understood his chief's wish.

'Well, of course, of course!'

The regimental commander found Dolokhov in the ranks, and reining in his horse, said to him:

'After the next affair . . . epaulettes.'

Dolokhov looked round, but did not say anything nor did he change the expression of his lips with their mocking smile.

'Well, that's all right,' continued the regimental commander. 'Give the men a cup of vodka from me,' he added so that the soldiers could hear. 'Thank you all! Thank God!' and he rode past the company and caught up the next one.

'Well, he's really a good fellow; it is possible to serve under him,' said Timokhin to the subaltern beside him.

'In a word, a *King of Hearts* . . .' (the regimental commander was nicknamed *King of Hearts*) said the subaltern, laughing.

The good humour of their superiors after the inspection infected the soldiers. The company marched on gaily, the voices of soldiers talking could be heard on every side.

'And they said Kutuzov was blind of one eye?'

'And isn't he? Quite blind!'

'No, friend, he is sharper sighted than you. Boots and leg-bands¹ . . . he noticed everything . . .'

'How he looked at my feet, friend! Well, thinks I . . .'

'And that other one with him, the Austrian, he looked as if he were smeared with chalk—as white as flour! I suppose that he is polished up like the guns.'

'I say, Fedeshon! . . . Did he say when the battle is to begin? You were near him. I heard say that Buona-parté himself was at Braunau.'

¹ It was customary for the soldiers to wear long strips of linen round the feet and legs, instead of stockings.

'Buonaparte himself! . . . Just listen to the fool, what he doesn't know! The Prussians are up in arms now. The Austrians, you see, are putting them down. When they have been put down, then the war with Buonaparte will begin. And he says Buonaparte is in Braunau! . . . It's clear he's a fool. He'd better listen more carefully!'

'What devils these quartermasters are! See, the fifth company is already turning into the village . . . they will have their buckwheat cooked before we get to our quarters.'

'Give me a rusk, you devil!'

'And did you give me any tobacco yesterday? You see now, friend! Ah, well, here you are, never mind.'

'They might call a halt here, or we shall have to go another five *versts*¹ without eating.'

'Wouldn't it be fine if the Germans lent us their carriages! Then we'd sit . . . grand!'

'And here, friend, the people are quite beggarly. There at least one met Poles—anyhow they were under the Russian crown—but here they're all Germans.'

'Singers to the front!' came the captain's command.

And from the different lines some twenty men ran to the head of the company. The drummer, the leader, turned round facing the singers, flourished his arm and began a long-drawn-out soldiers' song, which began with the words: *Morning dawned, the sun was rising* and concluded: *There now, brothers, we'll have glory, we and Father Kamenski.* This song had been composed in the Turkish campaign and was now being sung in Austria, with only this alteration that the words 'Father Kamenski' were replaced by 'Father Kutuzov'.

Having brought these last words to an abrupt end as soldiers do, and waved his arms as if throwing something on the ground, the drummer—a lean handsome soldier of forty—looked sternly at the singers and screwed up his eyes. Then, having satisfied himself that every one's attention was fixed on him, he raised both arms as if carefully lifting some invisible but precious object above his head and, after holding it there for a few seconds, suddenly dashed it to the ground and began:

'Oh, my bower, oh, my bower . . . !'

'Oh, my bower new . . . !' chimed in twenty voices,

¹ The verst is about two-thirds of a mile.

and the castanet-player, in spite of the burden of his equipment, rushed out to the front and walking backwards before the company jerked his shoulders and flourished his castanets as if threatening some one. The soldiers, swinging their arms to the tune, marched with long steps, involuntarily keeping time. The sound of wheels, the creaking of springs, and the tramp of horses' hoofs was heard behind the company. Kutuzov and his suite were returning to the town. The commander-in-chief gave a sign that the men should continue to march at ease, and his face and the faces of all his suite expressed pleasure at the sound of the singing and the sight of the dancing soldier and the gay and smartly marching men. In the second row of the right flank, beside which the carriage passed the company, a blue-eyed soldier involuntarily attracted all eyes. It was Dolokhov, marching with special grace and boldness in time to the song, and looking at those driving past as if he pitied all who were not at that moment marching with the company. The hussar-cornet of Kutuzov's suite who had mimicked the regimental commander, fell back and rode up to Dolokhov.

Hussar-Cornet Zherkov had at one time belonged to the riotous set in Petersburg led by Dolokhov. Abroad Zherkov had met Dolokhov as a private, but had not thought it necessary to recognize him. But now that Kutuzov had spoken to the gentleman-ranker, he addressed him with the cordiality of an old friend.

'My dear fellow, how are you?' said he, through the sounds of the song, making his horse keep step with the company.

'How am I?' Dolokhov answered coldly. 'I am as you see.'

The merry song gave a special significance to the tone of free and easy gaiety in which Zherkov spoke, and to the intentional coldness of Dolokhov's reply.

'And how do you get on with the officers?' inquired Zherkov.

'All right. They are good fellows. And how have you wriggled on to the staff?'

'I was attached. I'm on duty.'

Both were silent a while.

'*She let fly the hawk from her wide right sleeve,*' went

the song, involuntarily arousing feelings of courage and cheerfulness. Their conversation would probably have been different had it not been for the effect of the sound of that song.

'Is it true that the Austrians have been beaten?' asked Dolokhov.

'The devil only knows! They say so.'

'I'm glad,' answered Dolokhov briefly and clearly, as the song demanded.

'I say, come round some evening, and we'll have a game of faro!' said Zherkov.

'Why, have you too much money?'

'Do come.'

'I can't. I took a vow. I don't drink and don't play till I get reinstated.'

'Well, that's only till the first engagement.'

'We shall see.'

They were again silent.

'Come if you need anything. On the staff one can at least be of use...'

Dolokhov smiled. 'Don't you trouble. If I want anything, I won't beg—I'll take it!'

'Well, never mind;—I only...'

'And I only...'

'Good-bye.'

'Good health...'

*'It's a long, long way
To my native land...'*

Zherkov touched his horse with the spurs, and, getting excited, it pranced two or three times from foot to foot uncertain with which to start, righted itself, and galloped past the company to catch up the carriage, still keeping time to the song.

CHAPTER III

WHEN Kutuzov returned from the review, he took the Austrian general into his study, and calling his aide-de-camp asked for some papers concerning the state of the regiments on their arrival, and the letters that had come from the Archduke Ferdinand, who was at the head of the advanced army. Prince Andrew Bolkonski entered

the study with the required papers. Kutuzov and the Austrian member of the Hofkriegsrath were sitting at the table on which a plan was spread out.

'Ah . . . ' said Kutuzov glancing at Bolkonski as if by this exclamation he was asking the aide-de-camp to wait, and he continued the conversation as it had been begun, in French.

'All I can say, general,' said he with a pleasant elegance of expression and intonation which forced one to listen to each deliberately spoken word—it was evident that Kutuzov himself listened with pleasure to his own voice—

'All I can say, general, is that if the matter depended on my personal wishes, the will of his majesty the Emperor Francis would have been fulfilled long ago. I should have long ago joined the archduke. And believe me on my honour that to me personally, to hand the command of the army over into the hands of a better informed and more skilful general, of whom Austria has so many, and to lay down all this burdensome responsibility, would be a pleasure. But circumstances are sometimes too strong for us, general.'

And Kutuzov smiled in a manner that seemed to say, 'You have a perfect right not to believe me, and I don't even care whether you do or not, but you have no grounds for telling me so. And that is the chief thing.'

The Austrian general looked dissatisfied, but had no option but to reply in the same tone.

'On the contrary,' he said, in a querulous and angry voice which contrasted with his flattering words, 'on the contrary, your excellency's participation in the common action is highly appreciated by his majesty; but we think the present delay is depriving the splendid Russian troops and their commander of the laurels they have been accustomed to win in their battles,' he concluded his evidently pre-arranged sentence.

Kutuzov bowed with the same smile.

'But that is my conviction, and, basing my opinion on the last letter with which his Highness the Archduke Ferdinand has honoured me, I believe that the Austrian troops under the direction of such an efficient leader as General Mack, have by now already won a decisive victory and no longer need our assistance,' said Kutuzov.

The general frowned. Though there was no definite

news of an Austrian defeat, there were many circumstances confirming the unfavourable rumours that were afloat, and therefore Kutuzov's supposition concerning an Austrian victory sounded very like irony. But Kutuzov went on blandly smiling, with the same expression which seemed to say that he had a right to that supposition. And in fact the last letter received by him from Mack's army mentioned a victory and declared that the strategical position of the army was highly favourable.

'Give me that letter,' said Kutuzov turning to Prince Andrew. 'Please have a look at it'—and Kutuzov with an ironical smile at the corners of his mouth read aloud in German to the Austrian general the following passage of the Archduke Ferdinand's letter.

'We have fully concentrated forces of nearly 70,000 men, with which to attack and defeat the enemy should he cross the Lech. As we are masters of Ulm, we cannot lose the advantage of remaining masters of both banks of the Danube, and therefore able at any moment, should the enemy not cross the Lech, to cross the Danube and throw ourselves on his line of communication, recross the Danube lower down, and prevent the enemy from carrying out his intentions should he attempt to direct his whole force against our faithful ally. We shall in this way confidently await the moment when the Imperial Russian army will be fully equipped, and shall then easily, in co-operation with it, find the way to prepare for the enemy the fate he deserves.'

Kutuzov sighed deeply on finishing this paragraph, and looked at the member of the Hofkriegsrath mildly and attentively.

'But you know the wise maxim, your excellency, which advises one to expect the worst,' said the Austrian general, evidently wishing to have done with jests and start on business. He looked involuntarily at the aide-de-camp.

'Excuse me, general,' interrupted Kutuzov, also turning towards Prince Andrew. 'Look here, dear fellow, get all the reports of our scouts from Koslovski. Here are two letters from Count Nostitz, and here is one from his Highness the Archduke Ferdinand, and here are these,' he said, handing him several papers, 'out of all this compose a neat memorandum in French, just

a note to show all the news we have had of the movements of the Austrian army. Well, and then give it to his excellency.'

Prince Andrew bowed his head to signify that he had understood from the first not only what had been said but also what Kutuzov would have liked to tell him. He gathered the papers together, and with a bow to both, stepping softly on the carpet, went out into the waiting-room.

Though not much time had passed since Prince Andrew had left Russia, he had changed greatly during that period. In the expression of his face, in his movements and his walk, scarcely a trace was left of his former affected languor and laziness. He now looked like a man who had no time to think of the impression he was making on others, but was occupied with enjoyable and interesting work. His face expressed more satisfaction with himself and those about him; his smile and glance were brighter and more attractive.

Kutuzov, whom he had overtaken in Poland, had received him very kindly, promised not to forget him, distinguished him above the other aides-de-camp, and had taken him to Vienna and charged him with important commissions. From Vienna, Kutuzov wrote to his old comrade Prince Andrew's father:

'Your son bids fair to become an officer distinguished by his industry, firmness, and expedition. I consider myself happy to have such a subordinate with me.'

On Kutuzov's staff, among his fellow officers and in the army generally, just as in Petersburg society, Prince Andrew had two perfectly different reputations. Some, a minority, acknowledged him to be something different from themselves and from other men, expected great things of him, listened to him, admired and imitated him, and with these men Prince Andrew was natural and pleasant. Others, the majority, disliked him, considering him conceited, cold, and disagreeable. But Prince Andrew knew how to take his stand among these people in such a way that they respected and even feared him.

Coming out of Kutuzov's study into the waiting-room, Prince Andrew with the papers in his hand came up to his comrade, the aide-de-camp on duty, Kozlovski, who was sitting with a book at the window.

'Well, Prince?' asked Kozlovski.

'I am told to write a memorandum explaining why we are not advancing.'

'And why is it?'

Prince Andrew shrugged his shoulders.

'Any news of Mack?'

'No.'

'If it were true that he has been beaten we should have had the news.'

'Probably,' said Prince Andrew going towards the outer door.

But at that instant a tall Austrian general in a great-coat and with an order of Maria Theresa round his neck and his head bandaged with a black scarf, who had evidently only just arrived, entered quickly, slamming the door behind him. Prince Andrew stopped.

'Commander-in-chief Kutuzov?' said the newly-arrived general rapidly, speaking with a harsh German accent, looking to both sides and uninterruptedly advancing towards the study door.

'The commander-in-chief is occupied,' said Kozlovski, going hurriedly towards the unknown general and blocking the way to the door. 'What name shall I give?'

The unknown general looked contemptuously down on Kozlovski, who was rather short, as if surprised that any one should not know him.

'The commander-in-chief is occupied,' repeated Kozlovski quietly.

The general's face clouded, his lips quivered and trembled. He took out a note-book, hurriedly wrote something in pencil, tore out the leaf and gave it to Kozlovski, went quickly to the window, and threw himself into a chair, gazing at those in the room as if asking, 'Why do they look at me?' Then he lifted his head, stretched his neck as if he intended to say something, but suddenly with affected indifference tried to hum to himself, producing a queer sound which immediately broke off. The study door opened, and Kutuzov appeared in the doorway. The general with his bandaged head, as though running away from some danger, bent forward, and taking long strides with his thin legs approached Kutuzov.

'*Vous voyez le malheureux Mack,*'¹ he uttered in a broken voice.

Kutuzov's face as he stood in the open doorway remained perfectly immovable for a few moments. Then wrinkles ran over his face like a wave, and his forehead became smooth again; he bowed his head respectfully, closed his eyes, silently let Mack enter the study before him, and himself closed the door behind him.

The report which had been circulated that the Austrians had been beaten near Ulm and that the whole army had surrendered proved correct. Half an hour later aides-de-camp were sent in all directions with orders indicating that the Russian troops, who had hitherto been inactive, would also soon have to encounter the enemy.

Prince Andrew was one of those rare staff-officers whose chief interest was centred in the general course of military operations. When he saw Mack and heard the details of his fall, he understood that half the campaign was lost; understood all the difficulties of the position of the Russian army, and vividly imagined what awaited it and the part he would have to play. He involuntarily felt a joyful agitation at the thought that arrogant Austria had been put to shame, and that in a week's time he might perhaps see and take part in the first encounter of the Russians with the French since Suvorov met them. But he feared Bonaparte's genius, which might prove stronger than all the courage of the Russian troops, and at the same time he could not conceive of his hero being disgraced.

Excited and irritated by these thoughts, Prince Andrew went to his room to write to his father, as he did every day. In the corridor he met Nesvitski, the man who shared his rooms, and Zherkov, a perpetual buffoon; they were both laughing as usual.

'Why are you so glum?' asked Nesvitski, noticing Prince Andrew's pale face and glistening eyes.

'There's no reason to be gay,' answered Bolkonski.

Just as Prince Andrew met Nesvitski and Zherkov, Strauch, an Austrian general attached to Kutuzov's staff, whose business it was to attend to the provisioning of the Russian army, and the member of the Hofkriegsrath who had arrived the day before, appeared at the other

¹ 'You see the unfortunate Mack.'

end of the corridor and came towards them. There was room enough in the wide corridor for the generals to pass the three officers quite easily, but Zherkov, pushing Nesvitski aside with his arm, said in a breathless voice,

'They're coming! . . . they're coming! . . . Stand aside, make way, please make way!'

The generals were passing with an air of desiring to avoid embarrassing attention. On the face of the wag Zherkov there suddenly appeared a stupid grin of joy, which he seemed unable to suppress.

'Your excellency,' said he in German, stepping forward and addressing the Austrian general, 'I have the honour to congratulate you.'

He bowed his head and scraped first one foot and then the other awkwardly, like a child at a dancing-lesson.

The general, the member of the Hofkriegsrath, looked at him severely, but seeing the seriousness of his stupid smile could not but give him a moment's attention. He screwed up his eyes showing that he was listening.

'I have the honour to congratulate you. General Mack has arrived, quite well, only a bit bruised just here,' he added, pointing with a beaming smile to his head.

The general frowned, turned aside, and went on.

'*Gott wie naiv!*'¹ said he angrily, after he had gone a few steps.

Nesvitski, bursting with laughter, embraced Prince Andrew, but Bolkonski grew still paler, pushed him aside with an angry look and turned to Zherkov. The nervous irritation aroused by the appearance of Mack, the news concerning his condition, and the thought of what awaited the Russian army, found vent in wrathful indignation at Zherkov's untimely jest.

'If you, sir, like to make a *buffoon* of yourself,' he said sharply, with slightly tremulous jaw, 'I can't prevent your doing so; but I warn you that if you *dare* to play the fool in my presence, I will teach you to behave yourself.'

Nesvitski and Zherkov were so surprised by this outburst that they looked silently with wide-open eyes at Bolkonski.

'What's the matter? I only congratulated them,' said Zherkov.

¹ 'Good God, what simplicity

'I am not joking with you. Silence, if you please!' cried Bolkonski, and taking Nesvitski's arm he left Zherkov, who did not know what to say.

'Never mind, old fellow!' said Nesvitski in soothing tones.

'Never mind?' exclaimed Prince Andrew standing still from excitement. 'But just understand that either we are officers serving our Tsar and our country and rejoicing in our common successes and sorrowing at our common misfortunes, or we are merely lackeys who care nothing about their master's business. *Quarante mille hommes massacrés et l'armée de nos alliés détruite, et vous trouvez là le mot pour rire,*' he said, as if strengthening his views by this French sentence. '*C'est bien pour un garçon de rien comme cet individu dont vous avez fait un ami, mais pas pour vous, pas pour vous.*¹ Only urchins might amuse themselves in this way,' he continued in Russian, but pronouncing the word with a French accent, noticing that Zherkov could still hear him.

He waited a moment to see whether the cornet would answer. But the cornet turned away and left the corridor.

CHAPTER IV

THE Pavlograd Hussars were stationed two miles from Braunau. The squadron in which Nicholas Rostov served as a cadet was quartered in the German village of Salzeneck. The best quarters in the village were assigned to Cavalry Captain Denisov, the squadron commander, who was known throughout the whole cavalry division as Vaska Denisov. Cadet Rostov, ever since he had overtaken the regiment in Poland, had lived with the squadron commander.

On the 11th of October, the very day when at headquarters everything was set astir by the news of Mack's defeat, the campaign life of the staff of this squadron went on as usual. Denisov, who had been playing cards all night, had not yet come home when Rostov returned early in the morning from a foraging expedition. Rostov in his

¹ 'Forty thousand men massacred and the army of our allies destroyed, and you find in that a cause for jesting! . . . It is all very well for that good-for-nothing fellow of whom you have made a friend, but not for you, not for you.'

adet uniform, having touched up his horse, rode to the porch, lifted his leg over the saddle with a supple youthful movement, stood in his stirrup for a moment as if reluctant to part from the horse, and at last jumped down and called to his orderly.

'Ah, Bondarenko, dear friend!' said he to the hussar who rushed headlong to the horse. 'Walk him up and down, friend,' he said with that joyous, brotherly cordiality with which good young people when they are happy address everybody.

'Yes, your excellency,' answered the Little-Russian naily, tossing his head.

'Mind and walk him up and down well!'

Another hussar also rushed towards the horse, but Bondarenko had already thrown the reins of the snaffle-bridle over the horse's head. It was evident that the adet was liberal with his tips and that it paid to serve him. Rostov patted the horse's neck and then his flank, and stood still for a moment.

'Splendid! That will be a horse!' he thought with a smile, and holding his sword he ran up the steps of the porch, his spurs jingling. His landlord, a German, in a sweater, with a pointed cap on his head, and in his hand a pitch-fork, with which he was clearing the manure out of a cowshed, looked out, and when he saw Rostov his face suddenly brightened. '*Schön, gut Morgen! Schön, gut Morgen!*'¹ he said, winking with a merry smile, evidently pleased to greet the young man.

'*Schon fleissig!*'² said Rostov with the same joyful, brotherly smile which did not leave his animated face. '*Hoch Oestreicher! Hoch Russen! Kaiser Alexander hoch!*'³ he said, quoting words often repeated by the German landlord.

The German laughed, came out of the cowshed, pulled off his cap and waving it above his head cried:

'*Und die ganze Welt hoch!*'⁴

Rostov too, like the German, waved his cap above his head, and cried laughing, '*Und vivat die ganze Welt!*' Though neither the German who was cleaning his cowshed,

¹ 'A very good morning! A very good morning.'

² 'Busy already!'

³ 'Hurrah for the Austrians! Hurrah for the Russians! Hurrah for Tsar Alexander!'

⁴ And hurrah for the whole world.

nor Rostov who had been out with a platoon to get hay, had any special cause to rejoice, they looked at each other with joyful delight and brotherly love, nodded to show their mutual affection, and parted smiling, the German returning to his cowshed and Rostov entering the hut he occupied with Denisov.

'What about your master?' he asked Lavrushka, Denisov's valet, whom all the regiment knew for a rogue.

'Hasn't been in since the evening. Has been losing, probably,' answered Lavrushka. 'I know, if he wins he comes back early to brag about it; but if he stays out till morning, it means he's lost and will return quite cross. Will you have coffee?'

'Yes, yes.'

Ten minutes later Lavrushka brought the coffee. 'He's coming!' said he. 'It's a bad look out now.' Rostov looked out of the window and saw Denisov coming home. Denisov was a small man with a red face, glittering black eyes, and black disordered moustache and hair. He wore an unbuttoned pelisse and wide breeches which were hanging down in creases, and a shako on the back of his head. He approached the porch gloomily, hanging his head.

'Lavruska!' he shouted loudly and angrily. 'Take it off, blockhead!'

'I am taking it off as it is,' replied Lavrushka's voice.

'Ah! you're up already,' said Denisov, entering the room.

'Long ago,' answered Rostov, 'I have already been for the hay, and saw Fräulein Mathilde.'

'Deah me! And I've lost, bwother, I lost yestehday like a damned fool,' screamed Denisov not pronouncing his r's. 'Such ill luck! Luck—ill luck. As soon as you left it started and went on. Hullo there! Tea!'

Puckering up his face as though smiling, and showing his short strong teeth, he began to pass both hands with their stubby fingers through his thick tangled black hair.

'And what devil made me go to that wat?' (an officer nicknamed 'the rat') he said, rubbing his forehead and his whole face with both hands. 'Just fancy, he did not let me win a single cahd, not one cahd.'

Denisov took the lighted pipe that was offered to him, gripped it in his fist and tapped it on the floor, making the sparks fly, while he continued to shout.

'He lets one win the singles, and collahs it as soon as one doubles it; he gives the singles and snatches the doubles!'

He spilt the burning tobacco, smashed his pipe and threw it away. He remained silent for a while, then with his black glittering eyes suddenly looked cheerfully at Rostov.

'If at least we had some women here, but there's nothing foh one to do but dwink. If we could only have some fighting soon. Hullo, who is there?' he said, turning towards the door as he heard a tread of heavy boots cease, the clinking of spurs, and a respectful cough.

'The quartermaster!' said Lavrushka.

Denisov's face puckered still more.

'Howid!' he muttered, throwing down a purse with some gold in it. 'Rostov, deah fellow, just see how much there is left, and shove the purse undah the pillow,' he said, and went out to the quartermaster.

Rostov took the money, and, mechanically sorting the old and new coins in separate piles, began counting them.

'Ah! Telyanin! How d'ye do? They plucked me last night,' came Denisov's voice from the next room.

'Where? At Bykov's, at the rat's . . . I knew,' replied another in a piping voice, and Lieutenant Telyanin, a small officer of the same squadron, entered the room.

Rostov thrust the purse under the pillow, and pressed the damp little hand which was held out to him. Telyanin had for some reason been transferred from the Guards just before this campaign. He behaved very well in the regiment, but was not liked; Rostov especially detested him and was unable to conquer or conceal his causeless antipathy to the man.

'Well, young cavalryman, how is my "Rook" behaving?' he asked. Rook was the young horse Telyanin had sold to Rostov.

The lieutenant never looked any one straight in the face; his eyes continually wandered from one object to another.

'I saw you riding this morning . . .' he added.

'Oh, he's all right, a good horse,' answered Rostov, though the horse, for which he had paid 700 roubles, was not worth half that sum. 'He goes a little lame on the left forefoot,' he added.

'The hoof's cracked! That's nothing. I'll teach you what to do, and show you what kind of rivet to use.'

'Yes, please do,' said Rostov.

'I'll show you, I'll show you! It's not a secret. And it's a horse you'll thank me for.'

'Then I'll tell them to bring the horse round,' said Rostov, wishing to avoid Telyanin, and he went out to give the order.

In the passage Denisov was squatting on the threshold smoking a pipe, facing the quarter-master who was reporting something. Seeing Rostov, Denisov puckered up his face and, pointing over his shoulder with his thumb towards the room where Telyanin was, gave a shudder of disgust.

'Oh, I don't like the fellow,' he said, regardless of the quartermaster's presence.

Rostov shrugged his shoulders as much as to say: 'Nor I either, but what can one do?' and having given the order returned to Telyanin.

Telyanin sat in the same lazy pose in which Rostov had left him, rubbing his small white hands.

'Well, there certainly are disgusting people,' thought Rostov as he entered.

'Well, have you told them to bring the horse?' asked Telyanin, rising and looking carelessly round.

'I have.'

'Let us go ourselves. I only came to ask Denisov about yesterday's orders. Have you received them, Denisov?'

'Not yet. But where are you off to?'

'I want to teach this young man how to shoe his horse,' said Telyanin.

They went to the stable. The lieutenant explained how to rivet the hoof, and went away.

When Rostov went back a bottle of vodka and a sausage were on the table. Denisov was sitting there, and his pen was scratching on a sheet of paper. He looked gloomily in Rostov's face and said,

'I am writing to her.'

He leant his elbows on the table with his pen in his hand, and evidently glad of an opportunity to put more rapidly into words what he had meant to write, began telling Rostov the contents of his letter.

'You see, my fwriend,' he said, 'we sleep, while we don't love. We are childwen of earth . . . but one falls in love and one is a God, one is puhe as on the fihst day of cweation . . . Who's that now? Send him to the devil. Am busy!' he shouted to Lavrushka, who approached him, not in the least abashed.

'Who should it be? You yourself gave the order. It's the quartermaster come back for the money.'

Denisov puckered up his face and was about to shout something but stopped.

'Howid business,' he muttered to himself. 'How much is there left in the puhse?' he asked, turning to Rostov.

'Seven new and three old imperials.'

'Oh, it's howid! Well, what are you standing there for, you sca'cwow? Call the quahtehmasteh,' he shouted to Lavrushka.

'Please, Denisov, let me lend you some; I have some, you know,' said Rostov, blushing.

'Don't like bowowing from my own fellows. I don't,' growled Denisov.

'But if you won't accept money from me like a comrade, you will hurt me. Really I have some,' Rostov repeated.

'No, I tell you.'

And Denisov went up to the bed to get the purse.

'Where have you put it, Wostov?'

'Under the lower pillow.'

'It's not there.'

Denisov threw both pillows on the ground. The purse was not there.

'That's a miracle!'

'Wait, have you not dropped it?' said Rostov, lifting the pillows and shaking them.

He pulled off the quilt and shook it. The purse was not there.

'Dear me, can I have forgotten? No, I remember thinking you kept it under your head, like a treasure,' said Rostov. 'I put it just here. Where is it?' he asked, turning to Lavrushka.

'I haven't been in the room. It must be where you put it.'

'But it isn't! . . .'

'That's just like you, you throw a thing down anywhere and forget. Look in your pockets.'

'No, if I had not thought about the treasure,' said Rostov; 'but as it is I remember putting it there.'

Lavrushka turned all the bedding over, looked under the bed and under the table, searched the whole room, and stopped in the middle of the room. Denisov silently watched Lavrushka's movements and when the latter spread out his arms in surprise, saying that it was not to be found anywhere, Denisov glanced at Rostov.

'Wostov, you've not been up to tric . . .'

Rostov felt Denisov's gaze fixed on him, raised his eyes for a second, and dropped them again at once. All the blood which had seemed congested somewhere below his throat, rushed to his face and eyes. He could not draw breath.

'And there hasn't been any one in the room except the lieutenant and yourselves. It must be here somewhere,' said Lavrushka.

'Now then, you devil's puppet, be alive and hunt for it!' suddenly shouted Denisov, turning purple and rushing at the valet with a threatening gesture. 'If the purse isn't found in a minute I'll have you flogged, I'll have you all flogged.'

Rostov avoiding Denisov with his eyes, began buttoning his coat, buckling on his sabre, and putting on his cap.

'I must have that puhse, I tell you,' shouted Denisov, shaking the valet by the shoulders and knocking him against the wall.

'Denisov, leave him alone,' said Rostov. 'I know who has taken it,' and he went towards the door without raising his eyes.

Denisov paused, thought for a moment, and evidently understanding what Rostov hinted at, seized his arm.

'Nonsense!' he cried so that the veins on his forehead and neck stood out like cords. 'You are mad, I tell you, I won't allow it. The puhse is here! I'll flay this scoundrel alive, and it will be found.'

'I know who has taken it,' repeated Rostov in a trembling voice, and he went to the door.

'And I tell you, don't you dahe to do it!' shouted Denisov, rushing at the cadet to restrain him.

But Rostov pulled away his arm, and with a look of anger as though Denisov were his worst enemy he firmly fixed his eyes straight on his face.

'Do you understand what you are saying?' he said with a trembling voice. 'There was no one else in the room except myself. Therefore if it is not so, it must ...'

He could not finish, and ran out of the room.

'Ah, may the devil take you, and everybody,' were the last words Rostov heard.

Rostov went to Telyanin's quarters.

'Master is not in, he's gone to head-quarters,' said Telyanin's orderly. 'Has something happened?' he added, surprised at the cadet's agitated appearance.

'No, nothing.'

'You have only just missed him,' said the orderly.

The head-quarters were situated two miles away from Salzenek. Rostov without returning home took a horse and rode there. There was an inn in the village, which the officers used to frequent. Rostov rode up to it, and saw Telyanin's horse at the porch.

In the second room of the inn, with a dish of sausages and a bottle of wine before him, sat Telyanin.

'Ah, you've also looked in, young man!' he said, smiling and raising his eyebrows.

'Yes,' said Rostov as if it cost him great pain to utter this word; and sat down at the next table.

Both were silent. There were two Germans and a Russian officer in the room. No one spoke, and only the clatter of knives and the munching of the lieutenant were heard.

When Telyanin had finished his lunch he took out of his pocket a double purse and pushing the rings aside with his small white fingers that turned up, he drew out a gold imperial, and lifting his brows, gave it to the waiter.

'Please be quick,' he said.

The coin was a new one. Rostov rose and went up to Telyanin.

'Allow me to see your purse,' he said in a low almost inaudible voice.

Telyanin, his eyes wandering from side to side but his brows still lifted, handed him the purse.

'Yes, it's a nice purse. Yes, yes,' he said growing suddenly pale, and added, 'Look at it, young man.'

Rostov took the purse, examined it as well as the money that was in it, and looked at Telyanin. The lieutenant

was looking about in his usual manner, and suddenly seemed to grow very merry.

'If we get to Vienna, I shall get rid of it all there, but there's nowhere to spend it in these wretched little towns,' said he. 'Well, let me have it, young man, I'm going.'

Rostov remained silent.

'And you? Are you going to have lunch too? They feed you quite decently here,' continued Telyanin. 'Now then let me have it.'

He stretched out his hand and took hold of the purse. Rostov let it go. Telyanin took the purse and began carelessly slipping it into the pocket of his riding-breeches while lifting his eyebrows and slightly opening his mouth, as if he were going to say, 'Yes, yes, I am putting my purse into my pocket, and it is quite simple, and it is no one else's business.'

'Well, young man?' he said with a sigh, and from under his lifted brows he looked into Rostov's eyes.

Some flush as if of an electric spark shot from Telyanin's eyes to Rostov's and back, and back again and again, in a moment.

'Come here,' uttered Rostov, catching hold of Telyanin's arm. (He almost dragged him to the window.) 'That money is Denisov's; you took it . . .' he whispered just above Telyanin's ear.

'What? What? How dare you? What?' said Telyanin.

But these words came like a piteous despairing cry and an entreaty for pardon. As soon as Rostov heard these sounds, an enormous load of doubt fell from him. He was glad, and at the same instant he began to pity the miserable man who stood before him, but the task he had begun had to be completed.

'Heaven only knows what the people here may imagine,' muttered Telyanin, taking up his cap and moving towards a small empty room. 'We must have an explanation . . .'

'I know it and shall prove it,' said Rostov.

'I . . .'

Every muscle of Telyanin's pale, frightened face began to quiver; his eyes still wandered from side to side but with a downward look not rising to Rostov's face, and sounds of sobs were heard.

'Count! . . . Do not ruin a young fellow . . . here is

this wretched money, take it . . . ' He threw it on the table. ' I have an old father and mother ! . . . '

Rostov took the money, avoiding Telyanin's eyes, and went out of the room without a word. But at the door he stopped and then retraced his steps. ' O God,' he said with tears in his eyes, ' how could you do it ? '

' Count,' . . . said Telyanin, drawing nearer to him.

' Don't touch me,' said Rostov, moving aside. ' If you need it, take the money,' and he threw the purse towards him and ran out of the inn.

CHAPTER V

IN the evening of the same day, in Denisov's room, there was an animated discussion among the officers of the squadron.

' And I tell you, Rostov, that you must apologize to the regimental commander ! ' said a tall grizzly-haired staff-captain with enormous moustaches and many wrinkles on his large features, to Rostov, whose face was crimson with excitement.

The staff-captain Kirsten had twice been reduced to the ranks for affairs of honour, and had twice regained his commission.

' I will allow no one to call me a liar ! ' cried Rostov. ' He told me I lied, and I told him he lied. And there the matter remains. He may keep me on duty every day, or may put me under arrest, but no one can make me apologize, because if he thinks it beneath his dignity as regimental commander to give me satisfaction, then . . . '

' You just wait a moment, my dear fellow, and listen,' interrupted the staff-captain in his deep bass, calmly smoothing his long moustache. ' You tell the regimental commander, in the presence of other officers, that an officer stole . . . '

' I'm not to blame that the conversation was started in the presence of other officers. Perhaps I should not have spoken before them, but I am no diplomat. That's why I joined the hussars, thinking that here one would not need finesse ; and he tells me that I am lying—so let him give me satisfaction. . . . '

' That's all right. No one thinks you a coward ; but

that's not the point. Ask Denisov what he thinks of a cadet demanding satisfaction from a regimental commander.'

Denisov sat gloomily biting his moustache and listening to the conversation, evidently with no wish to take part in it. He answered the staff-captain's remark by a disapproving shake of his head.

'You told the regimental commander about this nasty business before other officers,' continued the staff-captain, 'and Bogdanich' (the regimental commander was called Bogdanich) 'shut you up.'

'He did not shut me up; he said I was telling an untruth.'

'Well, have it so, and you said a lot of rude things to him and ought to apologize.'

'Not on any account!' exclaimed Rostov.

'I did not think this of you,' said the staff-captain seriously and severely. 'You don't wish to apologize, but you are to blame not only towards him, but towards the whole regiment—all of us—you are downright guilty! The case is this: you should have thought and taken advice, how to act in the matter; but no, you go straight and blurt it all out in front of the officers. Now what was the regimental commander to do? Have the officer tried and disgrace the whole regiment? Disgrace the whole regiment because of one scoundrel? Is that how you look at it? We don't see it like that. And Bogdanich was a brick, he told you you were saying what was not true. It's not pleasant; but what's to be done, my dear fellow? You've landed yourself in it. And now, when one wants to hush the matter up, some conceit prevents your apologizing, and you wish to make the whole thing public. You are offended at having to be on duty a bit, but why not apologize to an old and honourable officer? Whatever Bogdanich may be, he is anyway an honest and brave old colonel. You're ready at taking offence, but you don't mind disgracing the whole regiment!' The staff-captain's voice began to quaver. 'You, my dear fellow, have been in the regiment for a time not worth mentioning; you're here to-day and to-morrow you'll be appointed aide-de-camp somewhere, so you can snap your fingers when it is said, "There are thieves among the Pavlograd officers!" But it's not all the

same to us! Am I not right, Denisov? It's not the same!

Denisov still kept silent and immovable, only looking now and then at Rostov with his glittering black eyes.

'You value your own pride and don't wish to apologize,' continued the staff-captain, 'but we old fellows who have grown up, and God willing are going to die in the regiment, we prize the honour of the regiment, and Bogdanich knows it. Oh, we do prize it, my dear fellow! And all this is not right, it's not right! You may take offence or not, but I always stick to mother truth. It's not right!'

And the staff-captain rose and turned away from Rostov.

'That's twue, confound it!' shouted Denisov, jumping up. 'Now then, Wostov, now then!'

Rostov growing red and pale alternately, looked first at one officer and then at the other.

'No, gentlemen, no . . . don't imagine . . . I understand quite well—you are wrong to think so of me . . . I . . . for me . . . I . . . for the honour of the regiment . . . Ah! well, I'll prove that by deeds, and for me the honour of the flag . . . Well, never mind, it's true, I am to blame! . . . Tears came into his eyes. 'I am to blame, completely to blame! Well, what else do you want? . . .'

'Come, that's right, Count,' cried the staff-captain, turning round and slapping Rostov on the shoulder with his big hand.

'I tell you,' shouted Denisov, 'he's a fine fellow.'

'It's better so, Count,' said the staff-captain again, addressing him by his title, as if in sequence to Rostov's confession, 'Go and apologize, your excellency. Yes, go!'

'Gentlemen, I will do anything. No one shall hear a word from me,' said Rostov in a tone of entreaty, 'but I can't apologize; by Heaven I can't, do what you will! How can I go and apologize? Just as if I were a little boy, asking forgiveness!'

Denisov began to laugh.

'It is worse for you. Bogdanich is vindictive and you'll pay for your obstinacy,' said Kirsten.

'No, on my word it's not obstinacy! I can't describe the feeling. I can't . . .'

'Well, it's as you like,' said the staff-captain. 'And what has become of that scoundrel?' he asked Denisov.

'He has weported himself ill; he's to be stwuck off the list to-mowow,' muttered Denisov.

'It is an illness, it's the only way to account for it,' said the staff-captain.

'Illness or not, don't let him cwoss my path. I'd kill him!' shouted Denisov blood-thirstily.

Just then Zherkov entered the room.

'What brings you here?' exclaimed the officers turning to the new-comer.

'We're to go into action, gentlemen! Mack has surrendered with his whole army.'

'It's not true!'

'I saw him myself!'

'What? Saw the real Mack? Mack with legs and arms?'

'Into action! into action! Bring him a bottle for the news! But what brought you here?'

'I've been ordered back to the regiment, all on account of that devil Mack. An Austrian general complained of me. I congratulated him on Mack's arrival. . . . What's the matter, Rostov? You look as if you'd just had a hot bath.'

'Oh, my dear fellow, we're in such a stew here these last two days.'

The regimental adjutant came in and confirmed the news Zherkov had brought. They were ordered to move next day.

'We're going into action, gentlemen!'

'Well, thank God! We were getting rusty.'

CHAPTER VI

KUTUZOV retreated towards Vienna, destroying behind him the bridges over the river Inn (at Braunau) and the Traun (near Linz). On the 23rd of October the Russian troops were crossing the river Enns. At mid-day the Russian baggage-train, the artillery, and columns of troops were defiling through the town of Enns on both sides of the bridge.

The day was warm, autumnal and rainy. The wide prospect seen from the height on which stood the Russian batteries defending the bridge seemed at one moment to be curtained by a gauzy veil of slanting rain and then

suddenly to expand, and in the light of the sun far-distant objects became clearly visible, seeming as though freshly varnished. At the foot of the hill could be seen the little town with its white houses and red roofs, its cathedral and its bridge, on both sides of which streamed crowded masses of Russian troops. At the bend of the Danube could be seen vessels and an island and a castle with a park, surrounded by the waters of the Enns falling into the Danube, and the rocky left bank of the Danube covered with pine forests, with a mystic background of green summits and bluish hollows. The turrets of a convent showed beyond a wild virgin forest of pines, and far in the background, on the other side of the Enns, horse-patrols of the enemy were visible.

Among the field-guns on the brow of the hill stood the general in command of the rear-guard, with a staff-officer, examining the country through his field-glass. To the back Nesvitski, who had been sent to the rear-guard by the commander-in-chief, was sitting on the trail of a gun-carriage. A Cossack who accompanied him was handing him a satchel and a flask, and Nesvitski was offering pies and real *doppel-kümmel* to some officers, who gladly gathered round him, some kneeling, some sitting like Turks on the wet grass.

'Yes, the Austrian prince who built that castle was no fool. It's a fine place! Why are you not eating anything, gentlemen?' Nesvitski was saying.

'Thank you very much, Prince,' answered one of the officers, pleased to be talking to such an important staff-officer. 'A fine place! We passed close to the park, and saw two deer and the house. It's a splendid house.'

'Look, Prince,' said another, who would much have liked to take another pie, but felt shy and therefore pretended to be examining the surroundings—'look there, see those infantrymen have already got there. See, there in the meadow, behind the village, three of them are dragging something. They'll ransack that castle,' he remarked with evident satisfaction.

'Why, so they will,' said Nesvitski. 'No, but what I should like,' added he, munching a pie in his moist-lipped handsome mouth, 'would be to get over there.'

He pointed to the convent with its towers, visible on a hill. He smiled, his eyes became narrower and brighter.

‘That would be fun, gentlemen!’

The officers laughed.

‘Just to flutter the nuns a bit. I hear there are young Italian girls among them. Really I’d give five years of my life for it!’

‘It’s dull for them too,’ said one of the bolder officers, laughing.

Meanwhile the staff-officer of the suite, standing in advance, pointed out something to the general, who scrutinized it with his field-glass.

‘Yes, so it is, so it is,’ said the general angrily, lowering his field-glass and shrugging his shoulders, ‘so it is. They’ll be firing at the crossing. And why are they dawdling so?’

On the opposite side the enemy with their battery were visible to the naked eye, and from there a milk-white cloud arose. Then followed the distant sound of a shot, and it was noticeable how our troops began to hurry across.

Nesvitski rose puffing, and with a smile went up to the general.

‘Would not your excellency like a little refreshment?’ he said.

‘It’s a bad business,’ said the general without replying, ‘our men have been wasting time.’

‘Hadn’t I better ride across, your excellency?’ asked Nesvitski.

‘Yes, please do,’ answered the general, and he repeated the order that had already been given in detail before. ‘And tell the Hussars to cross last and fire the bridge, as I ordered; and the inflammable material on the bridge must be re-examined.’

‘Very good,’ answered Nesvitski.

He called the Cossack with his horse, told him to put away the luncheon-bag and flask, and lightly flung his heavy body across the saddle.

‘I’ll really call in on the nuns,’ he said to the officers who watched him with a smile, and then he rode down the hill by the winding path.

‘Now then, let’s see how far it will carry, captain. Have a try!’ said the general, turning to an artillery officer. ‘Have a little fun to while away the time.’

‘Crew, to your guns!’ commanded the officer.

In a moment the men came gaily running from their camp fires and began loading.

'Number one!' came the command.

Number one jumped briskly back. The gun rang with a deafening metallic roar, and a whistling grenade flew above the heads of our troops below the hill, and fell far short of the enemy, a little smoke showing the spot where it burst.

The faces of officers and men brightened up at the sound. All rose and began watching the movements of our troops below, which were as plainly visible as though they lay in one's hand, and farther off the movements of the approaching enemy. Just then the sun came fully out from behind the clouds, and the clear sound of the single shot and the glitter of the bright sunshine united to make a joyous and martial impression.

CHAPTER VII

Two of the enemy's balls had already flown over the bridge, where there was a crush. Half-way across stood Prince Nesvitski, who had alighted from his horse and was leaning his big body against the railings. He looked round laughing at the Cossack, who, holding two horses by their bridles, stood a few steps behind him. Each time Prince Nesvitski tried to move forward, soldiers and carts pushed him back again and pressed him against the railings, and all he could do was to smile.

'What a fellow you are, friend!' said the Cossack to a convoy soldier who with his wagon was pressing on to the infantrymen that were crowded close to his wheels and round his horses. 'What a fellow! He can't wait a moment. Don't you see the General wants to pass?'

But the convoyman paid no heed to the word 'General', and shouted at the soldiers who were blocking his way. 'Hi! there, boys! Keep to the left, hold on!' But the soldiers, crowded together shoulder to shoulder, their bayonets interlocking, moved across the bridge in one dense mass. Looking down over the railings, Prince Nesvitski saw the little waves of the Enns flowing swiftly and noisily, hurriedly chasing one another as they merged, rippled, and curled round the piles of the bridge. Looking

back upon the bridge, he saw equally monotonous living waves of soldiers with shoulder-straps, covered shakos, knapsacks, bayonets, and long muskets, and under the shakos faces with high cheek-bones, hollow cheeks and listless, tired expressions, and feet moving through the sticky mud that covered the planks of the bridge. Now and then through the monotonous waves of men, like a splash of white foam on the Enns, there squeezed his way a cloaked officer with a face of a different type from that of the men; or, like a chip of wood whirling in the river, an hussar on foot, an orderly, or a man of the town, was carried along by the waves of the infantrymen; and sometimes, like a log floating down the river, an officers' or company's wagon closely surrounded on all sides, high-piled and leather-covered, was carried over the bridge.

'It's as if a dam had burst,' said the Cossack hopelessly. 'Are there many more of you to come?'

'A million all but one!' said, with a wink, a waggish soldier in a torn coat, and passed on, followed by another, an old man.

'If *he*' (*he* was the enemy) 'begins popping at the bridge now,' said the old soldier morosely to a comrade, 'you'll forget to scratch yourself.'

And that soldier passed. Another followed, sitting on a cart.

'Where the devil have my leg-wraps been shoved to?' an orderly was saying as he ran behind the cart searching for something inside.

And these also passed on. Then came some merry soldiers who had evidently been drinking.

'Well, old fellow, and then he gives one on the teeth with the butt end of his gun...' a soldier whose great-coat was tucked up high said gaily and with a wide swing of his arm.

'That's so, the ham was delicious...' answered another, laughing loud. And they too passed on; so that Nesvitski did not learn who had been struck on the teeth or what the ham had to do with it.

'Bah! but they hurry when *he* lets a ball off; it's just as if they were all going to be killed,' a sergeant was saying angrily and reproachfully.

'As it flies past me, Daddy, the ball I mean,' said a

young soldier with an enormous mouth, hardly refraining from laughing, 'I think I'll die with fright. Really, 'pon my word, I get that frightened!' said he, as if bragging of having been frightened.

This one also passed. Then followed a cart unlike any that had gone before. It was a German cart with a pair of horses led by a German, and seemed loaded with a whole houseful of effects. A fine brindled cow with a large udder was attached behind the cart. A woman with an unweaned baby, an old woman and a healthy German girl with bright red cheeks were sitting on the top of feather-beds. Evidently these fugitives were allowed to pass by special permission. The eyes of all the soldiers turned towards the women, and while the vehicle was passing at foot pace, all the soldiers' remarks related to the two women. All the faces bore the same smile, expressing unseemly thoughts concerning one of the women.

'Just see, the German sausage is also making tracks!'

'Sell me the mother,' said another soldier addressing the German, who, angry and frightened, strode energetically along with downcast eyes.

'Ah, how smart she's made herself! Oh, the devils!'

'There, Fedotov, you should be quartered on them!'

'I have seen such before now, mate!'

'Where are you going!' asked an infantry officer, who was eating an apple, also half smiling as he looked at the fine girl.

The German closed his eyes, indicating that he did not understand.

'Would you like it? Take it,' said the officer, giving the girl an apple.

The girl smiled and accepted it. Nesvitski, like the rest of those on the bridge, did not take his eyes off the women while they were passing him. When they had gone by, the same stream of soldiers followed with the same kind of talk, and at last all stopped. As often happens, at the end of a bridge the horses of a company's wagon became restive, and the whole crowd was obliged to wait.

'And what are they stopping for? What disorder!' said the soldiers.

'Where are you shoving to? Devil take you! Can't you wait. 'Twill be worse when he sets the bridge on fire. Just see, here's an officer jammed in too,'—different

voices were saying in the crowd, as the men looked round at one another, and all pressed to the front.

Looking down at the waters of the Enns under the bridge, Nesvitski suddenly heard a sound new to him, of something big swiftly approaching . . . and falling into the water with a splash.

'Just see where it carries to!' a soldier near by said sternly, turning to where the sound came from.

'Cheering us up to make us move on,' said another uneasily.

The crowd moved on again. Nesvitski realized that it was a cannon-ball.

'Here, Cossack, my horse!' he said. 'Now then, you there, get out of the way! Make way!'

With great difficulty he managed to get to his horse, and moved on, still shouting. The soldiers squeezed themselves to make way for him but again pressed against him so that they jammed his leg, nor were those nearest to blame, for they were themselves pushed still harder from behind.

'Nesvitski, Nesvitski! you numskull!' he heard a hoarse voice behind him.

Nesvitski looked round, and saw, some fifteen paces away, but separated by the living mass of moving infantry, Vaska Denisov, red and shaggy, with his cap on the back of his black head and his pelisse jauntily hanging over his shoulder.

'Tell these devils, these fiends to let me pass!' shouted Denisov evidently in a fit of rage, his coal-black eyes with their inflamed whites glittering and rolling as he flourished his sheathed sabre in a small bare hand as red as his face.

'Ah! Vaska!' joyfully replied Nesvitski. 'What's up with you?'

'The squadwon can't pass,' shouted Denisov, showing his white teeth fiercely, and spurring his black thoroughbred Arab, which moved its ears as the bayonets touched them, and snorted, spurting white foam from his bit, beating the planks of the bridge with his hoofs and apparently ready to jump over the railings, if his rider would let him. 'What does this mean? They're like sheep! Just like sheep! Out of the way! . . . Let us pass! . . . Stop there, you devil with the cart! I'll hack you with my sabre!' he shouted, actually drawing his sabre from its scabbard and flourishing it.

The soldiers with frightened faces crowded against one another, and Denisov reached Nesvitski.

'How 's it you're not drunk to-day?' said Nesvitski when the other had ridden up to him.

'They don't even give one time to dwink!' answered Vaska Denisov. 'They keep dwagging the wegiment to and fwo all day. If they mean to fight, then fight. But the devil knows what this is.'

'What a dandy you are to-day!' said Nesvitski, glancing at Denisov's new pelisse and saddle-cloth.

Denisov smiled, took out of his sabretache a handkerchief that spread the smell of perfume around, and held it up to Nesvitski's nose.

'Can't help it. I'm going into action! I've shaved, bwushed my teeth, and scented myself.'

The imposing figure of Nesvitski followed by his Cossack, and the determination of Denisov who flourished his sword and shouted frantically, had such an effect that they managed to squeeze through to the farther side of the bridge and stopped the infantry there. Beside the bridge Nesvitski found the colonel to whom he had to deliver the order, and having done so he rode back.

Denisov, having cleared the way, stopped at the entrance to the bridge. Carelessly holding in his stallion that was neighing and pawing the ground to rejoin its fellows, Denisov watched his squadron draw nearer. On the planks of the bridge was heard the clear sound of hoofs, as when several horses are galloping, and the squadron, with the officers in front and the men four in line, spread over the bridge and began to pour off on his side of it.

The infantry soldiers who had been stopped crowded by the bridge in the trodden mud with that special feeling of ill-will, estrangement, and ridicule with which troops of different arms generally meet, and gazed at the clean, smart hussars who were moving past them in regular order.

'Smart lads! Only fit for a fair!' said one.

'What good are they? They're led about just for show!' remarked another.

'Don't kick up the dust, you infantrymen!' jested a hussar whose prancing horse was splashing mud over the other.

'I'd like to set you on two days' forced march with

a knapsack! Your fine cords would soon get tarnished,' said the infantryman, wiping the mud off his face with his sleeve. 'You sit up there more like a bird than a man.'

'There now, Zikin, they ought to put you on a horse. You'd look fine,' said a corporal, chaffing a thin little soldier who bent under the weight of his knapsack.

'Take a stick between your legs, that'll suit you for a horse!' the hussar shouted back.

CHAPTER VIII

THE remaining infantry hurriedly crossed the bridge, squeezing together as they approached it, as if passing a funnel. At last the wagons had all crossed, the crush was less severe and the last battalion marched on to the bridge. Only Denisov's squadron of Hussars remained on the further side facing the enemy, who could be seen from the hill on the opposite bank, but was not yet visible from the bridge, for the horizon as seen from the valley through which the river flowed was formed by rising ground only half a verst away. At the foot of the hill lay waste land over which moved a few groups of our Cossack scouts. Suddenly, on the road at the top of the high ground, appeared artillery and troops in blue uniform. These were the French. The Cossack scouts retreated down the hill at a trot. All the officers and men of Denisov's squadron, although they tried to talk of other things and to look in any other direction, thought only of the thing that was there on the hill-top, and kept looking continually at the patches appearing on the horizon, which they knew to be the troops of the enemy. Since noon the weather had cleared again, and beyond the Danube and the surrounding dark hills the sun was descending brightly. It was calm, and from the hill came at intervals shouts and the sound of the enemy's bugles. There was no one now between the squadron and the enemy, except a few scattered skirmishers. An empty space of some seven hundred yards was all that separated them. The enemy ceased firing, and that solemn, indefinable, formidable yet intangible boundary line which divides two hostile armies was felt all the more distinctly.

‘One step beyond that boundary line, which resembles the line dividing the living from the dead, lies uncertainty, suffering and death. And what is there? Who is there?—there beyond that field, that tree, that roof lit up by the sun? No one knows, but each wants to know. You fear and yet long to cross the boundary, and you know that sooner or later it must be crossed and you will have to find out what is beyond that boundary, just as you will inevitably have to find out what lies beyond death. But you are strong, healthy, in high spirits and excited, and are surrounded by other such excited and healthy young men.’ So thinks, or at any rate feels, any one who comes in sight of the enemy, and this feeling gives a particular glamour and glad distinctness of impression to everything that happens at such moments.

On the rising ground where the enemy was, the smoke of a shot appeared, and a ball flew whistling over the heads of the Hussar squadron. The officers, who had been standing together, rode off to their places. The Hussars began carefully aligning their horses. Silence fell upon the squadron. All were looking at the enemy and at the squadron commander, awaiting the word of command. A second and then a third cannon-ball flew past. Evidently they were firing at the Hussars; but the balls with rapid rhythmic whistle flew over the heads of the horsemen and struck somewhere beyond them. The Hussars did not look round, but at the sound of each passing ball the whole squadron, with its rows of faces so alike yet so various, holding its breath while the ball flew past, rose in its stirrups as at the word of command and then sank back again. The soldiers without turning their heads glanced at one another to see the impression made on their comrades. On every face, from Denisov to the bugler, appeared around chin and lips one common expression of conflict, irritation, and excitement. The quartermaster frowned, looking at the soldiers as if threatening to punish them. Cadet Mironov stooped every time a ball flew past. Rostov on the left flank, mounted on his horse Rook, which, though it had an unsound leg, was handsome, had the happy look of a schoolboy called up before a large audience for an examination in which he feels sure of distinguishing himself. He was glancing at every one with a clear bright expression, as if asking

them to notice how calmly he sat under fire. But on his face too, something new and stern, despite himself, showed round his mouth.

'Who's that making bows there? Cadet Miwonov! That's not right! Look at me,' cried Denisov, who, unable to keep quiet on one spot, kept turning his horse in front of the squadron.

Vaska Denisov's black, hairy, snub-nosed face and the whole of his short sturdy figure with the sinewy hairy hand and stumpy fingers in which he held the hilt of his naked sabre, looked just as it usually did, especially towards evening when he had emptied his second bottle. He was only redder than usual, and with his shaggy head thrown back like that of a bird drinking, pressing his spurs mercilessly into the sides of his trusty Bedouin, and sitting as if he were about to fall backwards, he galloped to the other flank of the squadron and in a hoarse voice commanded the men to examine their pistols. He rode up to Kirsten. The staff-captain came at a walk on his broad-backed steady mare to meet him. He with his long moustaches was serious as usual, only his eyes were more brilliant.

'Well, how goes it?' said he to Denisov. 'It won't come to a fight. You'll see—we shall retire.'

'Devil only knows what they're after!' muttered Denisov. 'Ah, Wostov,' he cried noticing the cadet's bright face, 'it's come at last.'

And he smiled approvingly, evidently pleased with the cadet. Rostov felt perfectly happy. Just then the commander of the regiment appeared on the bridge. Denisov galloped towards him.

'Your excellency! May we attack them? I'll dwive them back.'

'Attack indeed!' said the commander in a bored tone, puckering up his face as if annoyed by a troublesome fly. 'And why are you stopping here? Don't you see the skirmishers are retreating? Take the squadron back.'

The squadron crossed the bridge and came out of range of the shots, not having lost a single man. The second squadron that had been in the front line followed them across, and the last Cossacks quitted the farther side of the river. The two Pavlograd squadrons, having crossed the bridge, retired up the hill one after the other. The

commander of the regiment, Karl Bogdanich Shubert,¹ came up to Denisov's squadron and rode on at a foot-pace past Rostov, without taking any notice of him, although since their quarrel about Telyanin, they were now meeting for the first time. Rostov, feeling that he was at the front and in the power of a man towards whom he now felt himself to blame, did not lift his eyes from the athletic back, the nape covered with light hair, and the red neck, of the regimental commander. Now it seemed to Rostov that Bogdanich only pretended not to notice him, and that in reality his whole aim was to test the cadet's courage; so he drew himself up and looked around him merrily; then it seemed that Bogdanich was riding so near in order to show him his courage. Next he thought that his enemy would send the squadron on a desperate attack just to punish him, Rostov. Then he imagined how, after the attack, Bogdanich would come up to him as he lay wounded and would magnanimously extend to him the hand of reconciliation.

The high-shouldered figure of Zherkov, with which the Pavlograds were familiar, for he had but recently left their regiment, rode up to the regimental commander. After his dismissal from Head-quarters Zherkov had not remained in the regiment, saying that he was not such a fool as to slave at the front when he could get greater rewards for doing nothing on the staff; and he had succeeded in attaching himself as an orderly officer to Prince Bagration. He now came to his former chief with an order from the commander of the rear-guard.

'Colonel,' he said, addressing Rostov's enemy, with an air of gloomy gravity and glancing round at his comrades, 'there is an order to halt and fire the bridge.'

'Who is the order?' asked the colonel morosely.

'I don't myself know "who is the order",' replied the cornet in a serious tone, 'but the prince told me to "go and tell the colonel that the Hussars must return quickly and fire the bridge."' ²

Zherkov was followed by an officer of the suite, who rode up to the colonel of Hussars with the same order. After him the stout Nesvitski came galloping up on a Cossack horse that could scarcely carry his weight.

¹ A Russian-German, one of many such in the Russian service. Tolstoy represents him as speaking very poor Russian.

'How's this, Colonel?' he shouted as he approached. 'I told you to fire the bridge, and now some one has gone and blundered. They are all beside themselves over there, and one can't make head or tail of it.'

The colonel stopped the regiment deliberately, and then turned to Nesvitski.

'You spoke to me of inflammable material,' said he, 'but about firing it, you said nothing.'

'But, my dear sir,' said Nesvitski when he had drawn up, taking off his cap and with his plump hand smoothing his hair, wet with perspiration, 'of course I said set fire to the bridge, when the inflammable material had been prepared!'

'I am not your "dear sir," Mr. Staff-officer, and you did not me tell to burn the bridge! I know the service, and it is my habit orders strictly to obey. You said the bridge would be burnt, but who would it burn, I could not go to the Holy Ghost to discover!'

'Ah, it is always the same!' said Nesvitski with a wave of the hand. 'How did you get here?' said he, turning to Zherkov.

'The same business. But, dear me, you are damp! Let me wring you out!'

'You were saying, Mr. Staff-officer . . .' continued the colonel in an offended tone.

'Colonel,' interrupted the officer of the suite, 'you must be quick, or the enemy will bring his guns near enough to use grape-shot.'

The colonel looked silently at the officer of the suite, at the big staff-officer and at Zherkov, and frowned.

'I will the bridge fire,' he said in a solemn tone, as if to say that in spite of all the unpleasantness to which he was subjected he would still do the right thing.

Striking his horse with his long muscular legs as if the animal were to blame for everything, the colonel moved forward and ordered the second squadron, that in which Rostov was serving under Denisov, to return to the bridge.

'There, it's just as I thought,' said Rostov to himself. 'He wishes to test me!' His heart sank and the blood rushed to his face. 'Let him see whether I am a coward!' he thought.

Again on all the bright faces of the squadron appeared that serious expression they had worn when they were

under fire. Rostov without lowering his eyes watched his enemy the regimental commander—trying to find in his face confirmation of his own conjecture; but the colonel did not once glance at Rostov, and looked, as he always did when at the front, solemn and stern. Then came the words of command.

‘Look sharp! Look sharp!’ said several voices near him.

Their sabres catching in the bridles, and their spurs clattering, the Hussars hastily dismounted, ignorant of what they were to do. The men were crossing themselves. Rostov no longer looked at the regimental commander; he was otherwise engaged. He was afraid, so much afraid of falling behind the Hussars that his heart stood still. His hand trembled when he gave his horse into a Cossack’s charge, and he felt the blood rush to his beating heart. Denisov rode past him, leaning backwards and shouting something. Rostov saw nothing but the Hussars running all around him, their spurs catching and their sabres clattering.

‘Stretchers!’ shouted some one behind him.

Rostov did not think what this call for stretchers meant; he ran on, his only thought being to get in front of the others; but just at the bridge, not noticing the ground, he came on some sticky churned mud and, stumbling, fell on his hands. The others dashed ahead of him.

‘At boss zides, Captain,’ he heard the voice of the regimental commander, who, having ridden ahead, had halted near the bridge with a solemn, cheerful face.

Rostov wiping his muddy hands on his breeches, looked at his enemy, and was about to run on, thinking that the farther he went to the front the better. But Bogdanich, without looking at or recognizing Rostov, shouted to him:

‘Who’s that running on the middle of the bridge? To the right! Come back, Cadet!’ he cried angrily; and then turning to Denisov, who, with bravado, was riding on to the planks of the bridge:

‘Why run risks, Captain? You’d better dismount,’ he said.

‘Oh, every bullet has its billet,’ answered Vaska Denisov, turning in his saddle.

Meanwhile Nesvitski, Zherkov, and the officers of the suite were standing together out of range of the shots,

watching, now the small group of men with yellow shakos, dark-green jackets braided with cord, and blue riding-breeches, who were swarming near the bridge; and then, on the other side, what was approaching from the distance—blue uniforms and groups with horses easily recognizable as artillery.

‘Will they burn the bridge or not? Who’ll get there first? Will they get there and fire the bridge, or will the French get within grape-shot range and wipe them out?’ These were the questions every man of the numerous troops standing on the high ground above the bridge involuntarily asked himself with a sinking heart, watching the bridge and the Hussars in the bright evening light, and the blue coats advancing from the other side with their bayonets and guns.

‘Oh! The Hussars will get it hot!’ said Nesvitski; ‘they are within grape-shot range now.’

‘He was wrong to take so many men,’ said the officer of the suite.

‘True enough,’ answered Nesvitski; ‘two smart fellows could have done the job as well.’

‘Ah, your excellency,’ interrupted Zherkov, his eyes fixed on the Hussars with that naïve air that made it impossible to know whether he was speaking seriously or not, ‘Ah, your excellency! How can you think so! Send two men? And who then would give us the Vladimir medal with the ribbon? But now, even if they do get knocked about, the squadron may be recommended for honours, and he may get a ribbon himself. Our Bogdanich knows how things are done.’

‘There now!’ said the officer of the suite, ‘that’s grape-shot.’

He pointed to the French guns, of which the limbers were being detached and hurriedly removed.

On the French side, in the midst of the groups with cannon, was seen a cloud of smoke, then a second and a third almost simultaneously, and at the moment when the first report was heard a fourth was seen. Then two reports one after another, and then a third.

‘Oh! Oh!’ groaned Nesvitski, seizing the officer of the suite by the arm, as if in fierce pain. ‘Look! A man has fallen! Fallen, fallen!’

‘Two, I think.’

'If I were Tsar, I would never make war,' said Nesvitski, turning away.

The French guns were again hastily loaded. The infantry with their blue uniforms advanced at a run towards the bridge. Again at irregular intervals the smoke was seen and the grape-shot cracked and rattled on to the bridge. But this time Nesvitski could not see what was happening there. A dense cloud of smoke arose from the bridge. The Hussars had succeeded in setting it on fire, and the French batteries were now firing at them, no longer to hinder their work but because the guns were pointed and there was something to fire at.

The French had time to fire three volleys of grape-shot before the Hussars got back to their horses. Two were misdirected and the grape-shot went too high, but the last volley reached the centre of a group of Hussars and knocked three of them over.

Rostov, preoccupied by his relations with Bogdanich, had paused on the bridge, not knowing what to do. There was no one to hew down (as in the battles he had always pictured to himself), nor could he help to fire the bridge, having omitted to bring a bundle of straw with him as the other soldiers had done. He stood looking about him, when all at once he heard a rattle on the bridge, as if nuts were being spilt, and the hussar nearest to him fell on the railing with a groan. Rostov ran towards him with the others. Again some one shouted, 'Stretchers!' Four men seized the hussar and began lifting him.

'Oh! Oh! Oh! For Christ's sake, leave me alone!' cried the wounded man, but he was nevertheless placed on the stretcher.

Nicholas Rostov turned away, and as if looking for something he began to gaze into the distance at the waters of the Danube, at the sky, and at the sun. How beautiful the sky was, how deep, how calm, and how blue! How bright and glorious was the setting sun! With what soft glitter shone the waters of the distant Danube! And lovelier still were the distant blue mountains beyond the river, the nunnery, the mysterious gorges and the pine forests veiled in mist to their summits. . . . There was peace and happiness. . . . 'I should want nothing more, nothing in the world, if only I were there,' thought Rostov. 'In me alone and in that sunshine there is so

much happiness ; but here . . . moaning, suffering, fear, and this uncertainty and hurry. . . . There, they are shouting again, and are all again running back somewhere, and I am running with them, and it is here, death, above me and around. . . . Another moment and I shall never again see the sun, this water, these gorges ! . . .’

At that instant clouds began to overshadow the sun, and other stretchers appeared in front of Rostov. And the fear of death and of the stretchers, and love of the sun and of life, merged into one feeling of sickening agitation.

‘O Lord God ! Thou who art in that heaven, save, forgive, and shield me !’ whispered Rostov.

The hussars ran up to the men who held their horses ; their voices sounded louder and calmer ; the stretchers disappeared from sight.

‘Well, fwient ? So you’ve smelt powdah !’ shouted Vaska Denisov just above his ear.

‘It’s all over ; but I am a coward—yes, a coward !’ thought Rostov ; and sighing deeply he took from the Cossack his horse, which was standing resting one foot, and began to mount.

‘Was that grape-shot ?’ he asked Denisov.

‘Yes, and no mistake !’ cried Denisov. ‘You worked like wegular bwicks, and it’s howid work ! An attack’s pleasant work ! hacking about one ! But this sort of thing is the devil knows what, with them shooting at you as at a target.’

And Denisov rode up to the group composed of the regimental commander, Nesvitski, Zherkov, and the officer of the suite, which had stopped not far from Rostov.

‘Well, it seems that no one has noticed,’ thought Rostov to himself. And this was true. No one had taken any notice, for every one was familiar with the sensation experienced by a cadet under fire for the first time.

‘Here’s something for you to report,’ said Zherkov. ‘See if I don’t get promoted to a sub-lieutenancy.’

‘Inform the prince that I the bridge have fired !’ said the colonel triumphantly and gaily.

‘And if I am asked about the losses ?’

‘A trifle,’ said the colonel in a deep voice : ‘two hussars wounded, and one knocked out,’ he added, unable to restrain a happy smile and pronouncing the phrase ‘knocked out’ with ringing distinctness.

CHAPTER IX

PURSUED by the French army of a hundred thousand men under the command of Bonaparte, encountering a population that was ill-disposed to it, doubtful of its allies, suffering from lack of provisions, and obliged to act under conditions of war such as had not been foreseen, the Russian army of thirty-five thousand men commanded by Kutuzov was hurriedly retreating along the Danube, stopping where overtaken by the enemy, and fighting rear-guard actions only in as far as was necessary in order not to lose its heavy equipment. There was fighting at Lambach, Amstetten, and Melk, but despite the courage and endurance (acknowledged even by the enemy) with which the Russians fought, the only result of these actions was a yet more rapid retreat. The Austrian troops that had escaped capture at Ulm and had joined Kutuzov at Braunau, now separated from the Russian army, and Kutuzov was left with only his own weak and exhausted forces. The defence of Vienna was no longer to be thought of. Instead of an offensive campaign, carefully prepared in accord with the new science of strategics, the plan that had been handed to Kutuzov when he was in Vienna by the Austrian Hofkriegsrath—the sole, and almost unattainable, aim that now presented itself to him was, without losing his army as Mack had done at Ulm, to effect a junction with the forces that were advancing from Russia.

On the 28th of October Kutuzov with his army crossed to the left bank of the Danube, and took up a position for the first time, having the river between himself and the main body of the French. On the 30th he attacked Mortier's division, which was on the left bank, and broke it up. In this action the first trophies were taken: banners, cannon, and two enemy generals. For the first time, after a fortnight's retreat, the Russian troops had halted, and after a fight not only held the field but repulsed the French. Though the troops were ill-clad, exhausted, and had lost a third of their number in stragglers, killed, wounded, or sick; though the sick and wounded had been abandoned on the other side of the Danube with a letter in which Kutuzov entrusted them to the humanity of the enemy;

and though the big hospitals, and the houses in Krems which had been converted into military hospitals, could not accommodate all the sick and wounded, yet the stand made at Krems and the victory over Mortier raised the spirits of the army considerably. Throughout the army and at Head-quarters the most joyful though erroneous rumours of the imaginary approach of columns from Russia, of a victory gained by the Austrians, and of the retreat of the frightened Bonaparte were rife.

Prince Andrew during the battle had been with the Austrian General Schmidt, who was killed in the action. His horse had been wounded under him, and he himself slightly grazed by a bullet on the hand. As a mark of special favour from the commander-in-chief, he was sent with the news of this victory to the Austrian Court, now no longer at Vienna—which was threatened by the French—but at Brünn. On the night of the battle, excited but not weary (despite his build, which did not look strong, Prince Andrew could endure physical fatigue far better than some of the strongest men), after arriving in Krems on horseback with dispatches from Dokhturov¹ to Kutuzov, Prince Andrew was sent at once with dispatches to Brünn. To be so sent meant not only a reward but an important step towards promotion.

The night was dark but starry; the road showed black amid the snow that had fallen the previous day—the day of the battle. Now reviewing his impressions of the recent battle, now imagining with pleasure the impression his news of a victory would create, now recalling the farewells of the commander-in-chief and of his fellow-officers, Prince Andrew was galloping along in a post-chaise with the feelings of one who has long awaited and at length attained the commencement of a desired happiness. As soon as he closed his eyes, his ears seemed filled with the sound of musketry and guns, which mingled with the rattle of the wheels and the sensation of victory. Then he began to imagine that the Russians were running away, and that he himself was killed; but he quickly roused himself with a feeling of joy as if learning afresh that this was not true, but that, on the contrary, the French had run away. He again recalled all the details of the victory,

¹ One of the Russian generals.

his own calm courage during the battle, and reassured he dozed off. . . .

After the dark starry night came a bright cheerful morning. The snow was melting in the sunshine, the horses galloped fast, and on both sides of the way were forests of different kinds, fields, and villages.

At one of the stations he overtook a convoy of Russian wounded. The Russian officer who was leading the transport, lolling back in the front cart, was shouting and scolding a soldier with coarse abuse. In each of the long German carts six or more pale, dirty, and bandaged men were being jolted along the stony road. Some of them were talking (he heard Russian conversation), others eating bread; the more severely wounded silently, and, with the mild interest of sick children, they looked at the special messenger hurrying past them.

Prince Andrew ordered his driver to stop, and asked a soldier in what action they had been wounded. 'On the Danube, day before yesterday,' answered the soldier. Prince Andrew took out his purse and gave the soldier three gold pieces.

'That 's for them all,' said he to the officer who came up.

'Get well again quickly, lads!' he continued, turning to the soldiers. 'There 's plenty to do still.'

'What news, sir?' asked the officer, evidently anxious to start a conversation.

'Good news! . . . Forward!' he shouted to the driver, and they galloped on.

It was already quite dark when Prince Andrew drove into Brunn and found himself surrounded by high houses and the lights from shops, street-lamps, and shop-windows, as well as by elegant vehicles rattling along the streets, and by that atmosphere of a large and active town which is always so attractive to a soldier after camp life. Prince Andrew, despite his rapid journey and sleepless night, felt when driving up to the palace even more vigorous and animated than he had done the day before. Only his eyes gleamed with a feverish glitter and his thoughts succeeded one another with extraordinary clearness and rapidity. He again vividly recalled the details of the battle, no longer dim but definite, and in the concise form in which he imagined himself stating them to the Emperor Francis. He vividly imagined the casual questions that might be

put to him and the answers he would give. He expected to be presented at once to the emperor. At the front entrance to the palace, however, an official came running out to meet him, and recognizing him as a special messenger, conducted him to another entrance.

'To the right from the corridor, *Euer Hochgeboren*. There you will find the palace-adjutant on duty,' said the officer. 'He will conduct you to the Minister of War.'

The adjutant on duty having met Prince Andrew asked him to wait, and went into the Minister of War. Five minutes later he returned, and bowing with exaggerated politeness and letting Prince Andrew pass before him, showed him along a corridor to the cabinet where the Minister of War was at work. The adjutant appeared by his elaborate courtesy to wish to defend himself from any attempt at familiarity on the part of the Russian aide-de-camp.

Prince Andrew's feeling of joy was considerably diminished as he approached the minister's cabinet. He felt offended, and without his noticing it the feeling of offence immediately turned into one of unreasoning contempt. His fertile mind instantly suggested to him a point of view which gave him a right to despise the adjutant and the minister. 'It probably seems to them easy to gain victories, not having smelt powder!' he thought. His eyes narrowed disdainfully; he entered the room of the Minister of War with peculiarly deliberate steps. This feeling was heightened when he saw the minister, who was seated at a large table and for the first two or three minutes paid no attention to his arrival. The Minister of War—his bald head with its grey-haired temples bent between two wax candles—sat reading some papers and marking them with a pencil. He did not look up when the door opened and he heard the sound of steps, but went on reading.

'Take this and deliver it,' said he to his adjutant, handing him the papers and still taking no notice of the special messenger.

Prince Andrew felt that of all the matters that concerned the Minister of War, either the actions of Kutuzov's army interested him least, or it was necessary to give the Russian special messenger that impression. 'But that is all the same to me,' he thought. The minister pushed

aside the remaining papers, arranged them evenly, and then raised his head. He had an intelligent head full of character, but the moment he turned to Prince Andrew, the firm intelligent expression on his face changed perceptibly in a conscious and evidently customary manner. His face took on the stupid artificial smile (which did not even attempt to hide its artificiality) of a man who is in the habit of receiving many petitioners, one after another.

‘From General Field-Marshal Kutuzov?’ he asked. ‘I hope it is good news? There has been an engagement with Mortier? A victory? It was high time!’

He took up the dispatch which was addressed to him and began to read it sadly.

‘Oh, my God! My God! Schmidt!’ he exclaimed in German. ‘What a calamity! What a calamity!’

Having glanced through the dispatch he laid it on the table and looked at Prince Andrew, evidently considering something.

‘Ah, what a calamity! You say the affair was decisive? But Mortier is not taken.’ Again he pondered. ‘I am very glad you have brought good news; although Schmidt’s death is a heavy price to pay for the victory. His Majesty will probably wish to see you, but not to-day. I thank you! You must have a rest. Be at the levee to-morrow after the parade. However, I will give you notice.’

The stupid smile, which had left his face while he was speaking, reappeared.

‘*Au revoir!* Thank you very much. His Majesty will probably wish to see you,’ he added, bowing his head.

When Prince Andrew left the palace he felt that he had lost all the interest and satisfaction that had at first been inspired by the victory, and that it was all now left in the keeping of an indifferent Minister of War and a polite adjutant. The whole tenor of his thoughts changed immediately; the battle seemed a reminiscence of a past event, long distant.

CHAPTER X

PRINCE ANDREW stayed at Brünn with his acquaintance the Russian diplomat, Bilibin.

'Ah, my dear Prince! No visitor could be more welcome,' said Bilibin as he came out to receive Prince Andrew. 'Franz, take the prince's things to my bedroom,' said he to the servant who was ushering Bolkonski in. 'So you're a messenger of victory, eh? Splendid! And I am sitting here ill, as you see.'

When he had washed and dressed, Prince Andrew went into the diplomat's luxurious study and sat down to the dinner which had been prepared. Bilibin settled down comfortably beside the fire.

Not only after his journey but also after the campaign, during which he had been deprived of cleanliness, comfort, and all the refinements of life, Prince Andrew now experienced a pleasant sense of repose amid luxurious surroundings such as he had been accustomed to from childhood. Besides this, it was agreeable, after his reception by the Austrians, to speak, if not Russian (they were speaking French), at any rate with a Russian who shared, he supposed, the general Russian antipathy to the Austrians, a sentiment then particularly strong.

Bilibin was about thirty-five, a bachelor belonging to the same set as Prince Andrew. They had known each other previously in Petersburg, but had become more intimate when Prince Andrew stayed in Vienna with Kutuzov. While Prince Andrew gave promise of rising high in the military profession, Bilibin gave even greater promise of rising in his diplomatic career. He was still a young man, but no longer a young diplomat. He had entered the service at the age of sixteen, had been to Paris and Copenhagen, and now held a somewhat important post in Vienna. Both the chancellor and our ambassador in Vienna knew and valued him. He was not one of those many diplomats who are esteemed because they speak French and have certain negative qualities. He was one of those who, liking work, knew how to do it. Despite his indolence he would sometimes spend a whole night at his writing-table. Whatever the subject, he worked equally well. The question, What is it for?

did not interest him, but only, How is it to be done? What the diplomatic matter might be he did not care, but it gave him great pleasure to prepare a circular, memorandum, or report, in a skilful, precise, and elegant way. Bilibin's services were valued not merely for his clerical work, but also for his ability in dealing and conversing with those in the highest spheres.

Bilibin liked conversation, as he liked work, only when it could be made elegantly witty. In society he always waited for an opportunity to say something striking, and only took part in a conversation when that was possible. His remarks always abounded in witty, original, and well-turned phrases of general interest. In the inner laboratory of his mind these sayings were prepared purposely in a portable form, so that insignificant society people might carry them from drawing-room to drawing-room. And Bilibin's witticisms were hawked about in the salons of Vienna, and often had an influence on matters said to be important.

His thin, worn, sallow face was covered with deep creases, which always looked as clean and well washed as the tips of one's fingers after a vapour-bath. The movement of these creases formed the principal play of his features. Now his forehead would pucker up into deep folds and his eyebrows would rise, then his eyebrows would descend and deep wrinkles would form in his cheeks. His small deep-set eyes always looked out straight and merry.

'Well now, tell me about your exploits,' said he.

Bolkonski, very modestly, without once mentioning himself, gave an account of the engagement and of his reception by the Minister of War.

'They received me and my news as one receives a dog in a game of skittles,'¹ said he in conclusion.

Bilibin smiled and smoothed his wrinkles.

'*Cependant, mon cher,*' he remarked, examining his nails from a distance and puckering the skin above his left eye, '*malgré la haute estime que je professe pour l' Orthodox Russian army, j'avoue que votre victoire n'est pas des plus victorieuses.*'²

¹ A French proverb.

² But, my dear fellow, with all my respect for the Orthodox Russian army, I must say that your victory was not particularly victorious.

He continued to speak in this way in French, putting only those words in Russian which he wished to emphasize contemptuously.

'Come now! You with all your masses fall upon the unfortunate Mortier and his one division, and even then Mortier slips through your fingers! Where's the victory in that?'

'But seriously,' said Prince Andrew, 'we can at least say without boasting that it was a little better than at Ulm...'

'Why didn't you take one, if only one, marshal for us?'

'Because not everything happens as one expects, nor with the smoothness of a parade. We expected, as I told you, to get on their rear by seven in the morning, but had not got there even at five in the afternoon.'

'And why didn't you get there at seven in the morning? You ought to have been there at seven in the morning,' returned Bilibin with a smile. 'You ought to have been there at seven in the morning.'

'Why did you not succeed by diplomatic methods in impressing on Bonaparte that he had better leave Genoa alone?' retorted Prince Andrew in the same tone.

'I know,' interrupted Bilibin, 'one thinks it very easy to take marshals, sitting on a sofa by the fire! That is true, but still why did you not take him? So don't be surprised if not only the Minister of War but his most august majesty the Emperor and King Francis is not much delighted by your victory. Even I, a wretched secretary of the Russian Embassy, do not feel any necessity in token of my joy to give my Franz a *thaler*, nor to let him go with his *Liebchen* to the Prater. . . . True, we have no Prater here . . .'

He looked straight at Prince Andrew and suddenly smoothed the folds in his forehead.

'It is now my turn to ask you "why", *mon cher*,' said Bolkonski. 'I confess I do not understand, but perhaps there is a diplomatic *finesse* in it beyond my feeble intelligence, anyhow I do not understand it. Mack loses a whole army, the Archduke Ferdinand and the Archduke Karl show no sign of life and make one blunder after another; and Kutuzov alone at last gains a real victory, destroying the spell of French invincibility, and the Minister of War does not even care to hear the details.'

‘That’s just why, my dear fellow! You see it’s *hurrah* for the Tsar, for Russia, for the Greek faith! All that is beautiful; but what do we, I mean the Austrian Court, care for your victories? Bring us nice news of a victory by the Archduke Karl or Ferdinand (one archduke’s as good as another, as is well known), and even if it is only over a fire-brigade of Bonaparte’s, then we’ll fire off a few cannon! But this sort of thing seems done on purpose to tease us. The Archduke Karl does nothing; the Archduke Ferdinand disgraces himself. You give up Vienna, you do not defend it, as much as to say: “Heaven is with us, but heaven help you and your capital!” The one general whom we all loved, Schmidt, you expose to a bullet, and then you congratulate us on your victory! Admit that news more irritating than yours could not have been invented. It looks as if it had been done on purpose, on purpose. Besides, suppose you did gain a brilliant victory, suppose even that the Archduke Karl gained a victory, what difference would that make to the general trend of affairs? It is now too late, when Vienna is occupied by the French army!’

‘What? Occupied? Vienna occupied?’

‘Not only occupied, but Bonaparte is at Schönbrunn, and the count, our dear Count Wrba, goes to him for orders.’

Bolkonski, after the fatigues and impressions of his journey and his reception, and especially after having dined, felt that he could not grasp the full meaning of the words he heard.

‘This morning Count Lichtenfels was here,’ Bilibin continued, ‘and showed me a letter in which a parade of French troops in Vienna was minutely described: Prince Murat and all the rest of it . . . You see your victory is not a very joyful event, and that you can’t be received as a saviour.’

‘Really I don’t care about that, I don’t care at all,’ said Prince Andrew, beginning to understand that his news of the battle before Krems was really of small importance beside such events as the occupation of Austria’s capital. ‘How is it that Vienna was taken? What of the bridge and its celebrated bridge-head and Prince Auersperg? We heard rumours that Prince Auersperg was defending Vienna?’

'Prince Auersperg is on this, on our side of the river, and is defending us—doing it very badly, I think, but still he is defending us. But Vienna is on the other side. No, the bridge has not yet been taken and I hope it will not be, for it is mined and ordered to be blown up. Otherwise we should long since have been in the mountains of Bohemia, and you and your army would have spent a stormy quarter of an hour between two fires.'

'But still, this does not mean that the campaign is at an end,' said Prince Andrew.

'Well, I think so. The bigwigs here think so too, but dare not say so. What I said at the beginning of the campaign is proving true, it won't be your skirmish at Durenstein that will decide the affair, nor will it be done by gunpowder at all, but, as the saying is, by brains, that invented it,' said Bilibin, quoting one of his own *mots*, smoothing the skin on his forehead, and pausing. 'The only question is what the Berlin Conference between the Emperor Alexander and the King of Prussia will result in. If Prussia joins the allies Austria's hand will be forced, and there will be war. If not, it is merely a question of settling where the preliminaries of the new Campo Formio¹ are to be indited.'

'What an extraordinary genius!' suddenly exclaimed Prince Andrew, clenching his small hand and striking the table with his fist, 'and what luck the man has!'

'Buonaparte?' said Bilibin in a tone of inquiry, puckering up his forehead and thereby indicating that he was about to say something witty. 'Buonaparte?' he repeated, accentuating the *u*: 'I think however now that he is laying down laws for Austria at Schönbrunn *il faut lui faire grâce de l'u*!² I am certainly going to introduce an innovation and call him simply Bonaparte!'

'But joking apart,' said Prince Andrew, 'do you really think the campaign is at an end?'

'This is what I think. Austria has been made a fool of, and she is not used to it. She will repay. And she has been fooled, firstly because her provinces are ruined—they say the Orthodox Russian army loots cruelly—her army is beaten, her capital captured, and all this for the

¹ The peace of Campo Formio between France and Austria was concluded in 1797, at the Italian village of that name.

² We must let him off the *u*.

*beaux yeux*¹ of His Sardinian Majesty.² And, therefore—this is between ourselves—I am instinctively conscious that we are being deceived, I am instinctively conscious of negotiations with France, of projects for peace, and a secret peace, separately concluded.’

‘That’s impossible!’ cried Prince Andrew. ‘That would be too base.’

‘If we live we shall see,’ replied Bilibin, again smoothing his face as a sign that the conversation was at an end.

When Prince Andrew reached the room prepared for him and lay down in a clean shirt on the feather-bed with its warmed and scented pillows, he felt that the battle of which he had brought news was far, far away. The alliance with Prussia, Austria’s treachery, Bonaparte’s new triumph, to-morrow’s levee and parade, and to-morrow’s reception by the Emperor Francis, now occupied his thoughts.

He closed his eyes, and instantly a sound of cannonading seemed to fill his ears, of firing, the rattling of carriage wheels, and now again the musketeers are descending the hill drawn out in a thin line, the French are firing, and he feels his heart palpitating as he rides forward beside Schmidt while the bullets whistle merrily around, and he experiences tenfold the joy of living, as he has not felt it since childhood.

He woke up . . .

‘Yes, all that did happen!’ he said, and joyfully smiling to himself like a child, he fell into deep youthful slumber.

CHAPTER XI

NEXT day he woke late. Recalling his impressions, he first of all remembered that to-day he had to present himself to the Emperor Francis. He remembered the minister of war, the polite Austrian adjutant, Bilibin, and last night’s conversation. Having dressed for his visit to the court in his full parade uniform, which he had not put on for a long time, he went, fresh, animated, and handsome, with his bandaged hand, into Bilibin’s study. In the study were four gentlemen of the diplomatic

¹ Fine eyes.

² Victor Emmanuel I, King of Sardinia, ‘who in his island kingdom, protected by the English fleet, became the symbol of the coalition against France.’

corps. With Prince Hippolyte Kuragin, who was a secretary to the Embassy, Bolkonski was already acquainted. Bilibin introduced him to the others.

The gentlemen calling on Bilibin, young, wealthy, gay, society men, both in Vienna and here formed a special group, whom Bilibin, their leader, called 'ours', *les nôtres*. This set, composed almost exclusively of diplomats, evidently had its own interests, which had nothing to do with war or politics, but related to high society, to certain women, and to the official side of the service. These gentlemen received Prince Andrew as one of their own set, an honour they did not extend to many. As a matter of politeness, and as a topic with which to start conversation, they asked him a few questions about the army and the battle, and then the talk broke off into irrelevant jests and merry gossip.

'But the best of it was', said one, narrating the non-success of a fellow diplomat, 'that the chancellor plainly told him that his appointment to London was a promotion, and that he should so regard it. You can imagine the figure he cut . . . ?'

'But the worst of all is, gentlemen—I give Kuragin away to you—the man is in misfortune, and this Don Juan, awful fellow, takes advantage of the fact!'

Prince Hippolyte was lolling in a lounge chair with his legs over its arms. He began to laugh.

'Go on, go on!' he said.

'Oh, you Don Juan! Oh, you serpent!' cried more than one voice.

'Bolkonski,' said Bilibin, addressing Prince Andrew, 'you don't know that all the atrocities of the French army (I almost said of the Russian army) are nothing compared to what this man has been perpetrating among the women!'

'*La femme est la compagne de l'homme*,'¹ said Prince Hippolyte, and began gazing through a lorgnette at his raised legs.

Bilibin and the rest of 'ours' burst out laughing, looking straight into Hippolyte's face. Prince Andrew saw that Hippolyte, of whom (he had to admit) he had almost been jealous on his wife's account, was the clown of this set.

¹ Woman is man's companion.

'Oh, I must give you a treat,' Bilibin whispered to Bolkonski. 'Kuragin is delightful when he discusses politics—you should see his grand airs!'

He sat down beside Hippolyte and, puckering up his forehead, began talking to him about politics. Prince Andrew and the others gathered round.

'The Berlin cabinet cannot express a feeling of alliance, began Hippolyte gazing round at the others with an important air, 'without expressing . . . as in its last note . . . you understand? . . . Moreover, unless His Majesty the Emperor derogates from the essential point of our alliance . . .

'Wait, I have not yet finished . . .,' he addressed Prince Andrew and seized him by the arm. 'I believe that intervention will be stronger than non-intervention. And . . .,' he paused, 'one can't consider the matter settled by the non-acceptance of our dispatch of November 18. That is how it will end.'

And he released Bolkonski's arm, indicating thereby that he had now quite finished.

'Demosthenes, I know thee by the pebble thou seestest within thy golden mouth!' said Bilibin, and the mop of hair on his head moved with satisfaction.

Everybody laughed, Hippolyte louder than any one else. He was evidently suffering and choking, but could not restrain the violent laughter that distended his usually immobile features.

'Well, gentlemen,' said Bilibin, 'Bolkonski is my guest in this house and in Brünn itself. I want to entertain him as far as I can with all the pleasures of life here. If we were in Vienna it would be easy; but here, in this wretched Moravian hole, it is more difficult, and I beg you all to help me. Brünn's attractions must be displayed to him. You must undertake the theatre, and I society. You, Hippolyte, the women, of course.'

'He must be shown Amelie, she's charming!' said one of 'ours', kissing the tips of his fingers.

'In general this bloodthirsty soldier must be converted to more humane interests,' said Bilibin.

'I shall scarcely be able to avail myself of your hospitality, gentlemen,' Prince Andrew answered, 'and now it is time for me to go,' and he looked at his watch.

'Where to?'

'To the emperor.'

'Oh! Oh! Oh!'

'Well, *au revoir*, Bolkonski! *Au revoir*, prince! Come back to dinner early,' cried several voices. 'We'll take you in hand.'

'Try as much as you can to praise the order with which provisions are supplied and the routes indicated, when you speak to the emperor,' said Bilibin, accompanying him to the anteroom.

'I should like to speak well of them, but as far as I know them I can't,' replied Bolkonski with a smile.

'Well, in general, talk as much as you can. He has a passion for giving audiences, but does not like to talk, and cannot, as you will see.'

CHAPTER XII

At the levee the Emperor Francis looked fixedly at Prince Andrew, who stood where he had been told to among the Austrian officers, and only gave him a nod of his long head. But after the levee the adjutant of the previous day politely informed Bolkonski that the emperor wished to give him an audience. The Emperor Francis received him standing in the middle of the room. Before the conversation began Prince Andrew was struck by the fact that the emperor appeared confused, and blushed, as if not knowing what to say.

'Tell me, when did the battle begin?' he asked hurriedly.

Prince Andrew replied. Then followed other questions just as simple: 'Was Kutuzov well? When did he leave Krems?' and so on. The emperor spoke as if his sole aim were to put a given number of questions. The answers to these questions, as was only too evident, did not interest him.

'What time was it when the battle began?' asked the emperor.

'I am unable to inform your majesty as to the hour when the battle began at the front; but at Dürenstein, where I was, our attack began after five in the afternoon,' replied Bolkonski, growing more animated, and expecting that he would have a chance to give a reliable account

which he had ready in his mind, of all he knew and had seen.

But the emperor smiled and interrupted him.

‘How many miles?’

‘From where and to where, your majesty?’

‘From Dürenstein to Krems.’

‘Three and a half miles, your majesty.’

‘The French have abandoned the left bank?’

‘According to the scouts, the last of them crossed over on rafts during the night.’

‘Is there sufficient forage in Krems?’

‘Forage had not been supplied to the extent . . .’

The emperor interrupted him.

‘At what o’clock was General Schmidt killed?’

‘At seven o’clock, I believe.’

‘At seven o’clock? It’s very sad, very sad!’

The emperor thanked Prince Andrew and bowed. Prince Andrew went out and was immediately surrounded by courtiers. On all sides he saw friendly looks and heard friendly words. Yesterday’s adjutant reproached him for not having put up at the palace, and offered him his house. The minister of war came up and congratulated him on the Maria Theresa Order of the third degree, which the emperor had conferred on him. The empress’s chamberlain invited him to come and see her majesty. The archduchess also wished to see him. He did not know whom to answer first, and for a few seconds collected his thoughts. Then the Russian ambassador took him by the shoulder, led him to the window, and began a conversation with him.

Contrary to Bilibin’s forecast, the news he had brought was joyfully received. A thanksgiving service was announced, Kutuzov was awarded the grand cross of the Order of Maria Theresa, and the whole army was rewarded. Bolkonski was invited everywhere and had to spend the whole morning calling on the principal dignitaries of Austria. Between four and five in the afternoon, having made all his calls, he was returning to Bilibin’s house, thinking out a letter to his father describing the battle and his visit to Brünn. At the door he found a vehicle half full of luggage. Franz, Bilibin’s man, came out of the front-door dragging a portmanteau with difficulty.

Before returning to Bilibin’s, Prince Andrew had gone

to a bookshop to provide himself with some books for the campaign, and had lingered there some time.

'What's the matter?' he asked.

'Oh, your excellency!' said Franz, with an effort hoisting the portmanteau into the vehicle, 'we are to move on still farther. The villain is once more at our heels!'

'What's that? What?' asked Prince Andrew.

Bilibin came out to meet him. On his usually calm face there was a look of excitement.

'There now! You must own that this is delightful,' said he. 'All this affair about the Tabor Bridge, at Vienna... They have crossed without striking a blow!'

Prince Andrew could not understand.

'But where do you come from not to know what all the coachmen in the town know?'

'I come from the archduchess's. I heard nothing there.'

'And haven't you noticed that everybody is packing up?'

'I have not... What is it all about?' inquired Prince Andrew impatiently.

'What's it all about? Why, that the French have crossed the bridge that Auersperg was defending, and the bridge is not blown up: so Murat is now rushing along the road to Brünn, and will be here in a day or two.'

'What? Here? But why did they not blow up the bridge, if it was mined?'

'That is what I ask you. No one, not even Bonaparte, knows why.'

Bolkonski shrugged his shoulders.

'But if the bridge is crossed, it means that the army too is lost! It will be cut off,' said he.

'That's just it,' answered Bilibin. 'Listen. The French entered Vienna as I told you. Very well. Next day, which was yesterday, those gentlemen, *messieurs les maréchaux*, Murat, Lannes, and Belliard, mount and ride to the bridge. (Observe that all three are Gascons.) "Gentlemen," says one of them, "you know the Tabor Bridge is mined and doubly mined, and that there are menacing fortifications at its head, and an army of fifteen thousand men has been ordered to blow up the bridge and not let us cross? But if we take this bridge it will please our sovereign the Emperor Napoleon, so

let us three go and take it!" "Yes, let's!" say the others. So off they go and take the bridge, cross it, and now, with their whole army, are on this side of the Danube, marching up, and upon you and your lines of communication.'

'Stop joking,' said Prince Andrew sadly and seriously. This news grieved him and yet was pleasant.

As soon as he learned that the Russian army was in such a hopeless situation, it occurred to him that it was he who was destined to lead it from this position; that here was the Toulon¹ that would lift him from the ranks of obscure officers and offer him the first step to fame! Listening to Bilibin he was already imagining how, on reaching the army, he would give an opinion at the war council which would be the only one that could save the army, and how he alone would be entrusted with the execution of the plan.

'Stop this joking,' he said.

'I am not joking,' Bilibin went on. 'Nothing is truer or sadder. These gentlemen ride onto the bridge alone and wave white handkerchiefs; they assure the officer on duty that they, the marshals, are on their way to negotiate with Prince Auersperg. He lets them enter the *tête de pont*.² They spin him a thousand gasconades, saying that the war is over, that the Emperor Francis has arranged a meeting with Bonaparte, that they desire to see Prince Auersperg, and so on. The officer sends for Auersperg; these gentlemen embrace the officers, crack jokes, sit on the cannon, and meanwhile a French battalion gets onto the bridge unobserved, flings the bags of incendiary material into the water, and approaches the *tête de pont*. At length appears the lieutenant-general, our dear Prince Auersperg von Mautern himself. 'Dearest foe! Flower of the Austrian army, hero of the Turkish wars! Hostilities are ended, we may shake hands. . . The Emperor Napoleon burns with impatience to make Prince Auersperg's acquaintance.' In a word those gentlemen, Gascons indeed, assail him with such fine words, and he is so flattered by his rapidly established intimacy with the French marshals, and is so dazzled

¹ It was at Toulon, when it was besieged by the Republicans in 1793, that Napoleon first greatly distinguished himself.

² Bridge-head.

by the sight of Murat's mantle and ostrich plumes, *qu'il n'y voit que du feu, et oublie celui qu'il devait faire faire sur l'ennemi!*'¹ In spite of the animation of his speech Bilibin did not forget to pause after this phrase, to give time for its due appreciation. 'The French battalion rushes to the bridge-head, spikes the guns, and the bridge is taken! But what is best of all', he went on, his excitement being calmed by the delightful interest of his own story, 'is that the sergeant posted by the cannon which was to give the signal to fire the mines and blow up the bridge, this sergeant, seeing that the French troops were running onto the bridge, was about to fire, but Lannes stayed his hand. The sergeant, who was evidently sharper than his general, goes up to Auersperg and says: "Prince, you are being deceived, here are the French!" Murat, seeing that all will be lost if the sergeant is permitted to speak, turns to Auersperg with feigned astonishment (he is a true Gascon) and says: "I don't recognize the world-renowned Austrian discipline, if you allow your lowest subordinate to address you like that!" It was a stroke of genius. Prince Auersperg feels offended and orders the sergeant to be arrested. Come, you must own that this affair of the Tabor Bridge is delightful! It is not exactly stupidity, nor rascality . . .'

'It may be treachery,' said Prince Andrew, vividly picturing to himself grey overcoats, wounds, the smoke of gunpowder, the sounds of firing, and the glory that awaited him.

'Not that either. That would put the court in too bad a light,' continued Bilibin. 'It is not treachery nor rascality nor stupidity: it is the same thing as at Ulm . . . it is . . .'²—he seemed trying to find the right expression. '*C'est . . . c'est du Mack. Nous sommes mackés,*'² he concluded, feeling that he had produced a good epigram, a fresh one, that would be repeated. The wrinkles that had formed themselves upon his brow rapidly smoothed themselves out as an indication of his pleasure, and smiling slightly he began to examine his nails.

'Where are you off to?' he said suddenly to Prince Andrew, who had risen and was going towards his room.

¹ That he loses his head and forgets that he ought to be firing at the enemy.

² It is . . . it is . . . a bit of *Macking*. We are *Macked*.

'I am going away.'

'Where to?'

'To the army.'

'But you meant to stay another two days?'

'But now I mean to be off at once.'

And Prince Andrew gave his orders about the journey, and went to his room.

'Do you know, *mon cher*,' said Bilibin following him, 'I have been thinking about you. Why should you go?'

And in proof of the conclusiveness of his argument all the wrinkles vanished from his face.

Prince Andrew looked inquiringly at him and gave no reply.

'Why go? I know you think it your duty to gallop back to the army now that it is in danger... I understand that. *Mon cher*, it is heroism!'

'Not at all,' said Prince Andrew.

'But as you are a philosopher, be one consistently, and look at the other side of the question. Then you will see that, on the contrary, your duty is to take care of yourself. Leave that to those who are no longer fit for anything... You have not been ordered to return, and have not been dismissed from here; therefore you must stay and accompany us wherever our unhappy fate may take us. They say we are going to Olmütz, and Olmütz is a very decent town. You and I will travel there quite comfortably in my calèche.'

'Do stop joking, Bilibin,' cried Bolkonski.

'But I am speaking sincerely as a friend! Consider! Where and why are you going, when you might remain here? You are faced by one of two alternatives,' and he puckered the skin above his left temple, 'either you will not reach your regiment before peace is declared; or you will share defeat and disgrace with Kutuzov's whole army.'

And Bilibin smoothed out his skin, feeling that his dilemma was an insoluble one.

'I cannot argue about it,' replied Prince Andrew coldly, but he thought: 'I am going to save the army.'

'My dear fellow, you are a hero!' said Bilibin.

CHAPTER XIII*

THE same night, having taken leave of the minister of war, Bolkonski was on his way to rejoin the army, not knowing where he would find it and fearing to be captured by the French on the road to Krems.

In Brünn every one attached to the court was packing up, and the heavy baggage was already on the road to Olmütz. Near Etzelsdorf Prince Andrew struck the high road along which the Russian army was moving with great haste and in great disorder. The road was so crowded with carts that it was impossible to get by in a carriage. Prince Andrew secured a horse and a Cossack from the Cossack commander and, passing baggage-wagons on his way, rode hungry and weary in search of the commander-in-chief and his own vehicle. Most alarming reports as to the position of the army reached him as he went along, and the aspect of the troops' disorderly flight corroborated these rumours.

'*Cette armée russe que l'or de l'Angleterre a transportée des extrémités de l'univers, nous allons lui faire éprouver le même sort—(le sort de l'armée d'Ulm)*'.¹ He recollected these words in Bonaparte's address to his army at the beginning of the campaign, and they awoke in him astonishment at the genius of his hero, a feeling of wounded pride, and a hope of glory. 'And suppose there should be nothing left but to die?' he thought. 'Well then, if need be, I shall do it no worse than the others.'

Prince Andrew looked disdainfully at the endless confused tangle of detachments, carts, guns, artillery, and baggage-wagons and vehicles of all kinds, overtaking one another and blocking the muddy road, thrée and sometimes four abreast. From all sides before and behind, as far as sound could carry, were heard the noises of wheels, the cracking of whips, shouts, the urging of horses, and words of abuse from soldiers, orderlies, and officers. Constantly by the side of the road were to be seen dead horses, some flayed and some not, broken carts by which sat solitary soldiers awaiting something, other soldiers separated from their detachments who moved in groups

¹ 'That Russian army which has been brought from the ends of the earth by English gold, we shall cause to share the same fate. (The fate of the army at Ulm).'

towards adjoining villages, or returned from them dragging sheep, fowls, hay, and bulging sacks. At each ascent or descent of the road the crowd was yet denser and there was an uninterrupted roar of shouts. The soldiers floundering knee-deep in mud pushed the guns and wagons themselves. Whips cracked, hoofs slipped, traces broke, and chests were strained with shouting. The officers directing the march rode backward and forward between the carts. Their voices were scarcely heard amid the uproar, and their faces showed that they despaired of the possibility of checking this disorder.

'Here is our dear Orthodox Russian army,' thought Bolkonski, recalling Bilibin's words.

Wishing to ask somebody where the commander-in-chief could be found, he rode up to a convoy. Just in front of him was a strange-looking one-horse vehicle, something between a cart, a cabriolet, and a calèche, that had evidently been constructed by the soldiers out of any materials that happened to be handy. A soldier was driving, and a woman enveloped in shawls sat behind the apron beneath the leather hood of the vehicle. Prince Andrew approached, and had just turned to a soldier to put his question, when his attention was attracted by the desperate shrieks of the woman in the vehicle. The officer in command of the convoy was beating the soldier who acted as coachman for trying to pass the convoy, and the strokes of his whip fell on the apron of the cart. The woman screamed piercingly. Seeing Prince Andrew she thrust herself out from behind the apron, and gesticulating with thin arms which emerged from a shawl she cried:

'Mr. aide-de-camp! Mr. aide-de-camp! . . . For heaven's sake. . . . Protect me! What will become of us? . . . I am the wife of the doctor of the Seventh Chasseurs . . . They won't let us pass, we are left behind, and have lost our people . . .'

'I'll flatten you into a pancake!' shouted the angry officer to the soldier. 'Turn back with your slut!'

'Mr. aide-de-camp! Help me! . . . Oh dear, oh dear! What will happen?' screamed the doctor's wife.

'Kindly let this cart pass. Don't you see that it's a woman?' said Prince Andrew riding up to the officer.

The officer gave him a look and without replying turned

again to the soldier. 'I'll teach you to pass on! . . . Back!'

'Let them pass, I tell you!' repeated Prince Andrew, compressing his lips.

'And who are you?' cried the officer insultingly, turning to Prince Andrew with tipsy rage, 'who are *you*? Are you commander here? Eh? I am commander here, not you! Go back, or I'll flatten you into a pancake!' repeated he. Evidently this expression gave him satisfaction.

'That was a famous snub for the little aide-de-camp,' came a voice from behind.

Prince Andrew saw that the officer was in that state of unreasoning tipsy rage when a man does not know what he is saying. He saw that his interference on behalf of the doctor's wife in her little trap would very possibly expose him to that which he dreaded more than anything else, namely ridicule; but his instinct urged him on. Before the officer finished his sentence Prince Andrew, his face distorted with fury, rode up to him and raised his loaded whip.

'Kind . . . ly let—them—pass!'

The officer flourished his arm and hastily rode away.

'It's all the fault of these fellows on the staff that there's this disorder,' he muttered. 'Do as you please.'

Prince Andrew hastily, without raising his eyes, rode away from the doctor's wife who was calling him her saviour; and recalling with a sense of disgust the minutest details of this humiliating scene, he galloped on to the village where he was told he would find the commander-in-chief.

Entering the village he dismounted and went to the first house, intending to rest if only for a moment, eat something, and try to sort out all the stinging and tormenting thoughts that were confusing his mind. 'This is a mob of scoundrels and not an army,' he was thinking as he approached the window of the first house, when a familiar voice called him by name.

He looked round. Nesvitski's handsome face looked out of the little window. Nesvitski, his moist lips moving as he chewed something, beckoned with a flourish of his arm, and called him to enter.

'Bolkonski! Bolkonski! . . . Don't you hear? Eh? Come quick . . .' he shouted.

Entering the house Prince Andrew saw Nesvitski and another aide-de-camp having a meal. They turned hurriedly to him, asking if he had any news. He read signs of agitation and uneasiness on their familiar features. On Nesvitski's perpetually laughing countenance these signs were particularly noticeable.

'Where is the commander-in-chief?' asked Bolkonski.

'Here, in that house,' answered the aide-de-camp.

'Well, is it true that it's peace and capitulation?' asked Nesvitski.

'I was going to ask you. I only know that it was all I could do to get here.'

'And we, my dear fellow! It's terrible! I was wrong to laugh at Mack, we're getting it still worse,' said Nesvitski. 'But sit down and eat something.'

'You won't be able to find either your conveyance or anything else now, prince. And heaven only knows where your Petrushka is,' said the other aide-de-camp.

'Where are head-quarters?'

'We are to spend the night in Znaim.'

'And I have put all I need into packs for two horses,' said Nesvitski. 'They've made up the packs splendidly. You might cross the Bohemian mountains with them. A bad look-out, old fellow! But what's the matter with you? Are you ill, that you shudder like that?' asked Nesvitski, noticing that Prince Andrew winced as from an electric shock.

'It's nothing,' replied Prince Andrew.

He had that moment recollected his late encounter with the doctor's wife and the convoy officer.

'What is the commander-in-chief doing here?' he asked.

'I can't make it out at all,' said Nesvitski.

'Well, all I can make out is that everything is abominable, abominable, quite abominable!' said Prince Andrew; and he went off to the house where the commander-in-chief was.

Passing by Kutuzov's carriage and the exhausted saddle-horses of his suite and their Cossacks, who were talking loudly, Prince Andrew entered the passage. Kutuzov himself, Prince Andrew was told, was in the house with Prince Bagration and Weyrother. Weyrother was the Austrian general who had succeeded the

fallen Schmidt. In the passage little Kozlovski was squatting on his heels in front of a clerk. The clerk with his cuffs turned up was hastily writing on a tub turned bottom upwards. Kozlovski's face looked worn—he too had evidently not slept all night. He looked at Prince Andrew and did not even nod to him.

'Second line . . . have you written it?' he continued, dictating to the clerk. 'Kief Grenadiers, Podolian . . .'

'I can't write so fast, your honour,' said the clerk, glancing round with an angry and disrespectful look at Kozlovski.

Through the closed door came the sounds of Kutuzov's voice in excited and dissatisfied tones, mingled with those of a stranger. From the sound of these voices, from the inattentive way Kozlovski glanced at him, from the disrespectful manner of the exhausted clerk, from the fact that the clerk and Kozlovski were squatting on the floor beside a tub so near to the commander-in-chief, and from the noisy laughter of the Cossacks who were holding the horses near the window of the house, Prince Andrew felt that important and distressing events were imminent.

He turned to Kozlovski with insistent questions.

'Immediately, prince,' said Kozlovski. 'Dispositions for Bagration.'

'But the capitulation?'

'There is none. Orders for a battle are issued.'

Prince Andrew moved towards the door whence proceeded the sound of voices. Just as he was about to open it the sounds ceased, the door opened and Kutuzov with his eagle nose and puffy face appeared on the threshold. Prince Andrew stood right in front of Kutuzov, but the expression of the one sound eye of the commander-in-chief showed that he was so preoccupied with thoughts and anxieties as to be blind. He looked straight at his aide-de-camp's face without seeing him.

'Well, have you finished?' said he to Kozlovski.

'One moment, your excellency.'

Bagration, a gaunt middle-aged man of medium height, with a firm immovable face of oriental type, followed the commander-in-chief.

'I have the honour to present myself,' repeated Prince Andrew rather loudly, handing him an envelope.

‘Ah, from Vienna? All right. Presently, presently!’

Kutuzov went out into the porch with Bagration.

‘Well, good-bye, prince,’ said he to Bagration. ‘Take my blessing, and may Christ be with you in your glorious attempt!’

Kutuzov’s face suddenly softened and tears came into his eyes. With his left hand he drew Bagration towards himself, and with his right, on which he wore a ring, he made the sign of the cross over him with a gesture evidently habitual, holding out his puffy cheek; but Bagration kissed him on the neck instead.

‘Christ be with you!’ Kutuzov said again, and then went up to his carriage. ‘Come with me,’ said he to Bolkonski.

‘Your excellency, I should like to make myself useful here. Allow me to remain with Prince Bagration’s detachment.’

‘Get in,’ said Kutuzov; and, noticing that Bolkonski still delayed, added: ‘I need good officers myself, need them myself!’

They got into the carriage and drove for a few minutes in silence.

‘There is still much, very much before us,’ he said with an old man’s penetration, as if he understood what was going on in Bolkonski’s mind. ‘If a tenth part of his detachment returns to-morrow, I shall thank God,’ added he, as if speaking to himself.

Prince Andrew glanced at Kutuzov’s face only a foot distant from him, and was involuntarily struck by the carefully washed scar near the temple where an Ismail bullet had entered his skull, and by his blind eye. ‘Yes, he has a right to speak so calmly of the death of these men,’ thought Bolkonski.

‘That is why I beg to be sent to that detachment,’ he said.

Kutuzov did not answer. He seemed to have forgotten what he had been saying, and sat thinking. Five minutes later, gently swaying on the elastic springs of the carriage, he turned to Prince Andrew. There was not a trace of agitation on his face. He asked questions with delicate irony about the details of Prince Andrew’s interview with the Emperor, about what was being said at court concerning the Krems affair, and about some ladies they both knew.

CHAPTER XIV

ON November 1 Kutuzov received from a spy news which showed that the army he commanded was in an almost hopeless position. The spy reported that the French, after crossing the Vienna bridge, were advancing in enormous force on Kutuzov's line of communication with the reinforcements that were on their way from Russia. If Kutuzov decided to remain at Krems, Napoleon's army of one hundred and fifty thousand men would cut him off completely and surround his exhausted army of forty thousand; thus he would find himself in the same position as Mack was at Ulm. If Kutuzov decided to abandon the road which connected him with the troops arriving from Russia, he would have to march without a road among the unknown regions of the Bohemian mountains, defending himself against the superior forces of the foe and abandoning all hope of joining Buxhövdén. If Kutuzov decided to retreat along the road from Krems to Olmütz to unite with the troops coming from Russia he risked being forestalled on this road by the French who had crossed the bridge at Vienna, and he might therefore be obliged to accept battle on the march, encumbered by all his baggage and transport, and faced by an enemy three times as strong, who would surround him from two sides.

Kutuzov chose this last course. The French, the spy reported, having crossed the Vienna bridge, were advancing by forced marches towards Znaim, which lay on the line of Kutuzov's retreat, a hundred versts off. If he reached Znaim before the French there would be great hope of saving the army; but to let the French forestall him at Znaim meant the exposure of his whole army to disgrace such as that of Ulm, or utter destruction. To forestall the French with the whole of his army was however impossible. The road for the French from Vienna to Znaim was shorter and better than the road for the Russians from Krems to Znaim.

On the night he received the news Kutuzov sent Bagration's vanguard, four thousand strong, across the hills from the Krems-Znaim to the Vienna-Znaim road. Bagration was to go all the way without stopping, and to

halt facing Vienna with Znaim at his rear. If he succeeded in forestalling the French, he was to delay them as long as he could. Kutuzov himself with all the heavy transport took the road to Znaim.

Marching thirty miles in the stormy night with his hungry ill-shod soldiers across roadless hills, and losing a third of his men in stragglers, Bagration came out on the Vienna-Znaim road at Hollabrunn a few hours before the French, who were approaching Hollabrunn from Vienna. Kutuzov with his transport had still another day's march in front of him before he could reach Znaim. Hence Bagration, with his four thousand hungry, exhausted men, had to detain for twenty-four hours the whole enemy army which came upon him at Hollabrunn—which was clearly impossible. A curious stroke of fate rendered the impossible possible. The success of the ruse which had put the Vienna bridge into the hands of the French without a fight led Murat to try to take Kutuzov in the same way. Meeting Bagration's weak division on the Znaim road, he supposed it to be Kutuzov's whole army. In order to be able to crush it absolutely he awaited the arrival of the rest of the forces that were on their way from Vienna. With this object in mind he offered a three days' truce on condition that both armies should remain in position and not move. Murat averred that negotiations for peace were already in progress, and that he therefore offered this truce to avoid unnecessary bloodshed. Count Nostitz, the Austrian general who was with the vanguard, believed Murat's emissary and retired, exposing Bagration's division. Another emissary rode to the Russian lines to announce the peace negotiations and to offer the Russian army three days' truce. Bagration replied that he could neither accept nor refuse a truce, and sent an adjutant to Kutuzov to report the offer he had received.

A truce was Kutuzov's sole chance of gaining time, giving Bagration's exhausted troops some rest, and allowing the transport and heavy convoys (whose movements were concealed from the French) to advance if but one stage nearer Znaim. The offer of a truce gave the only and a quite unexpected chance of saving the army. When he received the news he immediately dispatched Adjutant-General Wintzingerode, who was in attendance on him, to the enemy camp. Wintzingerode was not

merely to agree to the truce, but also to offer terms of capitulation, and meanwhile Kutuzov sent his adjutants back to accelerate the movements of the baggage-trains of the entire army, along the Krems-Znaim road as much as possible. Bagration's worn-out, hungry division, which alone was covering this movement of the transport and of the whole army, had to remain immovable before an enemy eight times stronger than itself.

Kutuzov's calculations proved correct, both that the proposals of capitulation, which were in no way binding, might give time for the transport, and also that Murat's mistake would very soon be discovered. As soon as Bonaparte (who was at Schönbrunn, sixteen miles from Hollabrunn) received Murat's dispatch containing the proposal of a truce and a capitulation he detected a ruse and wrote the following letter to Murat:

‘Schönbrunn, 25th Brumaire, 1805,
at eight o'clock in the morning.

‘To Prince Murat.

‘I cannot find words to express to you my displeasure. You only command my advance-guard and have no right to arrange an armistice without my order. You are causing me to lose the fruit of a campaign. Break off the armistice immediately and advance against the enemy. Inform him that the general who signed that capitulation had no right to do so; no one but the Emperor of Russia has that right.

‘Whenever the Emperor of Russia ratifies the said convention, however, I will ratify it; but it is only a ruse. March on, destroy the Russian army . . . You are in a position to seize its baggage and artillery.

‘The Russian Emperor's aide-de-camp is a deceiver. Officers are nothing when they have no powers; and this one had none . . . The Austrians let themselves be tricked at the crossing of the Vienna bridge, you are letting yourself be tricked by an aide-de-camp of the emperor.

‘NAPOLEON.’

Bonaparte's aide-de-camp rode as fast as his horse could carry him with this wrathful letter to Murat. Bonaparte himself, not trusting to his generals, moved with the whole of his Guards towards the field of battle,

afraid of letting the ready victim escape ; while Bagration's four thousand men merrily prepared camp fires, dried and warmed themselves, and boiled buckwheat porridge for the first time in three days, and no one in the division knew or imagined what was in store for him.

CHAPTER XV

A LITTLE before four o'clock in the afternoon Prince Andrew, who had persisted in his request to Kutuzov, arrived in Grunth and reported himself to Bagration. Bonaparte's adjutant had not yet reached Murat's detachment, and the battle had not yet begun. In Bagration's detachment no one knew anything of the general position of affairs. Some talked of peace but did not believe in its possibility ; others talked of a battle but also disbelieved in the near approach of an engagement. Bagration, knowing Bolkonski to be a favourite and trusted aide-de-camp, received him with distinction and special signs of favour, explaining to him that there would probably be an engagement that day or the next, and giving him full liberty to remain with him during the battle, or to go to the rear-guard and superintend the order of retreat : ' which is also very important.'

' However there will hardly be an engagement to-day,' said Bagration as if to reassure Prince Andrew.

' If he is one of the ordinary little staff-dandies, sent out to get a medal, he can get his reward just as well in the rear-guard, but if he wishes to stay with me, let him . . . he'll be of use here if he is a brave officer,' thought Bagration. Prince Andrew gave no answer, but asked the prince's permission to ride round the position to see the situation of the army, so as to know his bearings should he be sent to execute an order. The officer on duty, a handsome, elegantly dressed man with a diamond ring on his forefinger, who liked to speak French although he did so badly, offered to accompany Prince Andrew.

On all sides they saw rain-soaked officers with dejected faces, going about as if in search of something, and soldiers dragging doors, benches, and fencing from the village.

' There now, prince ! We can't stop these fellows,'

said the staff-officer pointing to the soldiers. 'The officers let them gad about. And there . . .' he pointed to a sutler's tent, 'they crowd in and sit. This morning I turned them all out, and now look: it's full again. I must go there, prince, and frighten them a bit. It won't take a moment.'

'Yes, let's go in and I will get myself a roll and some cheese,' said Prince Andrew, who had not yet had time to eat anything.

'Why didn't you mention it, prince? I would have offered you something.'

They dismounted and entered the tent. Several officers with flushed weary faces sat round the table, eating and drinking.

'What do you mean by this, gentlemen?' said the staff-officer in the reproachful tone of a man who has more than once made the same remark. 'Is it right to leave your posts like this? The prince gave orders that no one should remain here. There now, you, captain,' and he turned to a thin dirty little artillery officer who had risen when they entered and now stood before them in his stockings smiling uncomfortably (the canteen keeper was drying his boots for him).

'Well, aren't you ashamed of yourself. Captain Tushin?' continued the staff-officer. 'One would think that you, an artillery officer, would set a good example, yet here you are without your boots! If an alarm is sounded you'll be in a nice position without anything on your feet!' (The staff-officer smiled satirically.) 'Have the goodness to return to your posts, gentlemen, all of you, please, all!' he added in a tone of command.

Prince Andrew involuntarily smiled as he looked at the artillery officer Tushin, who silent and smiling, stepping from one stockinged foot to the other, glanced inquiringly with his large, intelligent, kindly eyes at Prince Andrew and then at the staff-officer.

'The soldiers say it's easier without boots,' said Captain Tushin smiling shyly, plainly wishing in his uncomfortable position to adopt a jesting tone. But before he had finished he was conscious that his jest had not been accepted and had fallen flat. He grew confused.

'Please return to your posts,' said the staff-officer, trying to preserve his gravity.

Prince Andrew again glanced at the artillery officer's little figure. There was something peculiar about it, something not at all soldierly, but rather comic and extremely attractive.

The staff-officer and Prince Andrew mounted and rode on.

After leaving the village and continually meeting and overtaking soldiers and officers belonging to various companies, they saw on their left some reddish entrenchments of newly-dug clay. Several battalions of soldiers, who were in their shirt-sleeves despite the cold wind, swarmed in these earthworks like a host of white ants: spadefuls of red clay were continually being thrown up from behind the bank by invisible hands. Prince Andrew and the officer rode up and looked at the entrenchment and went on again. Immediately behind it they came upon some dozens of soldiers, who were being continually replaced by others who ran from the entrenchment. They had to hold their noses and put their horses to a trot to escape from the poisoned atmosphere of these latrines.

*'Voilà l'agrement des camps, monsieur le prince.'*¹ said the staff-officer.

They rode up the hill on the opposite side, from whence the French could already be descried. Prince Andrew stopped and looked about him.

'That's our battery,' said the staff-officer, indicating the highest point. 'It's under the command of the queer fellow we saw without his boots. Everything can be seen from there: let's go there, prince.'

'Thank you very much, but I will go on alone,' said Prince Andrew, wishing to rid himself of the staff-officer's company. 'please don't let me trouble you any further.'

The staff-officer remained behind and Prince Andrew rode on.

The farther he advanced and the nearer he came to the enemy, the more orderly and cheerful appeared the troops. The greatest disorder and despondency had been in the baggage-train that he had passed on the Znaim road that morning, seven miles from the French. At Grunth a certain apprehension and indefinite fear were still in the air: but the nearer Prince Andrew approached to the French lines, the more self-confident appeared our

¹ 'This is a pleasure one gets in camp, prince.'

troops. Here soldiers in greatcoats stood drawn up in lines, sergeant-majors and captains were counting the men, touching on the chest with one finger the last man in each section and commanding him to hold up his hand. Other soldiers scattered over the whole ground were drawing faggots and logs along and building shelters with much merry laughter and chatter; there around the bonfires sat soldiers, some clothed and others stripped, drying their shirts and leg-bands; some were mending boots or overcoats or crowding round the cauldrons and the cooks. In one company dinner was ready, and the soldiers were gazing eagerly at the steaming cauldrons, waiting until the sample, which a sergeant was carrying in a wooden bowl, had been tasted by a quartermaster who was sitting on a log in front of his shelter.

Another company more lucky (for not all the companies had vodka) crowded round a pock-marked broad-shouldered corporal who, tilting his barrel, filled one after another the can-lids held out to him. The soldiers lifted the can-lids to their lips with reverential faces, emptied them and walked away with brightened expressions, rinsing their mouths with the vodka and wiping their lips on the sleeves of their great-coats. All faces were as tranquil as if this were happening not in sight of the enemy before going into action when at least half of them would remain on the field, but at home where they were awaiting peaceful quarters. After passing by the Chasseur regiment, in the lines of the Kief Grenadiers, fine fellows who were busy with similar peaceful occupations—near the shelter built for the regimental commander which stood higher and was different from the others, Prince Andrew came upon a platoon of grenadiers, in front of whom lay a naked man. Two soldiers held him, while two others, flourishing their switches, struck him regularly on his bare back. The man was screaming unnaturally. A stout major was pacing up and down, and without heeding the man's screams kept repeating:

‘It’s shameful for a soldier to steal; a soldier must be honest, honourable, and brave; but if he robs his fellows, there is no honour in him; he’s a scoundrel. Go on! go on!’

So the swishing sound of the strokes and the unnatural but desperate screaming continued.

‘Go on, go on!’ repeated the major.

A young officer with a bewildered and pained expression on his face stepped away from the man, turned and looked up inquiringly at the aide-de-camp as he rode by.

Prince Andrew, having reached the outer line, rode along the front. Our front line and that of the enemy were far apart on the right and left flanks, but in the centre, where the men bearing the flag of truce had met that morning, the lines were near enough for the men to see each other’s faces and to exchange words. Besides the soldiers who formed the piquet line on either side there were many curious onlookers who, jesting and laughing, stared at their strange and foreign-looking enemies.

Since early morning (notwithstanding the prohibition to approach the piquet line), the officers had been unable to keep sightseers away. The soldiers forming the piquet line, as people do who have some curious thing to show, no longer looked at the French but addressed their remarks to the sightseers and waited wearily to be relieved. Prince Andrew halted to have a look at the French.

‘Look! Look there!’ a soldier was saying to a comrade, pointing to a Russian soldier, a musketeer, who with an officer had approached the piquet line and was rapidly and excitedly talking to a French grenadier. ‘Just see him jabbering! Ain’t it fine? It’s all the Frenchy can do to keep pace with him. There now, Sidorov, you have a try!’

‘Wait a bit and listen. Fine!’ answered Sidorov, who was considered an adept at French.

The soldier to whom the jesters referred was Dolokhov. Prince Andrew recognized him and stopped to listen to what he was saying. Dolokhov had come with his captain from the left flank, where their regiment was stationed.

‘Now then, go on, go on!’ urged the officer bending forward and trying not to lose a single word of the to him incomprehensible speech. ‘Quicker, please; quicker! What’s he saying?’

Dolokhov did not answer the captain; he had been drawn into a heated dispute with the French grenadier. They were talking, as was only natural, about the campaign. The Frenchman, confusing the Austrians and

Russians, was trying to prove that the Russians had surrendered, and had fled all the way from Ulm; while Dolokhov maintained that the Russians had not surrendered and had beaten the French.

'Here we are ordered to drive you off, and we will drive you off,' said Dolokhov.

'Only look out that you're not taken with all your Cossacks!' said the French grenadier.

The French onlookers and listeners laughed.

'We'll lead you the same dance as we did under Suvarov . . . (*on vous fera danser*),' said Dolokhov.

'What's he jawing about?' asked a Frenchman.

'Ancient history,' answered another, guessing that Dolokhov had referred to a former war. 'The emperor will teach your Suvara, same as others . . .'

'Buonaparte . . .' began Dolokhov, but the Frenchman interrupted him.

'There's no Bonaparte. There is the emperor! *Sacré nom* . . .!' he cried angrily.

'The devil skin your emperor!'

And Dolokhov swore at him in rough soldier's Russian, and shouldering his gun walked away.

'Let's go, Ivan Lukych,' said he to the captain.

'Ah, that's the sort of French,' said the soldiers in the line. 'Now, Sidorov, you have a try.'

Sidorov turned to the French with a wink, and began to jabber meaningless sounds very fast: '*Kari, mala, tafa, safi, muter, kaska*,' he said, trying to intonate expressively.

'Ho! ho! ho! Ha! ha! ha! Ouh! ouh!' came peals of such healthy and merry laughter from the lines that it infected the French, so much so that the only thing left to do seemed to be to unload the muskets, blow up the explosives, and for every one to return to his home as quickly as possible. But the guns remained loaded, the loop-holes in blockhouses and entrenchments looked just as threatening, and the unlimbered cannon remained facing each other as before.

CHAPTER XVI

HAVING ridden along the whole line of the troops from the right to the left flanks, Prince Andrew made his way up to the battery from which the staff-officer had said the whole field could be seen. Here he dismounted and stopped beside the farthest of the four cannon that had been unlimbered. In front of the guns an artillery sentry was pacing up and down. He stood at attention on the arrival of the officer, but at a sign resumed his measured tedious pacing. Behind the guns stood their limbers, and still farther back the horse-pickets and the artillerymen's bonfires. To the left, not far from the farthest cannon, was a new wattle-shed, whence came the sound of officers' voices in animated conversation.

In truth there opened out from this battery a view over nearly the whole Russian position and the greater part of the enemy's. Just facing the battery, on the crest of the opposite hill, could be seen the village of Schön Grabern; to its left and right were to be seen, amidst the smoke of their bonfires, three different masses of the French troops. The greater part of their troops were evidently in the village itself and behind the hill. To the left of the village, in the smoke, appeared something resembling a battery, which it was impossible to distinguish clearly with the naked eye. Our right flank was posted on a rather steep eminence which dominated the French position. On it was stationed our infantry, and at the farthest point were the dragoons. In the centre, where stood Tushin's battery, whence Prince Andrew was now surveying the position, was the smoothest and straightest descent and ascent to the brook that separated us from Schön Grabern. To the left our troops were close to a forest in which smoked the bonfires of our infantry, who were felling wood. The French line was wider than ours, and it was evident that they could easily outflank us on both sides. Behind our position was a steep and deep ravine which would make it difficult for artillery and cavalry to retreat. Prince Andrew took out his notebook, and leaning on the cannon, sketched a plan of the position. On two points he made notes, intending to mention them to Bagration. His idea was, first to

concentrate the whole of the artillery in the centre, and secondly to withdraw the cavalry to the other side of the ravine. Prince Andrew, who was always near the commander-in-chief and followed closely the mass movements and general orders, and who was always studying historical accounts of battles, now involuntarily pictured to himself the sequence of events in the forthcoming action, in broad outline. He imagined only important eventualities of the following kind: 'If the enemy attacks the right flank,' he said to himself, 'the Kief Grenadiers and the Podolsk Chasseurs must hold their position until reserves from the centre come up. In that case the dragoons can attack in the flank and rout them. If they attack our centre, we will advance the centre battery on this eminence, and under its cover we will withdraw the left flank and retreat to the ravine by echelons.' So he reasoned . . . All the while he was on the battery beside the gun he had distinctly heard the voices of the officers, but as often happens he had not understood a word of what they were saying. Suddenly, however, he was struck by a voice which came from the shed, and its tone was so sincere that he could not help listening.

'No, friend,' said a pleasant and, as it seemed to Prince Andrew, a familiar voice, 'what I say is, that if it were possible to know what is beyond death, none of us would be afraid of it. That's the point, friend.'

Another, a younger voice, interrupted him:

'Afraid or not, you can't escape it anyhow.'

'All the same, one is afraid! Oh, you learned people,' said a third, a manly voice, interrupting them both. 'Of course you artillerymen are very wise, because you can carry everything about with you—vodka and refreshments.'

And the owner of the manly voice, evidently an infantry officer, laughed.

'Yes, one is afraid,' continued the first speaker, he of the familiar voice. 'One is afraid of the unknown, that's what it is. Whatever we may say about the soul going to the sky . . . we know there is no sky, but only the atmosphere.'

The manly voice again interrupted the artillery officer.

'Well, treat us to some of your herb vodka, Tushin,' it said.

‘Why,’ thought Prince Andrew, ‘that is the captain who stood at the sutler’s hut without his boots.’ He recognized with pleasure the agreeable voice that was philosophizing.

‘Some herb vodka? Certainly!’ said Tushin. ‘But still, to conceive a future life . . .’

He did not finish. At that moment there was a whistle in the air; nearer and nearer, faster and louder, louder and faster, a cannon-ball, as if it had not finished saying what was necessary, throwing up a mass of earth with superhuman force, slapped into the ground near the shed. The ground seemed to groan at the terrible impact.

Instantly there rushed out first Tushin, with a short pipe in the corner of his mouth, his kind intelligent face looking rather pale, and then the owner of the manly voice, a dashing infantry officer, who hurried off to his company, buttoning up his coat as he ran.

CHAPTER XVII

Mounting his horse again, Prince Andrew stayed with the battery, watching the cloud from the gun that had sped the ball. His eyes wandered over the wide space. All he saw was that the hitherto motionless masses of the French were now swaying, and that it really was a battery on the left. The smoke hovering over it had not yet dispersed. Two mounted Frenchmen, probably adjutants, were galloping on the hill. Down the hill moved a small but clearly seen column of the enemy, probably to strengthen the front line. Before the smoke of the first shot had dispersed, another smoke cloudlet appeared, followed by a report. The battle had begun. Prince Andrew turned his horse and galloped back to Grunth to find Prince Bagration. He heard the cannonade behind him growing more frequent and louder. Evidently our guns had begun to reply. From the bottom of the hill, the spot where the parleys had taken place, came the report of musketry.

Scarcely had Lemarrois arrived at a gallop with Bonaparte’s stern letter to Murat, than the humiliated Murat, desiring to expiate his fault, moved his men to attack the centre and to outflank both the Russian wings,

hoping before evening and before the arrival of the emperor to crush the contemptible detachment that confronted him.

'It has begun! Here it is,' thought Prince Andrew, feeling the blood rush more rapidly to his heart. 'But where, how, will my Toulon shape itself?'

Passing by the companies which but a quarter of an hour before had been eating buckwheat porridge and drinking vodka, he saw on all sides the same rapid movements of soldiers forming line and taking up their muskets, and on all their faces he recognized the same feeling of animation that filled his heart. 'It has begun! Here is it; dreadful and yet joyous!' was what each soldier's and each officer's face seemed to say.

Before he had reached the spot where embankments were being thrown up he saw, in the dull autumn evening light, mounted men advancing towards him. The foremost, wearing a Cossack cloak and lambskin cap, and riding a white horse, was Prince Bagration. Prince Andrew stopped and waited for him to come up, Prince Bagration reined in his horse and, recognizing Prince Andrew, nodded. He continued looking before him while Prince Andrew related what he had seen.

The feeling, 'It has begun! Here it is,' was expressed even on Prince Bagration's hard, brown face with its half-closed, dull, sleepy eyes. Prince Andrew gazed with anxious curiosity into that impassive face and wished he could tell what, if anything, that man was thinking and feeling at that moment. 'Is there anything at all behind that immobile face?' Prince Andrew asked himself as he looked. Prince Bagration bent his head as a sign that he agreed with what Prince Andrew said, and replied, 'All right!' in a tone that seemed to imply that everything that took place and was reported to him was exactly what he had foreseen. Prince Andrew, out of breath with his rapid ride, spoke rapidly. Prince Bagration, pronouncing his words in his oriental accent, spoke particularly slowly as if to impress on the prince that there was no need for hurry. Nevertheless he touched his horse and rode at a trot towards Tushin's battery. Prince Andrew followed with the suite. Behind Prince Bagration rode an officer of the suite, the prince's personal aide-dé-camp, Zherkov, an orderly officer, the staff-officer on duty

on a fine bob-tailed horse, and a civilian—an accountant, who out of curiosity had asked permission to be present at the battle. The accountant, a stout, full-faced man with a naïve smile of pleasure, looked around him and presented a strange appearance in his camlet coat, as he bounced up and down on his horse, on his convoy-officer's saddle, among the Hussars, Cossacks, and adjutants.

'He wants to see the battle,' said Zherkov to Bolkonski, pointing to the accountant, 'but he has pains at the pit of his stomach already.'

'Oh, don't!' said the accountant with a beaming though somewhat cunning smile, as if flattered at being made the subject of Zherkov's joke, and as though deliberately trying to appear more stupid than he really was.

'It is very strange, *mon monsieur prince*,' said the staff-officer. (He remembered that in French there is some peculiar way of addressing a prince, but could not get it quite right.)

They were all now just approaching Tushin's battery, and a ball fell in front of them.

'What's that fallen?' asked the accountant with a naïve smile.

'French pancakes,' answered Zherkov.

'So that's what they fight with?' inquired the accountant. 'How dreadful!'

And he seemed to swell with satisfaction. He had hardly finished speaking when again they heard an unexpectedly violent whistling which suddenly terminated with a fall into something soft... *f-f-flop!* and a Cossack, who had been riding past a little to their right and behind the accountant, crashed down to earth with his horse. Zherkov and the staff-officer bent over their saddles and turned away their horses. The accountant stopped before the Cossack and examined him with attentive curiosity. The Cossack was dead, but the horse still struggled.

Prince Bagration screwed up his eyes, looked round, and seeing the cause of the confusion turned away with indifference as if to say, 'Is it worth while to notice trifles?' He reined in his horse with the ease of a skilful rider, and slightly bending over disengaged his sabre, which had caught in his cloak. It was a strange sabre, not

like those then in use. Prince Andrew remembered hearing that Suvarov had made a present of his sabre to Bagration in Italy, and at that moment the recollection was particularly pleasant. They came up to the battery in which Prince Andrew had stood when he examined the battlefield.

'Whose company?' asked Prince Bagration of an artilleryman standing beside the ammunition wagon.

He asked, 'Whose company?' but he really meant, 'Are any of you funking here?' and the artilleryman understood him.

'Captain Tushin's, your excellency!' shouted the red-haired freckled gunner, in a merry voice, standing at attention.

'Yes, yes,' muttered Bagration as if considering something, and rode past the limbers to the farthest cannon.

As he approached, a ringing shot issued from that gun, deafening him and his suite; and in the smoke that had suddenly enveloped the gun could be seen the gunners, who had seized it and were straining to roll it quickly back to its former position. A huge broad-shouldered soldier, number one, holding a mop in his hand, with his legs far apart, sprang to the wheel; while number two with a trembling hand placed a charge in the cannon's mouth. The short, round-shouldered Captain Tushin, stumbling over the tail of the gun-carriage, moved forward and, without noticing the general, looked out, shading his eyes with his small hand.

'Raise it two lines more and it will be just right,' cried he in his weak voice, to which he tried to give a dashing note ill suited to his weak figure. 'Second!' he squeaked. 'Fire, Medvedev!'

Bagration called to him, and Tushin, with a bashful and awkward gesture, not at all like a military salute but like a priest's benediction, raising three fingers to his cap, approached the general. Though Tushin's guns were intended to cannonade the valley, he was firing incendiary balls at the village of Schön Grabern, visible just opposite, in front of which large masses of French were advancing.

No one had given Tushin orders where and what to fire, but having consulted his sergeant-major Zakharchenko, whom he held in great respect, he had decided that

it would be well to set fire to the village. 'Very good!' said Bagration in reply to the officer's report, and began to examine the battle-field spread out before him, as if considering something. The French had approached nearest on our right. Below the height on which the Kiev regiment was standing, in the hollow where the rivulet flowed, sounded the soul-stirring rolling and crackling of musketry, and much farther to the right, beyond the dragoons, the officer of the suite pointed out to Bagration a French column outflanking us. To the left the horizon was bounded by the adjacent wood. Prince Bagration ordered two battalions from the centre to go to reinforce this right flank. The officer of the suite ventured to remark to the prince that if these battalions went away the guns would remain without support. Prince Bagration turned to the officer and with his dull eyes looked at him in silence. Prince Andrew thought the officer's remark just, and that really no answer could be made to it. But at that moment came an adjutant at a gallop, sent by the commander of the regiment in the hollow, with news that immense masses of French were coming down upon them and that his regiment was in disorder and was retreating upon the Kiev Grenadiers. Prince Bagration bowed his head in sign of assent and approval. He rode off at a foot-pace towards the right, and sent an adjutant to the dragoons with an order to attack the French. But in half an hour this adjutant returned with the news that the commander of the dragoon regiment had already retreated beyond the ravine, as a heavy fire was directed against him and he was losing men uselessly, and accordingly he had hurried sharpshooters into the wood.

'Very well!' said Bagration.

As he was leaving the battery firing was heard to the left also, and as it was too far for him to reach the left flank in person before it was too late, Prince Bagration sent Zherkov there to tell the general in command (the same who had paraded his regiment before Kutuzov at Braunau) that he must retreat as quickly as possible behind the ravine, as the right flank would probably be unable to withstand the enemy's attack very long. Tushin and the battalion that had been in support of his battery were forgotten. Prince Andrew attentively listened to

Bagration's colloquies with the commanding officers and to the orders he gave them, and to his surprise found that no orders were really given, but that Prince Bagration tried to make it appear that everything done by necessity, by accident, or according to the will of subordinate commanders, was done, if not by his direct command, at least in accordance with his intentions. Prince Andrew further perceived that, owing to the tact Bagration displayed, despite the fortuity of the events and their independence of the commander's will, his presence counted for a great deal. The officers who approached Bagration with disturbed countenances became calm; soldiers and officers greeted him merrily, grew more cheerful in his presence, and were evidently anxious to show off their courage before him.

CHAPTER XVIII

PRINCE BAGRATION, having ridden to the highest point on our right flank, began riding down towards the place whence came the roll of musketry, but where on account of the powder-smoke nothing was visible. The nearer they approached the hollow the less they could see, but the more they felt the proximity of the real battle-field. They began to meet wounded men. One, with a bleeding head and without a cap, was being dragged along by two soldiers who held him up under the armpits. There was a gurgle in his throat and he was spitting blood. Plainly a bullet had hit him in the throat or mouth. They met another who was walking sturdily and unassisted but without his musket and groaning aloud, swinging his arm as if it had just been hurt, while from it blood was streaming over his cloak as from a bottle. His face expressed fear rather than suffering. He had been wounded the minute before. Crossing a road, they descended a steep incline and saw several men lying there; they also met a crowd of soldiers among whom were some unwounded. The soldiers were ascending the hill breathing heavily, and despite the presence of the general they talked loudly and gesticulated. Before them, lines of grey cloaks were already visible through the smoke, and an officer, catching sight of Bagration,

rushed shouting after the crowd of retreating soldiers, ordering them back. Bagration approached the ranks, along which, now here and now there, shots were cracking, drowning the sound of voices and the shouts of the command. The whole air was reeking with powder-smoke. The soldiers' excited faces were blackened with it. Some were using their ramrods, others putting powder on the pan or taking charges from their knapsacks, while others were firing, though their target was not visible on account of the smoke which was not carried away by wind. Quite frequently pleasant humming and whistling sounds were audible. 'What is this?' thought Prince Andrew as he drew near the crowd of soldiers. 'It can't be an attack, for they are not moving; it can't be a square, for they are not in proper position for that.' The regimental commander, a thin, feeble-looking old man, with a pleasant smile, his eyelids drooping more than half over his old eyes—which gave him an appearance of mildness—rode up to Bagration and received him as a host receives an honoured guest. He reported that his regiment had been attacked by French cavalry; and that although the attack had been repulsed, he had lost more than half his men. He said the attack had been repulsed, employing this military term for what had occurred to his regiment; but in reality he himself did not know what had happened during that half-hour to the troops entrusted to him, and could not say with certainty whether the attack had been repulsed, or whether his regiment had been broken up. All he knew was that at the beginning of the action balls and grenades began flying all over his regiment and hitting men, and that afterwards some one had shouted 'Cavalry!' and our men had commenced firing. They were still firing, not at the cavalry, which had disappeared, but at French infantry who had come into the hollow and were firing at our men. Prince Bagration bowed his head to intimate that this was exactly what he had desired and expected. Turning to an adjutant, he ordered him to bring down the two battalions of the Sixth Chasseurs, whom they had just passed. Prince Andrew was struck at this moment by the altered look on Prince Bagration's face. It expressed that intent and happy resolution which you see on the face of one who on a hot day is about to plunge into the water and is taking the final run. The

dull sleepy expression was no longer there, nor the assumed air of profound thought. The round steady hawk's eyes looked eagerly and rather contemptuously straight before him and did not seem to rest on anything in particular, although his movements were still slow and measured.

The regimental commander turned to Prince Bagration, entreating him to go to the rear, as it was too dangerous to remain where they were. 'Please, your excellency: for Heaven's sake!' he said, glancing for support at the officer of the suite who was turning away from him. 'There, you see!' He drew attention to the bullets that whistled, sang, and hissed continuously around them. He spoke in the tone of entreaty and reproach in which a carpenter says to a gentleman who has picked up an axe, 'We are used to it, but you, sir, will blister your hands.' He spoke as if those bullets could not kill him, and his half-closed eyes imparted still more persuasiveness to his words. The staff-officer joined in the commander's exhortations. Bagration did not reply; he only gave an order to cease firing and to form so as to make room for the two approaching battalions. As he was speaking, as if drawn by an invisible hand, the curtain of smoke that had concealed the hollow began to move from right to left, driven by a rising wind, and the hill opposite with the French moving about upon it opened out before them. All eyes were involuntarily fixed on this French column advancing upon them and winding down over the uneven ground. One could already see the shaggy caps of the soldiers, distinguish the officers from the men, and see the banner flapping against its stave.

'They are marching splendidly,' remarked some one in Bagration's suite.

The head of the column had already descended into the hollow. The encounter would take place on this side. . . .

The remnants of our regiment, which had already been in action, rapidly formed up and moved to the right; from behind it, dispersing the laggards, came in fine order two battalions of the Sixth Chasseurs. They had not reached Bagration, but the ponderous tread of the mass of men marching in step could be heard. On their left flank nearest to Bagration marched a company commander, a fine round-faced man who looked stupid and happy, the

same who had rushed out of the wattle-shed. At that moment clearly he was not thinking of anything but what a dashing fellow he would appear as he passed the general in command.

With the self-satisfaction of one in the battle-line, he stepped lightly with his muscular legs, as if sailing along, stretched to his full height without the smallest effort, this lightness contrasting with the heavy tread of the soldiers for whom he set the pace. He carried close to his leg a narrow unsheathed sword (small, curved, and unlike a real weapon), and looked now at the superior officers and now back at his men, without losing step, his whole powerful figure moving flexibly. It was as if all the powers of his soul were directed to passing the general in the most perfect manner, and, feeling that he was doing it well, he was happy. 'Left . . . left . . . left . . . ' he seemed to repeat to himself at each alternate step; and in time to this, with faces which, however different, were all serious, moved the wall of soldierly figures, burdened with knapsacks and rifles, and each one of those hundreds of soldiers seemed to be repeating within himself at each alternate step, 'Left . . . left . . . left. . . .' A fat major passed round a bush, puffing and falling out of step; a soldier who had lagged behind, frightened at his negligence, ran at a trot, panting, to catch up with his company. A cannon-ball cleaving the air, flew over the heads of Bagration and his suite, and fell into the column to the measure of 'Left . . . left! . . . ' 'Close up!' came in jaunty tones the voice of the company commander. The soldiers in a semi-circle passed round something at the spot where the ball had dropped, and an old trooper, a non-commissioned officer, who had stayed beside the dead, ran to catch up his line, and, falling into step with a jump, looked back with a fierce face. 'Left . . . left . . . left' . . . the rhythmic sound of the feet beating the ground in unison seemed to be saying.

'Well done, lads!' said Prince Bagration.

'Glad to do our best, your ex'len-lency,' rang out voices all along the ranks. A morose soldier, marching on the left, turned his eyes upon Bagration as he shouted, with an expression as if to say: 'No need to tell us that!' Another, without looking round, as though he feared to relax, shouted with his mouth wide open and passed on.

The order was given to halt and down knapsacks.

Bagration rode past the ranks that had marched past, and dismounted. He gave the reins to a Cossack, took off his felt coat and gave it up too, stretched his legs, and set his cap straight. The head of the French column, with its officers leading, appeared from behind the hill.

'Forward, with God!' said Bagration in a firm audible voice, turning for a moment to the front line, and slightly swinging his arms, and with the awkward walk of a cavalryman he stepped uneasily along the rough field. Prince Andrew felt that an invisible power was leading him forward, and he experienced great happiness.

The French were already near. Prince Andrew, walking beside Bagration, could clearly distinguish their bandoliers, the red epaulettes, and even their faces. (He distinctly saw an old French officer, who with his gaitered legs and turned out toes climbed the hill with difficulty.) Prince Bagration gave no further orders, and silently continued to walk on in front. Suddenly one shot after another rang out from the French side and all along their uneven ranks, smoke appeared, and musket shots sounded. Several of our men fell, among them the round-faced officer who had marched so gaily and with such ardour. But at the moment the first report was heard, Bagration looked round and shouted: 'Hurrah!'

'Hurrah!—ah!—ah!' resounded in a long-drawn shout from our ranks, and our men, passing Bagration and racing one another, rushed in a disordered but merry and eager crowd down the hill at their disorganized foe.¹

CHAPTER XIX

THE attack of the Sixth Chasseurs secured the retreat of the right flank. In the centre, Tushin's forgotten battery, which had managed to set fire to the Schön Grabern village, delayed the French advance. The French were putting out the fire, which the wind was spreading, and so gave time for the retreat. The retirement of the centre to

¹ This was when the attack took place of which Thiers says: 'The Russians behaved courageously, and, what seldom happens in war, two bodies of infantry were seen marching resolutely against one another, without either of them giving way before being met.' And Napoleon at St. Helena said: 'Some Russian battalions showed entire fearlessness.'

the other side of the ravine was hurried and noisy, but the different companies did not get mixed. Our left, however, which was simultaneously attacked and outflanked by superior forces of the French under Lannes, and which consisted of the Azov and Podolsk infantry and the Pavlograd regiment of Hussars, was thrown into confusion. Bagration had sent Zherkov to the general commanding the left flank, with an order to retreat immediately.

Zherkov, without removing his hand from his cap, boldly turned his horse about and galloped off. But no sooner had he left Bagration than his courage failed him. He was overcome by irresistible fear, and could not go where there was danger.

Having reached the left flank, instead of advancing to the front where the firing was, he went to look for the general and his staff of officers in places where they could not possibly be, and therefore he did not deliver the order.

The command of the left flank belonged by priority to the commander of the regiment that had been reviewed by Kutuzov at Branau, in which Dolokhov was serving as a private. The command of the extreme left flank had been assigned to the commander of the Pavlograd regiment in which Rostov was serving, and a misunderstanding consequently arose. The two commanders were greatly irritated with one another, and long after the action had begun on the right flank and the French were advancing, they were talking volubly, solely with the object of offending one another. The regiments, both cavalry and infantry, were quite unprepared for the impending action. They, from privates to generals, were not expecting a battle, and were busily engaged in peaceful occupations: the cavalry feeding their horses, the infantry collecting wood.

‘Ven he higher iss dan I in rank,’ said the general of the Hussars, a German, flushing and addressing an adjutant who had ridden up, ‘zen let him do vhat he vill. I cannot sacrifice my hussars. . . . Bugler, sount ze retreat!’

But haste was becoming necessary. Cannonade and musketry, mingling together, thundered on the right and in the centre, while the capotes of Lannes’s sharp-shooters were already seen crossing the mill-dam and forming up within twice the range of a musket-shot. The infantry commander with jerky steps went towards his horse and,

having mounted, drew himself up very straight and tall, and rode to the Pavlograd commander. The commanders met with polite bows, but with secret malevolence in their hearts.

'Once again, colonel,' said the general, 'I can't leave half my men in the wood. I *beg* of you, I *beg* of you,' he repeated, 'to occupy the *position* and prepare for attack.'

'I peg of you yourself not to mix in vot is not your pusiness!' suddenly replied the irate colonel. 'If you were in the cavalry. . . .'

'I am not in the cavalry, colonel, but I am a Russian general, and if you are not aware of the fact. . . .'

'Quite avare, your excellency,' suddenly shouted the colonel, touching his horse and turning purple in the face. 'Vill you be so goot to come to ze front and see dat zis position iss no goot? I don't vish to desstroy my men for your pleasure!'

'Your are forgetting yourself, colonel. I am not considering my own pleasure, and I won't allow it to be said!'

The general, accepting the colonel's challenge as a test of his courage, extended his chest, and, frowning, rode with him towards the front line, as though their differences might be settled there amongst the bullets. They arrived at the front; several bullets sped over them and they halted in silence. There was nothing to look at in the line, for from where they had been before it was evidently impossible for any cavalry to act among the bushes and broken ground, and it was also evident that the French were outflanking our left. The general and colonel looked sternly and significantly at one another, like two fighting-cocks preparing for a battle, each vainly trying to detect some sign of cowardice in the other. Both passed the examination successfully. As there was nothing to be said, and as neither wished to give occasion for it to be alleged that he had been the first to leave the range of fire, they would both have remained there for a long while, testing each other's courage, if it had not been that just then they heard behind them in the wood the rattle of musketry and a muffled shout. The French had attacked the men collecting wood in the forest. It was no longer possible for the Hussars to retreat with the infantry. They were cut off from the line of retreat on the left by the

French. Now, however inconvenient the position, it was necessary to attack in order to cut a way through for themselves.

The squadron in which Rostov was serving had scarcely had time to mount when it was halted facing the enemy. Again, as on the Enns bridge, there was no one between the squadron and the enemy, and there lay separating them the same terrible line of uncertainty and fear, like a line dividing the living from the dead. All were conscious of this unseen line, and the question whether and how they would cross it agitated them all.

The colonel rode to the front, angrily gave some kind of reply to the questions put to him by the officers, and gave some order like a man desperately insisting on having his way. No one said anything definite, but a rumour spread through the squadron that they were to attack. The command was given to form up, and the sabres whizzed as they were drawn from their scabbards. Still no one moved. The troops on the left flank, infantry and cavalry alike, felt that those in command did not themselves know what to do, and this irresolution communicated itself to the men.

‘If only they would make haste!’ thought Rostov, feeling that at last the time had come to experience the joy of an attack, about which he had heard so much from his fellow hussars.

‘Fo’ward, with God, lads!’ rang Denisov’s voice. ‘At a twot, fo’ward!’

The croups of the horses in front began to sway. Rook pulled at the reins and started of his own accord.

Before him, to the right, Rostov saw the front lines of his hussars, and still further away a dark line, which he could not see distinctly, but took for the enemy. Shots could be heard, but they were some way off.

‘Faster! Twot!’ came the word of command, and then Rostov felt the drop of Rook’s flanks as he changed to a gallop.

Rostov anticipated his horse’s movements and became more and more elated. He had noticed a solitary tree in front. This tree had been in the centre of the line that had appeared so terrible. And now he had crossed that line and not only was there nothing terrible, but he was becoming more and more joyous and animated. ‘Oh,

now I shall slash at him,' thought Rostov, gripping the hilt of his sword.

'Hur-a-a-a-ah!' came a roar of voices. 'Let any one come my way now, whoever he may be,' thought Rostov, driving his spurs into Rook and letting him go at full gallop so that he outstripped the others. Ahead the enemy was already visible. Suddenly something like a large bunch of twigs seemed to switch over the heads of the squadron. Rostov raised his sword ready to strike, but at that moment the trooper Nikitenko, who was galloping ahead of him, went away from him, and Rostov felt, as in a dream, that he was continuing to gallop on with unabated speed but yet remained on the same spot. From behind him, Bondarenko, an hussar whom he knew, jolted against him and looked at him angrily. Bondarenko's horse swerved aside and galloped past.

'How is it I am not moving? I have fallen, I am killed.' Rostov asked and replied at the same instant. He was alone in the middle of a field. Instead of the moving horses and the Hussars' backs, before him he saw nothing but the motionless earth and the stubble about him. There was warm blood under his arm. 'No, I am wounded, and the horse is killed.' Rook tried to rise on his forelegs, but fell back, pinning his rider's leg. Blood was flowing from the horse's head. It struggled but could not rise. Rostov tried to rise also but fell back, his sabretache had become entangled in the saddle. Where the Russians were, and where the French, he did not know. There was no one near.

Having disentangled his leg, he rose. 'Where, on which side, was now the line that had so sharply divided the armies?' he asked himself, but could not answer. 'Has some misfortune come on me? Do such things occur? And what must one do in such cases?' he asked himself, as he rose; and at that moment he felt as if something superfluous were hanging from his numbed left arm. The hand felt as if it were not his own. He examined it carefully, vainly seeking blood on it. 'Ah, here are people coming,' thought he joyfully, as he saw several men running towards him. 'They will help me!' In front came one wearing a strange shako and a blue cloak, swarthy, sun-burnt, and with a hooked nose. Then came two more, and then many running behind. One of them said some-

thing strange, not in Russian. Among the last of these people wearing similar shakos was a Russian hussar. He was being held by the arms, and his horse was being led behind him.

‘I suppose it’s one of ours, a prisoner. Yes. Is it possible they will take me too? Who are these men?’ thought Rostov, scarcely believing his eyes. ‘Can they be French?’ He looked at the approaching Frenchmen, thinking how but a moment ago he had been galloping to meet them and hack them to pieces, yet now their proximity appeared so terrible that he did not believe his own eyes. ‘Who are they? Why are they running? Can they be coming for me? And why? To kill me? Me whom every one loves so much?’ He remembered his mother’s love for him, and the love of his family and his friends; and the intention of the enemy to kill him seemed impossible. ‘But perhaps they will kill me!’ For more than ten seconds he stood without moving from the spot or understanding the situation. The first Frenchman, he with the hooked nose, was already so close that the expression of the face could be seen. And the heated foreign face of that man, trailing his bayonet, holding his breath and lightly advancing at a run, frightened Rostov. He seized his pistol, but instead of firing it, he flung it at the Frenchman and ran with all his might towards the bushes. It was not with the feeling of doubt and strife with which he had stepped upon the Enns bridge that he now ran, but with the feeling of a hare fleeing the hounds. But a single sentiment, that of fear for his young and happy life, possessed his whole being. Rapidly jumping the furrows, he fled across the field with the impetuosity he used to show at catchplay, now and then looking back with his kind pale young face. A shudder of terror went through him; ‘No, better not to look,’ he thought, but having reached the bushes he glanced round once more. The French were left behind, and at the moment he turned round the first man had just changed his run to a walk, and turning shouted something to a comrade farther back. Rostov paused. ‘No, there’s some mistake,’ thought he. ‘They cannot want to kill me.’ But at the same time his left arm felt as if a five-stone weight were tied to it. He could run no more. The French also stopped, and aimed. Rostov closed his eyes and

bent down. One bullet, and then another, whistled past him. He mustered his last remains of strength and reached the bushes. Behind them were some Russian sharpshooters.

CHAPTER XX

THE infantry regiments that had been surprised in the wood came running out of it, and in their retreat, different companies getting mixed, became a disorderly crowd. One soldier in his fright unreasoningly uttered the cry, so terrible in battle, 'Cut off!' and this cry of fear infected the whole mass with the same dread.

'Surrounded! Cut off! Lost!' shouted the fugitives.

The regimental commander, the moment he heard the firing and the cry from behind, realized that something dreadful had happened to his regiment; and the thought that he, an exemplary officer of many years' service, who was not at all to blame, might be accused at head-quarters of negligence or incapacity, so staggered him that, quite forgetting the recalcitrant cavalry colonel, and above all forgetting his own dignity as a general, the danger, and all regard for self-preservation, he seized his saddle-bow, and spurring his horse galloped towards the regiment under a hail of bullets which fell around but fortunately missed him. His one wish was to know what was happening, and to correct or remedy, at any cost, the mistake, if he had made one, so that he, an exemplary officer who had served for twenty-two years and never been censured, should not be worthy of blame.

Having safely galloped through the French, he reached a field behind the copse across which our men were running, descending a hill regardless of orders. That moment of moral hesitation which decides the fate of a battle had arrived: would this disorderly crowd of soldiers listen to the voice of their commander, or would they only look at him and continue their flight? Despite his desperate shouts that used to seem so formidable to the soldiers, despite his furious purple countenance, distorted out of all likeness to his former self, and the flourishing of his sabre, the soldiers continued to run, talking, firing into the air, and disobeying orders. The moral hesitation which decides the fate of battles was evidently ending in the victory of fear.

The general had a fit of coughing as a result of shouting and the powder-smoke, and he halted in despair. Everything seemed lost. Then, at that moment, the French who were attacking our troops, without any apparent reason ran back and disappeared from the outskirts of the wood, in which in their place Russian sharp-shooters appeared. It was Timokhin's company, which alone had kept order while in the wood, and, having lain in ambush in a ditch, attacked the French unexpectedly. Timokhin, armed only with a sword, had rushed at the enemy with such a desperate cry and such mad drunken determination, that taken by surprise the French had thrown down their muskets and run. Dolokhov, running beside Timokhin, killed a Frenchman at close quarters and was the first to seize a surrendering French officer by his collar. The fugitives returned, the battalions reformed, and the French, who had nearly cut our left flank in half, were for the moment repulsed. Our reserve units were able to join up and the fight was at an end. The regimental commander and Major Ekonomov had stopped beside the bridge, letting the retreating companies pass before them, when a soldier came up and took hold of the commander's stirrup, almost leaning against him. The man was wearing a bluish coat of broadcloth, he had no knapsack or shako, his head was bandaged, and a French munition pouch was slung over his shoulder. He was holding an officer's sword. The soldier was pale, his blue eyes looked impudently at the commander's face, and his lips were smiling. Though the commander was busy giving instructions to Major Ekonomov, he could not help taking notice of the soldier.

'Your excellency, here are two trophies,' said Dolokhov, pointing to the French sword and pouch. 'I have taken an officer prisoner. I stopped the company.' Dolokhov breathed heavily from weariness, he spoke in abrupt sentences. 'The whole company can bear witness. I beg you will remember this, your excellency!'

'All right, all right,' replied the commander, and turned to Major Ekonomov.

But Dolokhov did not go away; he untied the handkerchief bound around his head, pulled it off, and showed the blood congealed on his hair.

‘A bayonet wound. I remained at the front. Remember, your excellency!’

* * * * *

Tushin's battery had been forgotten, and only at the very end of the action did Prince Bagration, still hearing the cannonade in the centre, send the staff-officer on duty, and later Prince Andrew also, to order the battery to retreat immediately. The supports attached to Tushin's battery had moved away, by some one's order, in the middle of the action; but the battery had continued to fire, and was not captured by the French for the sole reason that the enemy could not believe that four undefended guns would continue firing. On the contrary, from the energetic action of the battery, the French supposed that here, in the centre, were concentrated the principal Russian forces. Twice they had attempted to attack this point, but on each occasion they were driven off by grapeshot from the four isolated guns on the hillock.

Soon after Prince Bagration had left him, Tushin had succeeded in setting fire to Schön Grabern.

‘Look at them scurrying! It's burning! Just see the smoke! Fine! Grand! Look at the smoke, the smoke!’ exclaimed the artillerymen, growing lively.

All the guns, without waiting for orders, were being fired in the direction of the conflagration. As if to hurry them on their task, the soldiers cried at each shot: ‘Fine! That's right! Just look. . . . Grand!’ The fire, fanned by the wind, was rapidly spreading. The French columns that had left the village went back, but, as if in revenge for this failure, the enemy placed ten guns to the right of the village and began firing them at Tushin's battery.

In their childish joy, excited by the fire and by their luck in successfully cannonading the French, our artillerymen only noticed that battery when two balls, followed by four more, fell among our guns, one overthrowing two horses and another tearing off a munition-waggon driver's leg. Yet their excitement once aroused did not diminish, but only changed its character. The horses were replaced by others from a reserve gun-carriage, the wounded were carried away, and the four guns were turned upon the ten-gun battery. An officer comrade of Tushin's had been killed at the beginning of the engagement, and within an

hour seventeen of the forty men of the guns' crews were killed or wounded ; but the artillerymen were still just as bright and lively. Twice they noticed the French appearing below them, and then they fired grape-shot into them.

Little Tushin, moving feebly and awkwardly, kept asking his orderly for 'one more pipe for that', as he said, and letting the sparks fly he ran forward, shading his eyes with his small hand, to look at the French.

'Give it them, lads !' he kept saying, himself seizing the guns by the wheels and working the screws.

Amid the smoke, deafened by the incessant reports—each of which made him jump—Tushin without taking his pipe from his mouth ran from gun to gun, now aiming, now counting the charges, now giving orders about replacing dead or wounded horses and harnessing fresh ones, and shouting with his feeble voice, so high-pitched and irresolute. His face became more and more animated. Only when there were killed or wounded, frowning and turning away, he would shout angrily at the men who, as is always the case, were slow about lifting the injured or dead. The soldiers, for the most part handsome fellows and, as is always the case in an artillery company, a head and shoulders taller and twice as broad as their officer—all, like children in an embarrassing situation, gazed at their commander, and their faces invariably reflected the expression they saw on his.

In consequence of the terrible uproar and the necessity for attention and action, Tushin did not experience an unpleasant sense of fear ; and the thought that he might be killed or painfully wounded did not occur to him. On the contrary, he became more and more elated. It seemed to him that it was a very long time, almost a day ago, since he had sighted the enemy and fired the first shot, and that the corner of the field where he was standing was a well-known and familiar spot. Although he understood everything, considered everything, and did everything the best of officers could have done in his position, he was in a state resembling feverish delirium or that of a drunken man.

Amid the deafening sounds of his own guns all around him, the whistling and crashing of the enemy's balls, amid the flushed and perspiring faces of the crews bustling round the guns, amid the sight of the blood of men and

horses, amid the little smoke-cloudlets on the enemy's side (always followed by a ball flying past and striking the earth, or a man, or a gun, or a horse), amid the sight of all these things a fantastic world of his own had taken possession of his brain and gave him pleasure at that moment. In his imagination the enemy's guns were not guns but pipes, from which an invisible smoker emitted occasional puffs.

'There . . . he's puffing again,' muttered Tushin to himself as a small cloud rose from the hill and was carried in a ribbon to the left by the wind. 'Now look out for the ball . . . we'll return it.'

'What do you want, your honour?' asked an artilleryman who stood close by and heard him muttering.

'Nothing . . . a grenade . . .' he answered.

'Come along, our Matvevna!' he said to himself. 'Matvevna' (daughter of Matthew) was the name his fancy gave the farthest gun of the battery, which was large and of an old pattern. The French seemed to him ants. The handsome drunkard, Number One of the second gun's crew, in that world was 'uncle'; Tushin looked at him oftener than at any one else, and delighted in each of his movements. The sound of musketry at the foot of the hill, now diminishing now increasing, seemed like some one's breathing. He listened intently to the rise and fall of these sounds.

'Hark! Breathing again, breathing!' he muttered to himself.

He imagined himself an enormously tall powerful man throwing cannon balls at the French with both hands.

'Now then, Matvevna, mother dear, don't play me false!' he was saying as he moved away from the gun, when he heard a strange unfamiliar voice above his head:

'Captain Tushin! Captain!'

Tushin turned with a frightened look. It was the staff-officer who had turned him out of the booth at Grunth. He was shouting in a gasping voice:

'Are you mad? You have twice been ordered to retreat, and you . . .'

'Oh dear, why are they down on me?' thought Tushin, gazing with frightened eyes at his superior.

'I . . . nothing . . .' he muttered, holding up two fingers to his cap. 'I . . .'

But the staff-officer did not finish what he wanted to say. A cannon-ball flying close to him made him duck and bend over his horse. He paused, and just as he was about to say something another ball stopped him. He turned his horse and galloped off.

'Retire! All to retire!' he shouted from a distance.

The soldiers laughed. A moment later an aide-de-camp came with the same order.

It was Prince Andrew. The first thing he saw when he rode into the space where Tushin's guns were was an unharnessed horse with a broken leg, that lay making a piteous sound beside the harnessed horses. Blood gushed from its leg as from a spring. Among the limbers lay several corpses. One ball after another passed over him as he approached, and he felt a nervous shudder run down his back. But the mere thought of being afraid sustained him. 'I cannot be afraid,' thought he, and slowly dismounted among the guns. He delivered the order and did not leave the battery. He decided to have the guns moved from their positions and taken away in his presence. Together with Tushin, stepping across the bodies, and under a terrible fire from the enemy, he busied himself with the removal of the guns.

'Why, an officer from head-quarters was here a moment ago and skipped off,' said an artillery-man to Prince Andrew. 'Not like you, your honour.'

Prince Andrew said nothing to Tushin. They were both so busy that they seemed not to see one another. When, after limbering up the only two cannons that remained uninjured out of the four, they started moving down the hill (one shattered cannon and one unicorn¹ were left behind), Prince Andrew rode up to Tushin.

'Well, good-bye! . . . till we meet again . . .' he said, holding out his hand to Tushin.

'Good-bye, dear fellow,' said Tushin. 'Dear heart! Good-bye, dear fellow!' and for some unknown reason tears filled his eyes.

¹ The 'unicorn', like all other guns of the period, was a smooth-bore muzzle-loader, but it was peculiar in the way it narrowed towards the muzzle.

CHAPTER XXI

THE wind had fallen and black clouds hung low over the field of battle, merging with powder-smoke on the horizon. It was growing dark, which made the glow of two conflagrations the more conspicuous. The cannonade became feebler, but the rattle of musketry behind and to the right sounded more frequent and nearer. As soon as Tushin with his guns, all the time driving round or coming upon wounded, had got out of range of fire and had descended into the ravine, he was met by the staff, among whom were the staff-officer and also Zherkov, who had twice been sent to Tushin's battery but had never reached it. They all, interrupting one another, gave and transmitted orders as to how to proceed, reprimanding him and reproaching him. Tushin gave no orders, and silently, fearing to speak because at every word he was ready to weep without knowing why, rode behind on his artillery nag. Though the orders were to abandon the wounded, many of them dragged themselves after the troops, and begged for seats on the gun-carriages. That fine infantry officer who before the battle had rushed out of Tushin's wattle-shed was laid, with a bullet through his stomach, on Matvevna's carriage. At the foot of the hill a pale Hussar cadet, supporting one hand with the other, came up to Tushin and asked to be allowed a seat.

'Captain, for God's sake! my arm is crushed,' he said timidly. 'For God's sake. . . . I can't walk. For God's sake!'

It was plain that this cadet had asked more than once for a lift and had met with refusals. He asked in a hesitating piteous voice.

'Tell them to give me a seat, for God's sake!'

'Give him a seat,' said Tushin. 'Spread out a cloak, friend,' he said, addressing his favourite soldier. 'And where is the wounded officer?'

'He has been put down. He passed away,' answered some one.

'Help him up. Sit down, my dear, sit down! Spread out the cloak, Antonov.'

The cadet was Rostov. With one hand he supported his other arm; he was pale and his jaw trembled with

a feverish shiver. He was placed on 'Matvevna', the gun from which the dead officer had been removed. The cloak they spread under him was wet with blood, and stained Rostov's breeches and hands.

'Why, are you wounded, my lad?' said Tushin, approaching the gun on which Rostov sat.

'No, bruised.'

'Then why is there blood on the cheek of the carriage?' inquired Tushin.

'It's the officer, your honour, stained it,' answered the artillery-man, wiping away the blood with his coat-sleeve, as if apologizing for the state of his gun.

With great effort, aided by the infantry, they succeeded in taking the guns up the hill; and having reached the village of Gruntersdorf they halted. It had grown so dark that it was impossible to distinguish the soldiers' uniforms ten paces off, and the firing quieted down. Suddenly, close by on the right, shouting and firing was again heard, and flashes gleamed in the darkness. It was the last attack of the French, which was answered by soldiers who had settled in houses of the village. Everybody rushed out of the village once more, but Tushin's guns could not be removed, and the artillery-men, Tushin, and the cadet exchanged silent glances as they awaited their fate. The firing died down, and from a side-street streamed soldiers talking with vivacity.

'Safe, Petrov?' asked one.

'We've given it 'em hot, mate! They won't make another push now,' said another.

'One can't see anything. How they fired at their own fellows! One can't see. What darkness, brother! Have you anything to drink?'

The French had been repulsed for the last time. And again, in the complete darkness, Tushin's guns moved forward, surrounded by the humming infantry as by a flame.

It was as though in the darkness a gloomy unseen river flowed on in one direction, humming with whispers, words, and the sound of hoofs and wheels. In the general hum, above all the other sounds, the groans and voices of the wounded were heard most clearly in the darkness of the night. Their groans seemed to fill the whole gloom that enveloped the army. Their groans and the darkness

of the night seemed to form one whole. . . . After a while the moving mass became agitated, some one rode past on a white horse, followed by his suite, and said something in passing: 'What did he say? Where to, now? Halt, is it? Did he thank us?' came the eager questions from either side, and the whole moving mass began pressing closer together (evidently those in front had halted), and a report spread that they were ordered to halt. All remained where they were, in the middle of the muddy road.

Light appeared, and the talking was heard more distinctly. Captain Tushin, having given orders to his company, sent a soldier to find the dressing station, or a doctor for the cadet, and sat down by the bonfire the soldiers had kindled on the road. Rostov, too, dragged himself to the fire. Feverish shivering, caused by the pain, the cold, and the damp, shook his whole body, drowsiness was irresistibly mastering him, yet he was kept awake by the excruciating pain in his aching arm, for which he could find no satisfactory position. He kept closing his eyes, and then again looking at the fire, which appeared very red to him, and at the round-shouldered feeble figure of Tushin, who sat cross-legged like a Turk beside him. Tushin's large, kind, intelligent eyes were fixed with sympathy and compassion on Rostov, who saw that Tushin with his whole heart wished to help him but could not.

From all sides were heard the sound of steps and the talk of men walking and riding past, and of the infantry settling down all around; and the sound of voices, tramping feet, horses' hoofs moving in the mud, the crackling of wood fires near and afar, mingled into one tremulous rumble.

No longer as before did a dark unseen river flow through the gloom, but it was as though after a storm a dark sea were swelling and gradually calming down. Rostov listlessly looked at and listened to what went on before and around him. An infantry-man came to the fire, squatted down on his heels, held out his hands to the blaze, and turned away his face.

'You don't mind, your honour?' he asked Tushin. 'I've lost my company, your honour. I don't know where . . . such bad luck!'

With the soldier came an infantry officer with a bandaged cheek, and, addressing Tushin, asked him to have the guns moved a trifle to let a cart pass by. After that officer two soldiers rushed to the camp fire. They were quarrelling and fighting desperately, each trying to take a boot they both held.

‘You picked it up? I dare say! You’re very smart!’ shouted one in a hoarse voice.

Then a thin pale soldier, with his neck bandaged with a blood-stained leg-band, came up, and in angry tones asked the artillery-men for water.

‘Must one die like a dog?’ said he.

Tushin told them to give the man some water. Then a cheerful soldier came running to beg a little fire for the infantry.

‘A nice little hot fire for the infantry! Good luck to you, fellow countrymen. Thanks for the fire—we’ll return it with interest,’ said he, carrying away a glowing piece of wood into the darkness.

Next came four soldiers carrying something heavy on a cloak, and passed by the fire. One of them stumbled.

‘Who the devil has put logs on the road?’ snarled he.

‘He’s dead—what’s the use of carrying him?’ said one of them.

‘Shut up!’

And they disappeared in the darkness with their load.

‘Still hurting?’ Tushin asked Rostov in a whisper.

‘Yes.’

‘Your honour, you’re wanted by the general. He is in a hut near here,’ said a gunner, coming up to Tushin.

‘Coming, friend.’

Tushin rose and, buttoning his coat and putting it straight, he walked away from the fire.

Not far from the artillery camp-fire, in a hut that had been prepared for him, Prince Bagration sat at dinner, talking with some commanding officers who had collected at his quarters. The old man with the half-closed eyes was there, greedily gnawing a mutton-bone; and the general who had served blamelessly for twenty-two years, flushed by a glass of vodka and his dinner; and the staff-officer with the signet ring, and Zherkov, restlessly glancing at all the others, and Prince Andrew, pale, with compressed lips and feverishly brilliant eyes.

A banner captured from the French stood leaning in a corner, and the accountant with the simple face was feeling the texture of the banner, shaking his head in perplexity—perhaps because the banner really interested him, perhaps because it was hard for him, hungry as he was, to look on at a dinner where there was no place for him. In the next hut there was a French colonel, taken prisoner by our dragoons. Our officers crowded in to look at him. Prince Bagration was thanking the individual commanders, and inquiring into details of the action and about the losses. The regimental commander who had presented his troops at Braunau was informing the prince that as soon as the action had begun he had retired from the wood, collected those who were felling wood and let them go past, and with two battalions had charged with the bayonet, and broken up the French.

‘When I saw, your excellency, that their first battalion was disorganized, I halted on the road and thought: “I will let them come on, and will meet them with the fire of the whole battalion,” and that’s what I did.’

The regimental commander had so wished to do this, and was so sorry he had not managed to do it, that it seemed to him that it had all really happened. Perhaps it might really have happened so? How could one make out what did happen in all that muddle?

‘By the way, your excellency, I should inform you,’ he continued—remembering Dolokhov’s conversation with Kutuzov and his last interview with the gentleman ranker—‘that Private Dolokhov, who was reduced to the ranks, in my presence took prisoner a French officer, and particularly distinguished himself.’

‘It was there I saw the Pavlograds attacking, your excellency,’ chimed in Zherkov, looking anxiously round. He had not seen the Hussars all that day, but had heard all about them from an infantry officer. ‘They broke two squares, your excellency.’

Several of those present smiled at Zherkov’s words, expecting one of his customary jokes; but finding that what he was saying also redounded to the glory of our arms and of the day’s work, they assumed a serious expression although several of them knew that what Zherkov was saying was a lie and lacked any foundation. Prince Bagration turned to the old colonel:

'Gentlemen, I thank you all; all have behaved heroically: infantry, cavalry, and artillery. How did it happen that two guns were abandoned at the centre?' he inquired, searching with his eyes for some one. (Prince Bagration did not ask about the guns of the left flank; he knew that there all the guns had been abandoned at the very beginning of the action.) 'I think I sent you?' he added, turning to the staff-officer on duty.

'One was damaged,' answered the staff-officer, 'and the other I can't understand. I had been there all the time giving orders and had only just left. . . . It is true it was not there,' he added modestly.

Someone remarked that Captain Tushin was bivouacking close to the village, and that he had already been sent for.

'And you were there?' said Prince Bagration, addressing Prince Andrew.

'Of course, we only just missed each other,' said the staff-officer with a smile at Bolkonski.

'I had not the pleasure of seeing you,' said Prince Andrew coldly and abruptly.

All were silent. Tushin appeared on the threshold and timidly made his way from behind the backs of the generals. As he stepped past the generals in the crowded hut, embarrassed as he always was at the sight of his superiors, he did not notice the staff of the banner and stumbled over it. Several of those present laughed.

'Why were the guns abandoned?' asked Bagration, frowning, not so much at the captain as at those who were laughing, among whom Zherkov laughed loudest.

Only now, when he was confronted with the stern authorities, did his guilt and the disgrace of having lost two guns and yet remaining alive, present themselves to Tushin in all their horror. He had been so excited that he had not thought about it until that moment. The laughter of the officers confused him still more. He stood before Bagration with his lower jaw trembling, and was hardly able to mutter:

'I don't know . . . your excellency . . . I had no men . . . your excellency.'

'You might have taken some from the covering troops.' That there were no covering troops Tushin did not say, although it was perfectly true. He was afraid of getting some other officer into trouble, and silently fixed his gaze

on Bagration, just as a schoolboy who has blundered looks at an examiner.

This silence lasted some considerable time. Prince Bagration, evidently not wishing to be severe, could find nothing to say; and the others dared not interpose in the conversation. Prince Andrew from under his brows looked at Tushin, and his fingers twitched nervously.

'Your excellency!' Prince Andrew broke the silence with his sharp voice, 'you were pleased to send me to Captain Tushin's battery. I went there and found two-thirds of the men and horses killed, two guns smashed, and no supports at all.'

Prince Bagration and Tushin looked with equal intentness at Bolkonski, who spoke with controlled agitation.

'And if your excellency will allow me to express my opinion,' he continued, 'we owe to-day's success most of all to the action of that battery and the heroic endurance of Captain Tushin and his company.' And without waiting for a reply Prince Andrew rose and left the table.

Prince Bagration looked at Tushin, evidently reluctant to show distrust in Bolkonski's emphatic opinion and yet not feeling able fully to credit it, bowed his head, and told Tushin that he might go. Prince Andrew went out with him.

'Many thanks; you've saved me, you dear fellow!' said Tushin.

Prince Andrew gave him a look, but said nothing and went away. He felt sad and depressed. It was all so strange, so unlike his hopes.

* * * * *

'Who are they? Why are they here? What do they want? And when will this 'all end?' thought Rostov, gazing at the changing shadows before him. The pain in his arm became more and more intense. Irresistible drowsiness overpowered him, red rings seemed to dance before his eyes, the impression of all those voices and faces and a sense of loneliness merged into one with the physical pain. It was they, those soldiers—the wounded and unwounded—it was they who were pressing, weighing down, and twisting the sinews and scorching the flesh in his broken arm and shoulder. To rid himself of them he closed his eyes.

For a moment he dozed, but during this short interval

of unconsciousness innumerable things appeared to him in a dream : his mother and her large white hand, Sonya's thin little shoulders, Natasha's eyes and laughter, Denisov with his voice and moustache, and Telyanin, and all that affair with Telyanin and Bogdanich. That affair was the same thing as that soldier with the sharp voice, and it was that affair and that soldier who were so painfully, incessantly holding and pressing his arm, and always pulling it in one direction. He tried to get away from them, but they would not for an instant let his shoulder move a hair's breadth. It would not hurt, it would be well, if only they did not pull it ; but it was impossible to get rid of them.

He opened his eyes and looked up. The black canopy of night was suspended less than a yard above the glow of the charcoal. In that light, flakes of falling snow were flying about. Tushin had not returned, the doctor had not come. He was alone now, except for a soldier who sat naked at the other side of the fire, warming his thin yellow body.

'Nobody wants me !' thought Rostov. 'There is no one to help or to pity me. Yet once I was at home, strong, happy, and beloved.' He sighed, and in so doing groaned involuntarily.

'Does anything hurt ?' asked the soldier, shaking his shirt over the fire ; and, without waiting for a reply, he gave a grunt and added : 'How many men have been injured to-day—frightful !'

Rostov did not listen to the soldier. He looked at the snow-flakes fluttering above the fire and remembered a Russian winter with the warm bright house, with his fluffy fur coat, the quickly-gliding sledges, his healthy body, and all the affection and care of his family. 'And why did I come here ?' he thought.

Next day the French did not renew their attack, and the remnant of Bagration's detachment rejoined Kutuzov's army.

BOOK III

BOOK III

CHAPTER I

PRINCE VASILI was not a man who deliberately thought out his plans. Still less did he ever think of injuring anyone for his own advantage. He was merely a man of the world who had got on in the world, and to whom getting on had become a habit. Schemes and devices, for which he never rightly accounted to himself, but which formed the whole interest of his life, were constantly forming in his mind, arising from the circumstances and persons he met. Of these plans he had not merely one or two in his head but dozens, some only beginning to form, some approaching achievement, and some in course of destruction. He did not, for instance, say to himself: 'This man is now in power and I must gain his confidence and friendship in order through him to obtain a special grant.' Nor did he say to himself: 'Pierre is a rich man, and I must entice him to marry my daughter and to lend me the 40,000 roubles I require.' But when he came across a man of position his instinct instantly told him that this man could be of use to him, and, without any premeditation, Prince Vasili would seize the first opportunity of gaining his confidence, would flatter him, become intimate with him, and finally make his request.

He had Pierre at hand in Moscow, and procured for him an appointment as Gentleman of the Bed-chamber, which at that time conferred the status of Councillor of State,¹ and he insisted on the young man accompanying him to Petersburg and staying at his house. With apparent absentmindedness, yet with unhesitating assurance that he was doing the right thing, Prince Vasili did everything to get Pierre to marry his daughter. Had he thought out his plans beforehand he could not have been so natural and shown such unaffected familiarity in his intercourse with everybody, both above and below him

¹ A Councillor of State was a less important functionary than the title in English suggests. It was the 5th of the 11 Classes in which all officials, civil or military, were ranged.

in social standing. Always something drew him towards those richer and more powerful than himself, and he had a wonderful gift of seizing the most opportune moment for making use of a man.

Pierre, having unexpectedly become Count Bezukhov and a rich man, felt himself, after his recent loneliness and freedom from cares, so beset and preoccupied that it was only when he was in bed that he was able to be alone with himself. He had to sign papers, to become acquainted with government offices, the uses of which were not quite clear to him, to question his chief steward, to visit his estate near Moscow, and to receive many people who formerly did not wish to know of his existence, but who would now have been offended and grieved had he not wished to see them. All these different people, business men, relatives, and acquaintances, were equally disposed to treat the young heir in the most friendly and flattering manner, all were evidently firmly persuaded of Pierre's excellent qualities. He was always hearing such words as: 'With your remarkable kindness,' or 'With your excellent heart,' 'You yourself are so honourable, count,' or 'Were he as wise as you,' and so on, till he began seriously to believe in his own remarkable kindness and extraordinary intelligence, especially as in the depth of his heart it had always seemed to him that he really was very kind and intelligent. Even people who had formerly been bitter towards him and obviously unfriendly now became gentle and affectionate. The fierce princess, the eldest, with the long waist and hair plastered down like a doll's, had come into Pierre's room after the funeral. Drooping her eyes and constantly flushing, she told him she was very sorry that there had been misunderstandings between them, and that now she did not feel that she had the right to ask him for anything, except perhaps for permission to remain a few weeks, after the blow she had received, in the house she so loved and where she had made so many sacrifices. She could not refrain from weeping at these words. Touched that the statue-like princess had so changed, Pierre took her hand and begged her forgiveness, without knowing for what. From that day the eldest princess began knitting a striped scarf for Pierre, and quite changed towards him.

'Do this for her, *mon cher*; after all, she had to suffer

much from the deceased,' said Prince Vasili to him, handing him a paper to sign to the advantage of the princess.

Prince Vasili had come to the conclusion that it was necessary to throw this bone—a bill for 30,000 roubles—to the poor lady, that she might not take it into her head to speak of his share in the affair with the mosaic portfolio. Pierre signed the bill, and after that the princess grew still kinder. The younger sisters also became affectionate with him, and especially the youngest, the pretty one with the mole, who often made him feel confused by her smiles and her own confusion when meeting him.

It seemed so natural to Pierre that every one should like him, and it would have seemed so unnatural had any one not liked him, that he could not but believe in the sincerity of those around him. Besides, he had no time to ask himself whether these people were sincere or not. He was always busy, and always felt in a state of mild and cheerful intoxication. He felt himself the centre of some important and general movement; felt that something was constantly expected of him; that if he did not do it he would grieve and disappoint many people, but that if he did this and that all would be well; and he did whatever was demanded of him, but the promised welfare always loomed ahead.

Prince Vasili, more than any one else, took possession of Pierre's affairs and of Pierre himself in those early days. From the time of Count Besukhov's death he did not release his hold of the lad. He wore the look of a man oppressed by business and wearied out, who would not for pity's sake leave to the caprice of fate and the designs of rogues this helpless youth, who after all was the son of his old friend and the possessor of such enormous wealth! During the few days he spent in Moscow after the death of Count Besukhov, he would call Pierre or go himself to him, and tell him what had to be done in a tone of weariness and assurance, as if he were adding every time: 'You know I am overburdened with business, and that it is purely out of charity that I trouble myself about you, and you also certainly know that what I am proposing is the only thing possible.'

'Well, my dear fellow, to-morrow we are moving at last,' Prince Vasili said one day, closing his eyes and

fingering Pierre's elbow, speaking as if he were saying something which had long since been agreed upon and could not now be altered. 'We start to-morrow, and I will give you a place in my carriage. I shall be very pleased. All our important business here is now settled. I ought to have been off long ago. Here is something I have received from the chancellor. I solicited him in your favour, and you have been entered in the diplomatic corps and appointed a Gentleman of the Bed-Chamber. Now your diplomatic career lies open before you.'

Notwithstanding the force of the tone of wearied assurance with which these words were pronounced, Pierre, who had so long been considering his career, wished to make some suggestion. But Prince Vasili interrupted him in that special deep cooing tone which precluded the possibility of interrupting his speech, and which he used in extreme cases when special persuasion was needed.

'*Mais, mon cher*, I did this for my own sake, to satisfy my own conscience, and there is nothing to thank me for. No one ever complained of being too well loved; and besides, you are free, you might give it up to-morrow. But you will see everything for yourself when you get to Petersburg. It is high time for you to get away from these terrible recollections.' (Prince Vasili sighed.) 'Yes, yes, my boy. And my valet can go in your carriage. Ah! I was nearly forgetting,' added Prince Vasili. 'You know, *mon cher*, your father and I had some accounts to settle, so I have received what was due from the Ryazan estate and will keep it; you won't require it. We'll go into accounts later.'

By 'what was due from the Ryazan estate' Prince Vasili meant several thousand roubles quit-rent received from Pierre's peasants, which the prince had retained for himself.

In Petersburg, as in Moscow, Pierre found the same atmosphere of gentleness and affection. He could not refuse the post, or rather the rank (for he did nothing), that Prince Vasili had procured for him, and his acquaintances, invitations, and social occupations were so numerous that more even than in Moscow he felt a sense of bewilderment, bustle, and expectancy of some good, which was always ahead of him but which he never attained.

Many of the set of his former bachelor friends were no longer in Petersburg. The Guards had gone to the front; Dolokhov had been reduced to the ranks; Anatole was in the country with his regiment; Prince Andrew was abroad; so Pierre had no occasion to spend his nights as he used to like to spend them, nor to relieve his heart by occasional friendly conversations with an older and respected friend. His time was taken up with dinner-parties, balls, and more than anywhere, at Prince Vasili's house in the society of the stout princess, his wife, and his beautiful daughter Hélène.

Like every one else, Anna Pavlovna Scherer showed that change of attitude towards Pierre which the whole of society was showing.

Formerly in Anna Pavlovna's presence Pierre had always felt that what he was saying was unbecoming, lacking in tact, altogether unsuitable, and that remarks which seemed to him clever while they formed in his mind, became foolish as soon as he uttered them, while Hippolyte's stupidest remarks seemed clever and apt. Now whatever Pierre said was *charmant*. Even if Anna Pavlovna did not say so, he could see that she wished to say it, and only restrained herself out of consideration for his modesty.

In the beginning of the winter of 1805-6 Pierre received one of Anna Pavlovna's usual pink notes with an invitation, to which was added: 'You will find the beautiful Hélène here, whom one never tires of seeing.'

When he read that sentence, Pierre felt for the first time that some connexion, which other people recognized, had grown up between himself and Hélène; and this thought alarmed him, as if an obligation were being imposed upon him which he could not meet, yet at the same time it pleased him as something entertaining.

Anna Pavlovna's 'At home' was like the former one, only the novelty she offered this time to her guests was not Mortmart, but a diplomatist newly arrived from Berlin with the very latest details of the Emperor Alexander's visit to Potsdam, and of the way the two august friends had pledged themselves, in an indissoluble alliance, to maintain the right against the foe of the human race. Anna Pavlovna received Pierre with a shade of melancholy, evidently attributable to the young man's recent loss by

the death of Count Bezukhov (every one considered it their duty to assure Pierre that he was greatly afflicted by the death of the father he had hardly known), and her melancholy was just such as the august melancholy she displayed at the mention of the Most August Empress Marie Fedorovna. Pierre felt flattered by this. Anna Pavlovna arranged the different groups in her drawing-room with her habitual skill. The larger group, in which were Prince Vasili and the generals, had the benefit of the diplomat. Another group was gathered at the tea table. Pierre wished to join the large group, but Anna Pavlovna—who was in the excited condition of a commander on a battle-field, to whom thousands of new and brilliant ideas occur which there is hardly time to put into action—seeing Pierre, touched his sleeve with her finger, saying:

‘Wait a bit, I have something in view for you this evening.’ (She glanced at Hélène and smiled at her.) ‘My dear Hélène, be charitable to my poor aunt who has an adoration for you. Go and keep her company for ten minutes. And that it may not be too dull for you, here is the dear count, who will not refuse to follow you.’

The beauty directed her steps towards the aunt, but Anna Pavlovna detained Pierre, looking as if she had to give him some final necessary instructions.

‘Is she not enchanting?’ she said to Pierre, pointing to the stately beauty as she glided away. ‘And how she carries herself! For so young a girl, such tact, such a masterly perfection of manner! It comes natural to her. Happy man who wins her! With her he could occupy the most brilliant position in society without being at all a society man. Don’t you think so? I only wanted to know your opinion,’ and Anna Pavlovna let Pierre go.

Pierre sincerely agreed with her as to Hélène’s perfection of manner. If he had ever thought about Hélène, it was just about her beauty and her remarkable skill in appearing silently dignified in society.

The aunt received the two young people in her corner, but seemed desirous of hiding her adoration for Hélène, and inclined rather to show her fear of Anna Pavlovna. She looked at her niece as if inquiring what she was to do with these people. Before leaving them Anna Pavlovna again touched Pierre’s sleeve, saying: ‘I hope you won’t

say again that it is dull in my house,' and she glanced at Hélène.

Hélène smiled with a look that seemed to say that she did not admit the possibility of any one seeing her without being enchanted. The aunt coughed, swallowed the phlegm, and said in French that she was very pleased to see Hélène. Then she turned to Pierre with the same words of welcome and the same look. In the midst of a dull and halting conversation Hélène turned towards Pierre with the beautiful bright smile she bestowed on every one. Pierre was so used to that smile, and it had so little meaning for him, that he took no notice of it. The aunt was just speaking about a collection of snuff-boxes that had belonged to Pierre's father, Count Bezukhov, and she showed them her own box. The Princess Hélène asked to see the portrait of the aunt's husband on the lid of the box.

'That must be the work of Vinesse,' said Pierre, naming a celebrated miniature painter, and leaning over the table to take the snuff-box in his hand, while trying to hear what was being said at the other table.

He half rose, meaning to go round, but the aunt handed him the snuff-box across Hélène's back. Hélène stooped forward out of the way and looked round with a smile. She wore, as she always did at evening parties, a dress which, in accord with the fashion of that time, was cut very low in front and at the back. Her bust, which had always seemed like marble to Pierre, was so near his eyes that in spite of his short-sightedness he could not help seeing the living charm of her neck and shoulders, so near to his lips that he would have had but to bend his head a little to touch them. He was conscious of the warmth of her body, of a scent of perfume, and of the creak of her corset as she moved. It was not her marble beauty forming with her dress a complete unity, but the whole charm and seductiveness of her body which he now saw and felt, and which now seemed only veiled by her garments. And having once seen this he could not see it otherwise, just as we cannot return to an illusion once it has been explained away.

'Then you have only now noticed how beautiful I am?' Hélène seemed to say. 'You have never noticed that I am a woman? Yes, I am a woman, and may belong to

any man, to you too,' said her glance. And at the same instant Pierre felt that Hélène not only might, but must be his wife, and that this could not be otherwise.

He knew this as surely at that moment as if he were standing at the altar with her. How and when this would happen he did not know, he did not even know if it would be a good thing (he even felt that for some reason it would be a bad thing), but he knew that it would happen.

Pierre dropped his eyes, raised them again, and wished again to see in her that distant beauty, far removed from him, that he had seen in her every day until then ; but he could no longer do it. He could not do it, any more than one who in a fog has taken a tuft of high steppe grass for a tree, can again take it for a tree once having recognized that it is but a tuft. She was terribly near him. She had him already in her power, and there was no longer any barrier between them, except the barrier of his own will.

' Ah well, I will leave you in your little corner,' came Anna Pavlovna's voice, ' I see you are comfortable there.'

And Pierre, trying anxiously to recollect whether he had not done anything reprehensible, looked round with a blush. It seemed to him that everybody knew what had happened to him, as he knew it himself.

After a while, when he approached the large circle, Anna Pavlovna said to him : ' I hear you are refitting your Petersburg house ? '

This was true. The architect told him it was necessary, and Pierre, without knowing why, was having his enormous Petersburg house done up.

' That's a good thing, but don't leave Prince Vasili's. It is well to have a friend like the prince,' she said, smiling at Prince Vasili. ' I know something about that. Don't I ? And you are still so young, you need advice. Don't be cross with me if I exercise an old woman's prerogative.'

She paused, as women always do, expecting something after they have mentioned their age. ' Now if you were to marry it would be a different thing.' And she united them both in one glance. Pierre did not look at Hélène, nor she at him. But she was just as terribly close to him. He muttered something, and coloured.

When he got home he could not sleep for a long time, thinking of what had happened. What was it that had happened ? Nothing. He had only understood that the

woman he had known as a child, and of whom, when her beauty was mentioned to him, he used to say absent-mindedly: 'Yes, she is beautiful,' he had understood that this woman might be his.

'But she is stupid, I myself have declared that she is stupid,' he thought. 'There is something repulsive, something forbidden, in the feeling she has aroused in me. I have been told that her brother Anatole was in love with her, and she with him; that there was quite a scandal, and that he was sent away for that reason. Her brother, Hippolyte. . . . Her father—Prince Vasili. . . . It's all very bad . . . ' he thought, and yet as he was considering it the reflection remained incomplete, he found himself smiling, and realized that another line of thought had arisen from behind the former, and that while thinking of her worthlessness he was also dreaming of how she would be his wife, how she might come to love him, and become quite different, and how everything he had thought and heard might prove false. And he saw her again, not as a daughter of Prince Vasili, but saw her whole body, veiled only by its grey dress. 'But no! Why did this thought never come to me before?' and he again told himself that the thing was impossible, that there would be something wrong, unnatural, and, as it seemed to him, dishonourable in such a marriage. He recollected her former words and looks, and the words and looks of those who had seen them together. He recalled Anna Pavlovna's words and looks when she was speaking to him about his house; recalled thousands of similar hints from Prince Vasili and others, and he was seized by terror lest he had already bound himself in some way to do a deed which was evidently wrong and which he ought not to do. But at the very time he was expressing this conviction to himself, in another part of his mind arose her image in all its feminine beauty.

CHAPTER II

IN November 1805 Prince Vasili had to go on a tour of inspection to four different provinces. He had arranged this for himself so as to be able at the same time to visit his neglected estates and to pick up his son Anatole at the place where his regiment was stationed, to go with him to visit Prince Nicholas Bolkonski and to

marry his son to the daughter of that rich old man. But before leaving home and undertaking these new affairs, Prince Vasili had to settle matters with Pierre, who, it is true, had latterly spent whole days at home, that is in Prince Vasili's house where he was staying, and where he behaved absurdly, was excited and foolish in Hélène's presence as a lover should be, but had not yet proposed to her.

'All this is very fine, but it must be settled,' said Prince Vasili to himself with a sorrowful sigh one morning, feeling that Pierre who was under such obligations to him ('Well, never mind that') was not behaving quite well in this matter. 'Youth, levity . . . but may God be with him,' thought Prince Vasili, relishing his own magnanimity, 'but it must be brought to a head. Tomorrow will be Lyolya's¹ nameday. I will invite two or three people, and if he does not understand what he ought to do then it will be my duty to act. Yes, my duty. I am a father.'

Six weeks after Anna Pavlovna's 'At home' and the sleepless night that followed, when he had come to the conclusion that to marry Hélène would be a calamity and that he ought to shun her, Pierre, despite that decision, had not left Prince Vasili's house, and felt with terror that in the eyes of others he was binding himself closer and closer to her every day, that he could not return to his former conception of her, that he could not break away from her, and that, though it would be terrible, yet he would be compelled to unite his fate with hers. He might perhaps have been able to free himself, but Prince Vasili (who had not been in the habit of receiving visitors often) now hardly let a day go by without having an evening party at which Pierre had to be present unless he wished to spoil the general pleasure and disappoint every one's expectations. Prince Vasili, in the rare moments when he was at home, would take Pierre's hand and bend it downwards, or absent-mindedly hold out his wrinkled clean-shaven cheek for Pierre to kiss, and would say, 'Good-bye till to-morrow,' or 'Be in to dinner, else I shall not see you,' or, 'I am staying in for your sake,' and so on. And, though Prince Vasili when he stayed in—as he said for Pierre's sake—did

Lyolya, a pet name for Hélène.

not exchange more than a word or two with him, Pierre felt unable to disappoint him. Every day he said to himself one and the same thing: 'It is time I understood her and made up my mind as to what she really is. Was I mistaken before or am I mistaken now? No, she is not stupid, she is an excellent girl,' he sometimes said to himself, 'she never makes a mistake, never says anything silly. She speaks little, but what she says is always clear and simple. So she is not stupid. She never was abashed, and is not abashed now. So she cannot be a bad woman!' He had often begun to make reflections, to think aloud in her company, and she had always answered him either by a brief but apposite remark—showing that the subject did not interest her, or by a silent look and smile which to Pierre proved her superiority more palpably than anything else. She was right in considering all arguments foolishness compared to that smile.

She always addressed him with a radiantly confiding smile, meant for him alone, in which there was something more significant than in the general smile that usually brightened her face. Pierre knew that every one was waiting for him to say a word and step across a certain boundary, and he knew he would step across it sooner or later; but an incomprehensible terror seized him at the thought of that dreadful step. A thousand times during that month and a half in which he felt himself drawn nearer and nearer that dreadful precipice, Pierre said to himself: 'What am I doing? I need resolution, and have I none?'

He wished to come to a decision, but felt with horror that in this matter he lacked that strength of will of which he was, and knew himself to be, possessed. Pierre was one of those men who are strong only when they feel themselves quite innocent; and since that day at Anna Pavlovna's when he was overpowered by the desire he felt when he examined the snuff-box, an unacknowledged sense of the guilt of that desire paralysed his will.

On Hélène's nameday, a small party of just their own intimate friends—as the princess, his wife, said—met for supper at Prince Vasili's. All these friends and relations had been given to understand that the fate of the young girl would be decided that evening. The visitors were

gathered round the supper table. Princess Kuragina, a portly, imposing woman who had once been handsome, was sitting at the head of the table. On either side of her sat the most important guests—an old general and his wife, and then Anna Pavlovna Scherer; while at the bottom of the table sat the younger and less important, as well as the members of the household, and Pierre and Hélène side by side. Prince Vasili was not having any supper; he went round about the table in a merry mood, sitting down now near one, now near another, of his visitors. To each of them he made some careless and pleasant remarks, except to Pierre and Hélène, whose presence seemed to escape him. He enlivened the whole party. The wax candles burned brightly and the silver and cut glass gleamed, as did the ornaments of the ladies and the gold and silver of the men's epaulettes, while servants in scarlet liveries moved round the table. The noise and clatter of plates, knives, and glasses mingled with the animated hum of several conversations. At one end of the table was heard an old chamberlain assuring an old baroness that he loved her passionately, and her laughter; at the other the story of the failure of some Mary Viktorovna or other. At the centre of the table Prince Vasili attracted the attention of every one. With a facetious smile on his face he was telling the ladies about the last meeting of the imperial council, on Wednesday, at which Sergey Kuzmich Vyazmitinov, the new military governor-general of Petersburg, had received and read the then famous rescript of the Emperor Alexander from army head-quarters, in which he, the emperor, addressing himself to Sergey Kuzmich, said that he received from all sides declarations of the people's loyalty, that the declaration from Petersburg gave him special pleasure, that he felt proud to be at the head of such a nation and would try to be worthy of it. This rescript began with the words: 'Sergey Kuzmich, From all sides I receive reports,' &c.

'Well, and so he never got farther than: "Sergey Kuzmich"?' asked one of the ladies.

'Just so, not a hair's breadth farther,' answered Prince Vasili laughing, "'Sergey Kuzmich . . . From all sides . . . From all sides . . . Sergey Kuzmich . . .'" Poor Vyazmitinov could not get any farther. He recom-

menced the rescript again and again, but as soon as he uttered, "Sergey," he gave a sob, "Kuz-mi-ch" tears, and "from all sides" was smothered in sobs, and he could get no farther. And again his handkerchief, and again: "Sergey Kuzmich, From all sides" . . . and tears, till at last somebody else was asked to read it.'

'Kuzmich . . . From all sides . . . and then tears,' some one repeated laughing.

'Don't be unkind,' cried Anna Pavlovna from her end of the table, holding up her finger, 'He is such a worthy and excellent man, our dear Vyazmitinov . . .'

Everybody laughed a great deal. At the head of the table, where sat the honoured guests, every one seemed in high spirits and under the influence of a variety of exciting sensations. Only Pierre and Hélène sat silent side by side at the lower end of the table: a suppressed smile brightened both their faces, a smile that had nothing to do with Sergey Kuzmich—a smile that came from a sense of bashfulness at their own feelings. But, much as all the rest laughed, talked, and joked, much as they enjoyed their Rhine wine, *sauté*, and ices, and though they avoided looking at the young couple, and in spite of their apparent indifference and inattention, one could feel by the occasional glances they gave that the story about Sergey Kuzmich, the laughter, and the enjoyment of the food, was all a pretence, and that the whole attention of that company was directed to the couple—Pierre and Hélène. Prince Vasili imitated the sobbing of Sergey Kuzmich, and at the same time his eyes wandered towards his daughter, and while he laughed the expression on his face clearly said: 'That's right . . . it's getting on; it will all be settled to-day.' Anna Pavlovna held up a threatening finger in defence of 'our dear Vyazmitinov', and in her eyes, which for an instant glanced at Pierre, Prince Vasili read a congratulation on the acquisition of a son-in-law and on his daughter's happiness. The old princess sighed sadly as she offered some wine to an old lady next to her, and glanced angrily at her daughter; and her sigh seemed to say: 'Yes, there's nothing left for you and me now but to sip sweet wine, my dear; the time has come for these young ones to be thus boldly, aggressively happy.' 'And what nonsense all this is that I am saying!' thought the diplo-

matist, with a glance at the happy faces of the lovers. 'That is happiness!'

Amid the insignificant, trifling, and artificial interests uniting that society, had come the simple feeling of attraction between a healthy and handsome young man and woman. And this human feeling quelled everything else and prevailed over all their affected chatter. Jokes were not amusing, news was not interesting, the animation was evidently artificial. Not only the guests but even the footmen who waited at table seemed to feel this, and they forgot the rules of service as they looked at the beautiful Hélène with her beaming face, and at the red, stout, and happy though disquieted face of Pierre. It seemed as if the very light of the candles was focussed only on those two happy faces.

Pierre felt himself the centre of all that happened, and this both pleased and embarrassed him. He was as a man entirely absorbed in his occupation. He did not see, understand, or hear anything clearly. Only now and then detached thoughts and impressions from the actual world shot unexpectedly through his mind.

'So it is all finished!' he thought, 'And how has it all happened? How quickly! Now I know that not for her alone, nor for me alone, but for everybody, *it* must unavoidably come about. They are all waiting for *it*, they are so sure that it is to be, that I cannot, I cannot disappoint them. But how will it happen? I do not know, but it is quite certain to happen!' thought Pierre, with a glance at those shoulders gleaming close to his eyes.

Then, suddenly, he would feel ashamed of something. It was awkward to be attracting every one's attention, and to be the fortunate man in the eyes of others, and to be, with his plain face, looked on as a sort of Paris, in possession of a Helen. 'But no doubt it is always like that, and must be,' he consoled himself by thinking. 'And besides, what have I done to bring it about? How did it begin? I travelled from Moscow with Prince Vasili. There was nothing in that. Then there was no reason why I should not stay at his house. Then I played cards with her, and picked up her reticule, and drove out with her. How did it begin, when did it happen?' And here he was, sitting by her side as her betrothed;

seeing, hearing, feeling her nearness, her breathing, her movements, her beauty. Then it would suddenly seem to him that it was not she, but himself who was so unusually beautiful, and that was why they all looked at him like that, and flattered by this universal admiration he would throw out his chest, raise his head, and rejoice at his good fortune. Suddenly he heard a familiar voice repeating something to him a second time. But Pierre was so absorbed that he did not understand what was being said.

‘I was asking you when you last heard from Bolkonski,’ repeated Prince Vasili a third time. ‘How absent-minded you are, my dear fellow.’

Prince Vasili smiled, and Pierre noticed that every one was smiling at him and Hélène. ‘Well then, if you all know, what does it matter?’ thought Pierre. ‘Well, it is true,’ and he himself smiled his gentle childlike smile, and Hélène smiled too.

‘When did you get the letter? Was it from Olmütz?’ repeated Prince Vasili, who pretended to want to know this in order to settle a dispute.

‘How can one talk or think about such trifles?’ thought Pierre.

‘Yes, from Olmütz,’ he answered with a sigh.

When supper was over Pierre led his partner into the drawing-room after the others. The guests began to disperse, some without taking leave of Hélène. Some, as if unwilling to distract her from this all-important affair, came up to her for a moment and went away hurriedly, insisting that she should not follow them. The diplomat preserved a mournful silence as he left the drawing-room. The vanity of his diplomatic career struck him when he compared it with the happiness of Pierre. An old general turned with a grumble of vexation towards his wife, when she asked about the condition of his leg. ‘Oh, the old fool,’ he thought. ‘That Princess Hélène will remain beautiful even when she is fifty.’

‘I think I may congratulate you,’ whispered Anna Pavlovna to the old princess, giving her a sounding kiss. ‘If I hadn’t this headache I would have stayed a little longer.’

The old princess did not answer: she was tormented by envy of her daughter’s happiness.

While the guests were taking their leave Pierre remained for a long time alone with Hélène in the little drawing-room where they were sitting. He had often before remained alone with her, but had never spoken to her of love. Now he felt that this was necessary, but he could not resolve to take the decisive step. He felt ashamed; he felt that here, beside Hélène, he was occupying some one else's place. 'This happiness is not for you,' some inner voice whispered to him. 'This happiness is for those who lack something you possess.'

But as he had to say something, he began by asking her whether she was satisfied with the party. She replied in her usual simple manner, that this nameday of hers had been one of the pleasantest she had ever had.

Some of the nearest relatives had not yet left. They were sitting in the large drawing-room. Prince Vasili came up to Pierre with lazy footsteps. Pierre rose, and remarked that it was getting late. Prince Vasili gave him a look of stern inquiry, as though what Pierre had just said was so strange that it could not even be grasped. But immediately after, the expression of severity passed and he pulled Pierre's hand downwards, made him sit down, and smiled affectionately.

'Well, Lyolya?' he asked, turning instantly to his daughter and addressing her with that careless tone of habitual tenderness natural to parents who have petted their children from babyhood, but which Prince Vasili had only acquired by imitating other parents.

And he again turned to Pierre.

'Sergey Kuzmich—from all sides—,' he said unbuttoning the top button of his waistcoat.

Pierre smiled, but his smile showed that he knew it was not the story about Sergey Kuzmich that interested Prince Vasili just then; and Prince Vasili saw that Pierre knew this. He suddenly muttered something and went away. It seemed to Pierre that even the prince was disconcerted. The sight of the discomfiture of that old man of the world touched Pierre: he looked at Hélène and she too seemed disconcerted, and her look seemed to say: 'Well, it is your own fault.'

'The step must be taken, but I cannot, I cannot!,' thought Pierre, and he again began to talk on indifferent matters, about Sergey Kuzmich, asking what the point

of the story was, as he had not heard it properly. Hélène answered with a smile that she too had missed it.

When Prince Vasili returned to the drawing-room, the princess, his wife, was talking in low tones to an elderly lady about Pierre.

'Of course it is a very brilliant match, but happiness, my dear . . .'

'Marriages are made in heaven,' replied the elderly lady.

Prince Vasili passed by, seemed not to hear the ladies, and sat down on a sofa in a far corner of the room. He closed his eyes and seemed to be dozing. His head sank forward, and then he roused himself.

'Aline,' he said to his wife, 'go and see what they are about.'

The princess went up to the door, went past it with a dignified and indifferent air, and glanced into the little drawing-room. Pierre and Hélène sat talking just as before.

'Still the same,' she said to her husband.

Prince Vasili frowned, twisting his mouth, his cheeks quivered, and his face assumed the coarse, unpleasant expression peculiar to him. Shaking himself, he rose, threw back his head and went with resolute steps past the ladies into the little drawing-room. Quickening his pace he went joyfully up to Pierre. His face was so unusually triumphant that Pierre rose in alarm when he saw it.

'Thank God!' said Prince Vasili. 'My wife has told me everything!'—(He put one arm around Pierre and the other around his daughter.)—'My friend . . . Lyoya . . . I am very, very pleased.' (His voice trembled.) 'I was fond of your father . . . and she will make you a good wife . . . May God bless you! . . .'

He embraced his daughter, and then again Pierre, and kissed him with his malodorous mouth. Tears really moistened his cheeks.

'Princess, come here!' he shouted.

The old princess came, and wept also. The elderly lady was using her handkerchief too. Pierre was kissed, and he kissed the beautiful Hélène's hand several times. After a while they were left alone again.

'All this had to be, and could not be otherwise,'

thought Pierre, 'therefore it is useless to ask whether it is good or evil. It is good because it is definite and the old tormenting doubt is gone.' Pierre held the hand of his betrothed in silence, looking at her beautiful bosom as it rose and fell.

'Hélène!' he said aloud and paused.

'There is something special that is always said on such occasions,' thought he, but he could not remember what it was that people did say. He looked at her face. She drew nearer to him. Her face flushed.

'Oh take off those . . . what's their name . . . ' she said pointing to his spectacles.

Pierre took them off, and his eyes, besides that strange look that eyes have from which the glasses have just been removed, had also a frightened and inquiring expression. He was about to stoop over her hand and kiss it; but with a rapid and shameless movement of her head she intercepted his lips and met them with her own. He was struck by the altered, unpleasantly perturbed expression of her face.

'It is too late now, it is done; besides I love her,' thought Pierre.

'*Je vous aime!*'¹ he said, recollecting what had to be said at these moments: but his words sounded so tame that he felt ashamed of himself.

Six weeks later he was married, and settled in the large newly-furnished Petersburg house of Count Bezukhov—the happy possessor, it was said, of a beautiful wife and millions of money.

CHAPTER III

IN November 1805 old Prince Nicholas Bolkonski received a letter from Prince Vasili announcing that he and his son would be paying him a visit. 'I am starting on a journey of inspection, and of course I shall think nothing of an extra seventy miles to come and see you at the same time, my honoured benefactor,' wrote Prince Vasili. 'My son Anatole accompanies me on his way to the army. I hope you will allow him personally to express the deep regard that, in emulation of his father, he feels for you.'

¹ I love you.

'There will be no need to bring Mary out. Suitors are coming to us of their own accord,' incautiously remarked the little princess, when she heard the news.

Prince Nicholas frowned, but said nothing.

A fortnight after the receipt of the letter, Prince Vasili's servants made their appearance one evening, in advance of him, and the next day he and his son arrived.

Old Bolkonski had always had a low opinion of Prince Vasili's character, especially in recent years since, in the new reigns of Paul and Alexander, Prince Vasili had risen high in position and honours. And now, on the hints contained in his letter and given by the little princess, he saw which way the wind was blowing, and his low opinion of him grew into a feeling of contemptuous ill will. He snorted whenever he mentioned him. On the day of Prince Vasili's arrival Prince Bolkonski was particularly discontented and out of temper. Whether he was bad tempered because Prince Vasili was coming, or whether his being in a bad temper made him especially vexed at Prince Vasili's visit, anyhow he was in a bad temper, and in the morning Tikhon had already advised the architect not to present his report.

'Do you hear how he is walking?' said Tikhon, drawing the architect's attention to the sound of the prince's footsteps. 'Stepping flat on his heels; we all know what that means. . . .'

However, at nine o'clock the prince went out for his usual walk, in his velvet coat with a sable collar and cap. It had snowed the day before. The path to the conservatory, along which the prince was in the habit of walking, had been swept and the marks of the broom were still visible in the snow, while a shovel was sticking in one of the banks of soft snow that had formed on both sides of the path. The prince went through the conservatories, the serfs' quarters, and the various buildings, frowning and silent.

'Can a sledge pass?' he asked his overseer, a venerable man, resembling his master in manners and looks, who was accompanying him back to the house.

'The snow is very deep. I am having the avenue swept, your honour.'

The prince bowed his head, and went up to the porch. 'The Lord be thanked,' thought the overseer, 'the storm has blown over!'

'It would have been hard to drive up, your honour,' he added. 'I heard, your honour, that a minister is coming to visit your honour.'

The prince turned round to the overseer, and fixed his eyes on him frowning.

'What? A minister? What minister? Who gave the order?' he said in his shrill harsh voice. 'The road is not swept for the princess, my daughter, but for a minister! For me there are no ministers!'

'Your honour, I only thought . . .'

'You thought!' shouted the prince, uttering his words more and more rapidly and indistinctly, 'You thought! . . . Rascals! Blackguards! I'll teach you to think!' and he lifted his stick, swung it, and would have hit Alpatych the overseer, had the latter not involuntarily dodged the stroke. 'Thought . . . Blackguards . . .' shouted the prince hastily.

But although Alpatych, frightened at his own insolence in avoiding the stroke, came up to the prince bowing his bald head resignedly before him, or for that very reason perhaps, the prince, though he continued to shout: 'Blackguards! Throw the snow back on the road!' did not lift his stick again, but hastened into the house.

Before dinner the Princess Mary and Mlle. Bourienne, who knew that the prince was in a bad humour, stood awaiting him; Mlle. Bourienne with a radiant face that seemed to say: 'I know nothing, I am the same as usual'; and the Princess Mary, pale, frightened, and with downcast eyes. What she found hardest to bear was the knowledge that on such occasions she ought to behave like Mlle. Bourienne, but could not. She thought: 'If I pretend not to notice, he will think that I feel no sympathy for him; if I seem sad and out of spirits myself, he will say (as he has done before) that I'm in the dumps.'

The prince looked at his daughter's frightened face and snorted.

'Dummy or fool!' he muttered.

'And the other one is not here. They've been telling her tales,' thought he of the little princess who was not in the dining-room.

'Where is the princess?' he asked. 'Is she hiding?'

'She is not very well,' answered Mlle. Bourienne with

a bright smile, 'She won't come down. It is very natural in her state.'

'Hm! Hm!' muttered the prince sitting down.

His plate seemed to him not quite clean, and, pointing to a spot, he flung it away. Tikhon caught it and handed it to a footman. The little princess was not unwell, but she had an unconquerable fear of the prince, so that hearing he was out of humour, she had decided not to appear.

'I am afraid for the child,' she said to Mlle. Bourienne: 'Heaven knows what results being frightened may have.'

At Bald Hills the little princess continually experienced a feeling of fear and antipathy to the old prince. She did not realize the antipathy, because fear was so much the stronger feeling. The prince reciprocated this antipathy, but it was not as strong as his contempt for her. When the little princess had grown accustomed to life at Bald Hills, she took a special fancy to Mlle. Bourienne, spent her days with her, asked her to sleep in her room, and often talked with her about the old prince and criticized him.

'So we are going to have visitors, *mon prince*?' remarked Mlle. Bourienne, unfolding her white serviette with her rosy fingers. 'His excellency Prince Vasili Kuragin and his son, I understand?' she said inquiringly.

'Hm—his excellency is a puppy . . . I got him his appointment in the ministry,' said the prince in a disdainful manner. 'Why his son is coming I don't know. Perhaps Princess Elizabeth and Princess Mary know. I don't know why he is bringing his son here. I don't want him.' (He looked at his blushing daughter.) 'Are you unwell to-day? Eh? Afraid of the "minister", as that idiot Alpatych called him this morning.'

'No, *mon père*.'

Though Mlle. Bourienne had been so unsuccessful in her choice of a subject, she did not stop talking, but chattered about the conservatories, and about the beauty of a flower that had just opened, and when the soup was cleared away the prince became more genial.

After dinner he went to see his daughter-in-law. The little princess was sitting at a little table chattering with Masha, her maid. She grew pale on seeing her father-in-law.

She was much altered. She was now rather plain than

pretty. Her cheeks had sunk, her lip was drawn up, and her eyes drawn downwards.

‘Yes, I feel a kind of oppression,’ she said in reply to the prince’s question, as to how she felt.

‘Do you want anything?’

‘No, *merci, mon père.*’

‘Well, all right, all right.’

He left the room and went as far as his antechamber, where Alpatych stood with bowed head.

‘Is the snow shovelled back?’

‘Yes, your excellency, it is. Forgive me for heaven’s sake. . . . It was all my stupidity.’

‘All right, all right,’ interrupted the prince, laughing in his unnatural way as he stretched out his hand for Alpatych to kiss, and proceeded to his study.

Prince Vasili arrived that evening. He was met in the avenue by coachmen and footmen, who, with loud shouts dragged his sledges up to one of the wings of the house, over the road purposely laden with snow.

Prince Vasili and Anatole had separate rooms assigned to them.

Anatole, who had taken off his overcoat, sat smiling with his arms akimbo and his large handsome eyes fixed absent-mindedly on a corner of a table before him. He regarded his whole life as an unceasing round of amusements, which for some reason some one had undertaken to provide for him. And he looked upon this visit, to a churlish old man and a rich but ugly heiress, in the same way. In his opinion, all this might turn out very well and amusingly. ‘And why not marry her if she really is so rich? That can never do any harm,’ thought Anatole.

He shaved and scented himself with the care and exactitude which had become habitual to him, and with his natural good-humoured and victorious air, carrying high his handsome head, he entered his father’s room. Prince Vasili’s two valets were busy dressing him; and he looked round with much animation and cheerfully nodded to his son as the latter entered, as if to say, ‘Yes, that’s how I want you to look.’

‘I say, father, joking apart, is she very hideous?’ he asked, as if continuing a conversation, the subject of which had often been mentioned during the journey.

'Don't! What nonsense! Above all, try to be respectful and reasonable with the old prince.'

'If he starts a row, I'll go away,' said Prince Anatole. 'I hate these old men! Eh?'

'Remember, your whole future depends on this.'

In the meantime, not only was it known in the maid-servants' rooms that the minister and his son had arrived, but their appearance had been minutely described. Princess Mary was sitting alone in her room, vainly trying to conquer her agitation.

'Why did they write? Why did Lisa tell me about it? It can never happen!' she said, looking at herself in the glass. 'How am I to enter the drawing-room? Now, even if I do like him, I can't be myself with him.' The mere thought of her father's glance filled her with terror. The little princess and Mlle. Bourienne had already received from Masha, the lady's maid, all the necessary information about the beauty of the minister's rosy-cheeked, dark-browed son, and with what difficulty the father had dragged his legs upstairs, while the son followed him like an eagle, taking three steps at a time. Having received this information, the little princess and Mlle. Bourienne, whose chattering voices had reached her from the corridor, came into Princess Mary's room.

'Marie, you know they've come?' said the little princess, swaying from side to side, and sinking heavily into a chair.

She was no longer wearing the loose gown she generally wore in the morning, but had on one of her best dresses. Her hair was carefully done and her face was animated; this however did not hide its sunken and faded outlines. Dressed as she used to be in Petersburg society, it was still more apparent how plain she had become. Some unobtrusive touch had been added to Mlle. Bourienne's toilet, which rendered her fresh and pretty face yet more attractive.

'What! Do you intend to remain as you are, dear princess?' she began. 'They'll be announcing that the gentlemen are in the drawing-room, and we shall have to go down, and you have not dressed yourself up one little bit!'

The little princess got up, rang for the maid, and hurriedly and merrily began considering what Princess

Mary should wear, putting her thoughts into action the while. Princess Mary felt her sense of dignity humiliated because the arrival of her suitor agitated her, and yet more by the fact that neither of her companions had any idea that it could be otherwise. To tell them that she was ashamed both for herself and them, would be to betray her agitation; moreover, declining their offers to dress her would lead to incessant banter and insistence. She flushed, her beautiful eyes grew dim, red blotches appeared on her face, and it took on the unattractive martyr-like expression it so frequently wore, as she submitted herself to Mlle. Bourienne and Lise. Both these women quite sincerely tried to make her look pretty. She was so plain that neither of them could think of her as a rival; therefore they began dressing her with perfect sincerity, and with the naïve conviction women have that dress can make an ugly face pretty.

‘No, really, my dear, this dress isn’t becoming,’ said Lise, looking sideways at Princess Mary from a little distance. ‘You have a Mosaka dress there, have it fetched. Really! You know the fate of your whole life may depend on this matter. This one is too light, it’s not becoming!’

It was not the dress which was not becoming, but the face and whole figure of the Princess Mary, but neither Mlle. Bourienne nor the little princess felt this; they still thought that if a blue ribbon were placed in the hair, the hair combed up, and the blue scarf arranged lower on the brown dress and so on, all would be well. They forgot that the frightened face and the figure could not be altered, and that however they might change the setting and adornment of that face, it would still remain pitiful and plain. After two or three changes, to which Princess Mary meekly submitted, just as her hair had been arranged on the top of her head (a style which quite altered and spoilt her looks), and she had put on a Mosaka dress with a pale blue scarf, the little princess walked twice round her, now pulling at a fold of the dress with her little hand, now arranging the scarf and looking at her with her head bent first on one side and then on the other.

‘No, it will not do,’ she said decidedly, clasping her hands. ‘No, Mary, really this dress does not suit you. I prefer you in your simple everyday dress. Now please,

do it for my sake. Katie,' she said to the maid, 'bring the princess her grey dress, and you'll see, Mlle. Bourienne, how I shall arrange it,' she said with an anticipatory smile of artistic pleasure.

But when Katie brought the required dress, Princess Mary remained sitting motionless before the glass, looking at her face, and the mirror showed her eyes full of tears and her mouth quivering, ready to burst into sobs.

'Come, dear princess,' said Mlle. Bourienne, 'just one more little effort.'

The little princess, taking the dress from the maid, came up to Princess Mary.

'Well, now we'll arrange something quite simple and becoming,' she said.

The three voices, hers, Mlle. Bourienne's, and Katie's, who was laughing, mingled into a merry sound like the chirping of birds.

'No, leave me alone,' said Princess Mary.

Her voice was so serious and so full of suffering, that the chirping of the birds was instantly stilled. They looked at the beautiful, large, thoughtful eyes filled with tears, gazing entreatingly and steadily at them, and understood that it was useless and even cruel to insist any further.

'At least, change your coiffure,' said the little princess. 'Didn't I tell you!' she went on, turning reproachfully to Mlle. Bourienne. 'Mary's is one of those faces which this way of doing the hair does not suit in the least. Not in the least, not in the least! Please change it.'

'Leave me alone, please leave me alone! It is all quite the same to me,' answered a voice struggling with tears.

Mlle. Bourienne and the little princess had to own to themselves, that Princess Mary in this guise looked very plain, worse than usual; but it was too late. She was looking at them with an expression they both knew, an expression thoughtful and sad. This expression in Princess Mary did not frighten them (she never evoked fear in any one), but they knew that when it appeared on her face she became silent and was not to be shaken in her determination.

'You will change it, won't you?' said Lisa. And as Princess Mary gave no answer, she left the room.

The Princess Mary was left alone. She did not comply with Lisa's request; she not only left her hair as it was,

but did not even look in her glass. Helplessly letting her arms fall, she sat with downcast eyes, thinking. A husband, a man, a strong, dominant and incomprehensibly attractive being rose in her imagination, and carried her into a totally different happy region. A child, *her own*—such as she had seen the day before in the arms of her nurse's daughter—seemed to be at her own breast; the husband standing by and tenderly gazing at her and the child. 'But no, it is impossible: I am too ugly,' she thought.

'Tea is served. The prince will come out in a moment,' came the maid's voice from behind the door.

She roused herself, appalled at her own thoughts. Before going down she went into the room where the icons hung, and there, her eyes fixed on the brown face of a large icon of the Saviour lit up by a lamp, she stood before it with folded hands for a few moments. Painful doubts filled her soul. Was the joy of love, of earthly love for a man possible for her? In her thoughts about marriage the Princess Mary dreamed of happiness and of children, but her most powerful, deeply-hidden longing was for human love. The more she tried to hide this feeling from others, and even from herself, the stronger it grew. 'O God,' she said, 'how am I to stifle in my heart these thoughts of the devil? How am I to renounce for ever these vile fancies, so as calmly to fulfil Thy will?' And hardly had she put that question, when God gave her the answer in her own heart. 'Desire nothing for yourself: seek for nothing, do not be agitated, do not envy. Men's future and your own fate must remain hidden from you; but live so that you may be prepared for anything. If it is God's will to try you in the duties of marriage, be prepared to fulfil His will.' With this consoling thought (but yet with the hope of the fulfilment of her forbidden earthly longing) the Princess Mary sighed and, having crossed herself, went down, thinking neither of her gown and head-dress nor of how she would enter and what she would say. What did it all matter in comparison with the will of God, without whose care not a hair of man's head can fall?

CHAPTER IV

WHEN Princess Mary came down, Prince Vasili and his son were already in the drawing-room conversing with the little princess and Mlle. Bourienne. When she entered with her heavy gait, pressing on her heels, the gentlemen and Mlle. Bourienne rose, and the little princess, pointing her out to the gentlemen said: '*Voilà Marie!*'¹ The Princess Mary saw them all and saw them distinctly. She saw Prince Vasili's face, serious for an instant at the sight of her but immediately resuming its smiling appearance, and the little princess's face curiously observing the impression 'Marie' was producing on them. And Mlle. Bourienne she saw too, with her ribbon and her pretty face unusually animated and fixed on *him*; but she could not bring herself to look at him, she only saw something large, brilliant, and beautiful moving towards her as she entered the room. Prince Vasili came up first and she kissed the bald forehead that bent over her hand, and answered his question by saying that on the contrary she remembered him quite well. Then Anatole approached. She still could not see him. She only felt a delicate hand firmly taking hold of hers, and she slightly touched with her lips the white forehead over which the beautiful, pomaded, light-brown hair was arranged. When she looked up at him she was struck by his beauty. Anatole stood with his right thumb over a button of his uniform, with his chest thrown out and his back drawn in, slightly moving his outstretched foot, and with his head a little bent looked gaily at the princess without speaking, evidently not thinking about her at all. Anatole was not quick-witted, nor smart, nor eloquent in conversation, but he possessed the gift, so precious in society, of composure and imperturbable self-possession. If some one without self-confidence remains silent on a first introduction and betrays a consciousness of the impropriety of such silence and an anxiety to find something to say, the effect is awkward. But Anatole remained silent, swinging his foot and gaily examining the princess's hair. It was evident that he could remain silent in this way

¹ Here 's Mary.

for a long time. 'If any one finds this silence inconvenient, let him talk, but I don't want to,' he seemed to say. Besides this, in his behaviour towards women Anatole had that manner which particularly inspires in them curiosity, awe, and even love—a supercilious consciousness of his own superiority. It was as if he said to them: 'I know you, I know you; but why should I bother about you? As for you, you'd be only too glad.' Perhaps he did not really think this when he met women (it is even probable that he did not, for in general he thought but little) but his looks and manners conveyed that impression. The princess felt this, and as if wishing to show him that she did not dare even to expect to interest him, she turned to Prince Vasili. The conversation was general and brisk, thanks to the Princess Lise's little voice and to her downy lip that disclosed her white teeth. She met Prince Vasili with that vivacious manner often employed by merry chatty people, and consisting in the assumption that there are between the person they so address and themselves some semi-private long-established jokes and merry recollections, though in reality no such recollections exist—just as none existed in this case. Prince Vasili willingly adopted her tone, and the little princess also drew Anatole, whom she hardly knew, into these amusing recollections of things that had never occurred. Mlle. Bourienne too shared in these general recollections, and even Princess Mary with pleasure felt herself drawn into the merry reminiscences.

'Here at least we shall have the benefit of your company all to ourselves, dear prince,' said the little princess to Prince Vasili, of course in French. 'It's not as at Annette's receptions, where you always made your escape; you remember *cette chère Annette*!' ¹

'Ah, but you won't talk politics to me as Annette does!'

'And our little table?'

'Oh, yes!'

'Why were you never at Annette's?' the little princess asked Anatole. 'Ah, I know, I know,' she said with a sly glance, 'your brother Hippolyte told me about your goings on. Oh!' and she shook her finger at him, 'I have even heard of your doings in Paris!'

¹ That dear Annette.

'And didn't Hippolyte tell you?' asked Prince Vasili (turning to his son, and seizing the little princess's arm, as if she would have run away and he had just managed to catch her), 'didn't he tell you how he himself was pining for the dear princess, and how she showed him the door? Oh, she is a pearl among women, princess,' he added, addressing the Princess Mary.

When Paris was mentioned, Mlle. Bourienne in her turn seized the opportunity of joining the general current of recollections.

She took the liberty of inquiring whether it was long since Anatole had left Paris, and how he had liked that city. Anatole answered the Frenchwoman very readily and, looking at her with a smile, talked with her about her native land. When he saw the pretty little Bourienne, Anatole came to the conclusion that it would not be dull for him at Bald Hills either. 'Not at all bad!' he thought, examining her, 'not at all bad, that little companion! I hope she will bring her away with her when she marries me. *La petite est gentille.*'¹

The old prince while he leisurely dressed in his study was frowning and considering what he should say. The coming of these visitors annoyed him. 'What are Prince Vasili and that son of his to me? Prince Vasili is a shallow braggart, and his son is probably a fine specimen,' he grumbled to himself. He was annoyed because the coming of these visitors revived in his soul an unsettled question he always tried to stifle, a question concerning which the old prince always deceived himself. The question was whether he could ever make up his mind to part from Princess Mary and give her away to a husband. The prince never directly asked himself that question, knowing beforehand that he would have to answer it justly, and justice conflicted not only with his feelings but with the very possibility of life. Life without Princess Mary, though he seemed to value her but little, was unimaginable to him. 'And why should she marry?' he thought. 'To be unhappy for certain. There's Lise married to Andrew (a better husband, I think, it would be hard to find nowadays) and is she contented with her fate? And besides, who would marry Marie for love? Plain, awkward! They'll take her for the sake of her

¹ The little one is charming.

connexions and wealth. Are there no women living unmarried? And even more happily!’ So thought Prince Bolkonski while dressing, and yet the question he was always putting off demanded an immediate answer. Prince Vasili had evidently brought his son with the intention of making an offer, and to-day or to-morrow would probably ask for a direct answer. His birth and position in society were satisfactory. ‘Well, I’ve nothing against it,’ the prince said to himself, ‘but he must be worthy of her. And that is what we shall see. That is what we shall see. We shall see!’ he added aloud.

And he entered the drawing-room with his usual brisk step, rapidly casting his eyes round the company, noticed the change in the little princess’s dress, Mlle. Bourienne’s ribbon, the Princess Mary’s unbecoming coiffure, the smiles of Mlle. Bourienne and Anatole, and the loneliness of his daughter amid the general conversation. ‘She’s got herself up like a fool!’ he thought, looking irritably at her. ‘She has no shame, and he cares nothing about her!’

He went straight up to Prince Vasili.

‘Well! How d’you do? how d’you do? Glad to see you!’

‘Friendship laughs at distance,’ began Prince Vasili rapidly and with his usual self-confident familiarity. ‘Here is my second son; I beg of you to love and befriend him.’

Prince Bolkonski surveyed Anatole.

‘Fine young fellow! Fine young fellow!’ he said. ‘Well, come and kiss me,’ and he offered his cheek.

Anatole kissed the old man, and looked at him with curiosity but with perfect composure, waiting to see how soon he would commit the eccentricities his father had told him to expect.

Prince Bolkonski sat down in his usual place in the corner of the sofa, and drawing up an arm-chair for Prince Vasili, pointed to it and began questioning him about political and other news. Although he seemed to listen attentively to what Prince Vasili said, he kept glancing at Princess Mary.

‘And so they are already writing from Potsdam?’ he said, repeating Prince Vasili’s last words. Then rising suddenly he went up to his daughter.

'Is it for our visitors you've got yourself up like that, eh?' said he. 'Very fine! You have done up your hair in this new-fangled fashion for the visitors, and before the visitors I tell you that in future you are not to change your style of dress without my consent.'

'It was my fault, *mon père*,' interceded the little princess with a blush.

'You must do as you please,' said Prince Bolkonski with a bow, 'but she has no business to make a guy of herself, she's plain enough as it is.'

And he sat down again, paying no more attention to his daughter who was on the verge of tears.

'On the contrary, that coiffure suits the princess very well,' said Prince Vasili.

'Now then, sir, young prince, what's his name?' said Prince Bolkonski turning to Anatole; 'come here, let us have a talk and get acquainted.'

'Now the fun will begin,' thought Anatole, sitting down with a smile beside the old prince.

'Well now, my dear fellow, I hear you've been educated abroad. Not like your father and myself, whom the village deacon taught to read and write. Now tell me, my dear fellow, are you serving in the Horse Guards?' asked the old man, scrutinizing Anatole closely and intently.

'No I have been transferred to the line,' said Anatole, hardly able to keep from laughing.

'Ah! That's a good thing. And so you wish to serve the Tsar and the country, my dear fellow? It is war time. Such a fine fellow should be serving. Well, are you off to the front?'

'No, prince, our regiment has gone. But I am attached... What am I attached to, Papa?' Anatole said, turning to his father with a laugh.

'Serves splendidly, splendidly! "What am I attached to!" Ha, ha, ha!' laughed Prince Bolkonski.

And Anatole laughed yet louder. Suddenly Prince Bolkonski frowned.

'You may go,' he said to Anatole.

Anatole returned smiling to the ladies.

'And so you've had him educated abroad, Prince Vasili, haven't you?' said the old prince to Prince Vasili.

'I have done my best for him ; and I must say that the education there is much better than ours.'

'Yes, everything is different nowadays, everything is changed. The lad's a fine fellow ! Well, come in with me now.'

He took Prince Vasili's arm and led him to his study.

As soon as they were alone Prince Vasili announced his hopes and wishes to the old prince.

'Well, do you think I am going to prevent her, or that I can't part from her ?' said the old prince angrily.

'What notions people have ! To-morrow, as far as I am concerned ! Only I must tell you that I want to know my son-in-law better. You know my principles : everything above-board ! I will ask her to-morrow in your presence if she is willing ; then he can stay for a time. He can stay, and I'll see.' (The old prince snorted.)

'Let her marry, I don't care !' he screamed in the same piercing tones as he did when parting with his son.

'I will tell you frankly,' said Prince Vasili in the tone of a crafty man who is convinced of the futility of cunning with so keensighted a companion. 'You know you see right through a man. Anatole is no genius, but he is an honest kind-hearted lad ; a first-rate son and relative.'

'All right, all right, we shall see !'

As always happens when women lead lonely lives for any length of time apart from the society of men, when Anatole appeared all the three women of Prince Bolkonski's household felt alike that their life had not been real life till then. The powers of reasoning, feeling, and observing immediately multiplied tenfold in each of them, and life, which seemed to have been passing in darkness, became suddenly illuminated by a new brightness full of significance.

Princess Mary became quite unconscious of her face and coiffure. The handsome open face of the man who might perhaps be her husband absorbed all her attention. He seemed to her kind, brave, determined, manly, and generous. She felt convinced of it. Thousands of dreams of a future family life rose continually in her imagination. She drove them away, and tried to conceal them.

'But am I not too cold with him ?' thought the princess. 'I try to be reserved, because in the depth of my soul I feel too near to him already ; but then he

cannot know what I think of him, and may imagine that I do not like him.'

And Princess Mary tried, but did not know how to be amiable to her new guest. 'Poor girl! She's devilish ugly!' thought Anatole.

Mlle. Bourienne, also roused to great excitement by Anatole's arrival, thought very differently. Of course she, a pretty young woman without any definite position, without relatives or even a country, did not intend to devote her life to the service of Prince Bolkonski, reading aloud to him, or to friendship with Princess Mary. Mlle. Bourienne had long awaited a Russian prince who, capable of appreciating at first sight her superiority to plain, badly dressed, awkward Russian princesses, would fall in love with her and carry her off. And here at last was the Russian prince. Mlle. Bourienne knew a story (she had heard it from her aunt, but had invented the conclusion) which she liked to repeat to herself. It was the story of a girl who had been seduced, and to whom her poor mother (*sa pauvre mère*) appeared, and reproached her for giving herself to a man without being married. Mlle. Bourienne was often touched to tears as, in imagination, she told this story to *him*, her seducer. And now *he*, a real Russian prince, had appeared. He would carry her away, and then *sa pauvre mère* would appear, and he would marry her. In this way her future shaped itself in Mlle. Bourienne's head at the very time she was talking to him about Paris. It was not calculation that guided her (she did not even take a moment to consider what she should do) but all this had long been ready within her, and now that Anatole had appeared it only grouped itself around him, whom she tried to please as much as she could.

The little princess, like an old war-horse that hears the trumpet sound, unconsciously, and quite forgetful of her condition, prepared herself for the familiar gallop of coquetry, without any ulterior motive or any struggle, but with a naïve and light-hearted gaiety.

Although Anatole in female society usually played the part of a man tired of being run after by women, his vanity was flattered to see his power over these three women. Besides that, he was beginning to feel for the pretty and provocative Mlle. Bourienne that passionate

animal feeling which sometimes overcame him with great suddenness and impelled him to the coarsest and most reckless actions.

After tea the whole company went into the sitting-room, and the Princess Mary was asked to play on the clavichord. Anatole came, laughing and evidently in high spirits, and leaned on his elbows opposite to her and beside Mlle. Bourienne. The Princess Mary felt his look with a painfully joyous emotion. Her favourite sonata bore her into a most intimately poetic world, and the eyes she felt fixed on her made this world still more poetic. But Anatole's expression, though his eyes were fixed on her, had no reference to her, but to the movements of Mlle. Bourienne's little foot, which he was touching with his own under the clavichord. Mlle. Bourienne was also looking at the Princess Mary, and in her lovely eyes there was a look of fearful joy and hope, also new to the princess.

'How she loves me!' thought the Princess Mary. 'How happy I am now, and how happy I may be with such a friend and such a husband! Husband? Can it be possible?' thought she, not daring to look at him, and still feeling his eyes gazing at her.

In the evening after supper, when all were about to retire, Anatole kissed Princess Mary's hand. She did not know how she found the courage, but she looked straight into his handsome face as it approached her short-sighted eyes. Turning from Princess Mary he went up and kissed Mlle. Bourienne's hand. (This was not etiquette, but then he did everything so simply and with such self-possession!) Mlle. Bourienne flushed and gave the princess a frightened look.

'What delicacy!' thought the princess. 'Is it possible that Amelie' (that was Mlle. Bourienne's name) 'thinks I could be jealous of her and not value her pure affection and devotion to me?' She went up to Mlle. Bourienne and kissed her warmly. Anatole went to kiss the hand of the little princess.

'No! No! No! When your father writes and tells me that you have been behaving well, I will give you my hand to kiss. Not before,' she said, smilingly raising a finger at him as she left the room.

CHAPTER V

THEY had all separated for the night, but, except Anatole who fell asleep as soon as he got to bed, they all remained awake a long time.

'Is he really to be my husband, this stranger, who is so good-natured—yes, good-natured, that is the chief thing,' thought Princess Mary, and fear, which seldom approached her, came upon her. She feared to look round; she felt as if some one were there, standing behind the screen in the dark corner. And this some one was *he*—the devil:—and *he* was also this man with the white forehead, black brows, and rosy lips.

She rang for her maid, and asked her to come and sleep in her room.

Mlle. Bourienne walked up and down the conservatory for a long time that evening, vainly expecting some one: now smiling at something, now working herself up to tears with the imaginary words of her *pauvre mère*, rebuking her for her fall.

The little princess grumbled at her maid because her bed was uncomfortable. She could not lie prone or on her side. Every position was trying and uncomfortable, and her burden oppressed her more than ever because Anatole's arrival had vividly recalled to her the time when she was not like that, and when everything was easy and pleasant. She sat in an arm-chair in her dressing jacket and night-cap; and Katie, sleepy, with her hair in a tangled plait, muttering to herself, turned and shook the heavy feather-bed for the third time.

'Didn't I tell you it was all humps and holes?' the little princess repeated. 'I should be glad enough to fall asleep, so it's not my fault.' And her voice began to tremble like that of a child about to cry.

The old Prince did not sleep either. Tikhon, half asleep, heard him stamping angrily about and snorting. It seemed to the old prince that he had been insulted through his daughter. The insult was the greater because it was not directed against him but against another, his daughter, whom he loved more than himself. He kept telling himself that he would consider the whole matter and decide what was right and how he should act; but

instead of that he only irritated himself more and more.

'The first stranger that turns up, she forgets her father and everything else, runs upstairs and dresses up her hair and wags her tail, and is not like herself! Glad to throw her father over! And she knew I should notice it. Fr...fr...fr...! And don't I see that that idiot had eyes for no one but Bourienne (I shall have to get rid of her). And how is it she has not pride enough to understand this? If she has no pride of her own, she might at least have some for my sake! She must be shown that the blockhead thinks nothing of her and only looks at Bourienne. No, she has no pride. But I'll let her see...'

The old prince knew that if he told his daughter she was under a delusion, and that Anatole was only flirting with Mlle. Bourienne, Princess Mary's self-esteem would be wounded and his point (the desire not to be parted from her) would be gained; so pacifying himself with this thought, he called Tikhon and began to undress.

'What devil brought them here!' thought he while Tikhon was putting the night-shirt over his thin old body with the grey-haired chest. 'I never invited them. They came to upset my life. And there is not much of it left.'

'Devil take 'em!' he muttered, while his head was still covered by the shirt.

Tikhon knew his master's habit of sometimes thinking aloud, and therefore with unaltered looks met the angrily inquisitive expression of the face that emerged from the shirt.

'Gone to bed?' asked the prince.

Tikhon, like all good valets, instinctively knew the direction of his master's thoughts. He guessed that the question referred to Prince Vasili and his son.

'They have gone to bed and put out their lights, your excellency.'

'No good... No good...' said the prince rapidly, and thrusting his feet into his slippers, and his arms into the sleeves of his dressing-gown, he went to the sofa on which he slept.

Although no words had passed between Anatole and Mlle. Bourienne, they quite understood one another

concerning the first part of their romance, up to the appearance of the *pauvre mère*. They both understood that they had much to say to one another in private, and therefore early in the morning began to seek an opportunity of meeting each other alone. When the Princess Mary went to her father's room at the usual hour, Mlle. Bourienne and Anatole met in the conservatory.

The Princess Mary approached the door of the study with special trepidation. She felt that not only did everybody know that her fate had to be decided that day, but that they also knew what she thought about it. She read it in Tikhon's face, and in that of Prince Vasili's valet, who greeted her with a low bow when she met him in the corridor carrying hot water.

The old prince was very affectionate and careful in his behaviour to his daughter that morning. The Princess Mary well knew this painstaking expression of her father's. It was the expression his face wore when his dry hands clenched with vexation because she did not understand a sum in arithmetic, and he, rising from his chair, would walk away from her repeating in a low voice the same words, several times over.

He came to the point at once, treating her ceremoniously.

'A proposition has been made to me concerning you,' he said with an unnatural smile. 'I expect you have guessed that Prince Vasili has not come and brought his pupil with him' (Prince Bolkonski, for some reason, spoke of Anatole as 'his pupil') 'for the sake of my beautiful eyes. A proposition was made to me last night on your account and, as you know my principles, I refer it to you.'

'How am I to understand you, *mon père*?' the princess said, growing pale and then blushing.

'How understand me!' cried her father angrily. 'Prince Vasili finds you to his taste as a daughter-in-law, and makes a proposal to you on his pupil's behalf. That's what I mean! "How understand me? . . ." And I ask you.'

'I do not know what you think, father,' whispered the princess.

'I? I? What of me? Leave me out of the question. I'm not going to get married. What do you think? That's what I want to know.'

The princess saw that her father regarded the matter with disapproval, but at that moment the thought occurred to her that now or never was her fate to be decided. She cast down her eyes so as not to see the look under the influence of which she felt that she would be incapable of thought, and through long habit would only be able to submit, and said :

‘I desire one thing only—to do your will, but if I had to express my wish . . .’ She had not time to finish—the old prince interrupted her.

‘Well, that’s admirable!’ he shouted. ‘He will take you with your dowry and will take Mlle. Bourienne into the bargain. She’ll be the wife, and you . . .’

The prince broke off. He saw the impression these words had produced on his daughter. She drooped her head and was ready to burst into tears.

‘Now then, now then, I’m only joking!’ he said. ‘Remember this, princess: I keep to the principle that a maiden has full right of choice. I give you freedom. Remember only that your life’s happiness depends on your decision. Never mind me.’

‘But I do not know, father!’

‘There’s nothing to be said! He receives his orders, and would marry not only you, but anybody; but you are free to choose. . . . Go to your room, think it over, and come back in an hour and tell me in his presence: yes, or no. I know you will pray. Well, pray if you like; but you had better think it over. Go! Yes or no, yes or no, yes or no!’ he went on shouting, when the princess as if lost in a mist had staggered out of the study.

Her fate was decided, and happily decided. But her father’s insinuation about Mlle. Bourienne was dreadful. It was untrue, to be sure, but still it was terrible, and she could not help thinking about it. She went straight on through the conservatory, neither seeing nor hearing anything, when suddenly the well-known whispering of Mlle. Bourienne aroused her. She raised her eyes and saw, two steps away from her, Anatole embracing the Frenchwoman and whispering something in her ear. With a terrible expression on his handsome face Anatole looked towards Princess Mary, and did not, for the first moment, take his arm from the waist of Mlle. Bourienne, who had not yet seen her.

'Who's that? Why? Wait a moment!' Anatole's face seemed to say. The Princess Mary looked at them in silence, unable to understand it all. At last Mlle. Bourienne gave a scream and fled. Anatole bowed to Princess Mary with a gay smile, as if inviting her to join in a laugh at this extraordinary incident, and then, shrugging his shoulders, went away through the door that led to his own apartments.

An hour later Tikhon came to call the Princess Mary to the old prince; he added that Prince Vasili was also there. The Princess Mary, when Tikhon came in, was sitting on the sofa in her room, holding the weeping Mlle. Bourienne in her arms and gently stroking her hair. The princess's beautiful eyes with their old calm radiance were looking with tender affection and pity at Mlle. Bourienne's pretty face.

'No, princess, I have lost your regard for ever!' said Mlle. Bourienne.

'Why? I love you more than ever,' said Princess Mary, 'and I will try to do all in my power for your happiness.'

'But you despise me. You who are so pure can never understand being thus carried away by passion. Oh, only my poor mother . . .'

'I quite understand,' answered Princess Mary with a sad smile. 'Quiet yourself, my friend. I must go to my father,' said she, and went out.

Prince Vasili, with one leg thrown high over the other, and a snuff-box in his hand, was sitting there with a smile of deep emotion on his face, as if he were stirred to his heart's core and were laughing pityingly at his own sensibility, when Princess Mary entered. He hurriedly raised a pinch of snuff to his nose.

'Ah, my dear, my dear!' he began, rising and taking both her hands. Then, sighing, he added, 'My son's fate is in your hands. Decide, my dear, my good, my gentle Marie, whom I have always loved as a daughter!'

He stepped aside, and real tears appeared in his eyes.

'Fr . . . fr . . . ' snorted Prince Bolkonski. 'The prince is making a proposition to you in his pupil's—I mean his son's—name. Will you, or will you not, be Prince Anatole Kuragin's wife? Reply yes or no,' he shouted, 'and then I shall reserve the right of expressing

my opinion. Yes, my opinion, and my opinion only,' added Prince Bolkonski, turning to Prince Vasili and answering his imploring look. 'Yes, or no?'

'My desire is never to leave you, father, never to separate my life from yours. I don't wish to marry,' she answered positively, glancing at Prince Vasili, and at her father with her beautiful eyes.

'Humbug! Nonsense! Humbug, humbug, humbug!' cried Prince Bolkonski, frowning; and taking his daughter's hand, he did not kiss her, but only, bending his forehead to hers, just touched it, and pressed her hand so that she winced and cried out.

Prince Vasili rose.

'My dear, I must tell you that this is a moment I shall never, never forget. But, my dear, will you not give us a little hope of touching this heart, so kind and generous? Say "perhaps" . . . The future is so long. Say "perhaps".'

'Prince, what I have said is all there is in my heart. I thank you for the honour, but I shall never be your son's wife.'

'Well, so that's finished, my friend! I am very glad to have seen you. Very glad! Go back to your rooms, princess. Go!' said the old prince. 'I am very, very glad to have seen you,' repeated he, embracing Prince Vasili.

'I have a different calling,' thought the Princess Mary. 'My calling is to be happy with another kind of happiness, the happiness of love and self-surrender. She loves him so passionately; and so passionately repents. I will do all I can to arrange the match between them. If he is not rich, I will give her the means; I will ask my father and Andrew. I shall be so happy when she is his wife. She is so unfortunate, a stranger, alone, helpless! And, oh God, how passionately she must love him if she could so far forget herself! Perhaps I might have done the same! . . . ' thought Princess Mary.

CHAPTER VI

It was long before the Rostovs had news of Nicholas. Not till mid-winter was the count at last handed a letter addressed in his son's handwriting. When he received it, he ran on tip-toe to his study, in alarm and haste, trying to escape notice, and there closed the door and began to read.

Anna Mikhaylovna, who always knew everything that went on in the house, on hearing of the arrival of the letter went softly into the room and found the count with it in his hand, sobbing and laughing at the same time. Anna Mikhaylovna, though her circumstances had improved, was still living at the Rostovs'.

'My dear friend?' said she in a tone of pathetic inquiry, prepared to sympathize in any way.

The count sobbed still more vehemently.

'Nicholas . . . a letter . . . wounded . . . wa . . . a . . . s wounded . . . my dear . . . the countess . . . promoted to be officer . . . thank God . . . How to tell the little countess!'

Anna Mikhaylovna sat down near him, and with her own handkerchief wiped the tears from his eyes, as well as from the letter, then, having dried her own eyes, she comforted the count, and decided that at dinner and till tea she would prepare the countess, and after tea, with God's help, she would tell her.

At dinner Anna Mikhaylovna talked the whole time about the war news and about Nicholas. She twice asked when the last letter had been received from him, though she knew already, and remarked that they might quite possibly be getting a letter from him to-day. Each time that these hints began to make the countess anxious, and that she glanced uneasily at the count and at Anna Mikhaylovna, the latter most adroitly turned the conversation on to insignificant matters. Natasha, who of all the family was most gifted with the faculty of noting shades of intonation, of looks and expressions, pricked up her ears at the beginning of the meal and realized that there was some secret between her father and Anna Mikhaylovna, that it concerned her brother, and, further, that Anna Mikhaylovna was preparing them for it. Despite her boldness, Natasha, who knew how sensitive her mother

was to anything relating to Nicholas, did not feel able to ask any questions at dinner, but she was too excited to eat anything and turned and twisted on her chair, heedless of her governess's remarks.

After dinner she rushed headlong after Anna Mikhaylovna, on whose neck she flung herself as soon as she overtook her in the sitting-room.

'Auntie darling, tell me what it is!'

'Nothing, my dear.'

'No, dearest, sweet one, honey, I won't give up, for I know that you know.'

Anna Mikhaylovna shook her head.

'You are a little sly-boots,' she said.

'A letter from Nicholas! I'm sure of it!' exclaimed Natasha, reading confirmation in Anna Mikhaylovna's face.

'But for mercy's sake be careful; you know how it might affect your mamma.'

'I will, I will, only tell me! You won't? Then I shall go at once and tell.'

Anna Mikhaylovna briefly told her the contents of the letter, on condition that she would tell no one.

'No, on my true, honourable word,' said Natasha, crossing herself, 'I will tell no one!' and she at once ran off to Sonya.

'Nicholas . . . wounded . . . a letter,' she stammered, important and joyful.

'Nicholas!' was all that Sonya said, instantly turning white.

Natasha, seeing the impression the news of her brother's wound had produced on Sonya, for the first time felt the sorrowful side of the tidings.

She rushed to Sonya, embraced her, and began to cry.

'Slightly wounded, but has been made an officer; he is well now, he wrote himself,' said she through her tears.

'There now! It's true that all you women are cry-babies,' remarked Petya, pacing the room with big, determined strides. 'Now, I am very glad, very glad indeed, that my brother has distinguished himself like that. You are all blubberers, you don't understand anything.'

Natasha smiled through her tears.

'You haven't read the letter?' asked Sonya.

‘No, but she said that it was all over, and that he was now an officer.’

‘God be thanked!’ said Sonya, crossing herself. ‘But perhaps she may have deceived you. Let us go to mamma.’

Petya walked the room in silence for a while, and then remarked: ‘If I had been in Nicholas’s place, I should have killed even more of those Frenchmen. What nasty brutes they are! I should have killed so many that there would have been a heap of them.’

‘Hold your tongue, Petya, what a goose you are!’

‘I’m not a goose, but you are, to cry about trifles,’ said Petya.

‘Do you remember him?’ suddenly asked Natasha, after a moment’s silence.

Sonya smiled.

‘Do I remember Nicholas?’

‘No, Sonya, but do you remember so that you remember him perfectly, remember everything?’ said Natasha, with an emphatic gesture, evidently wishing to give her words a very definite meaning. ‘I remember Nicholas too, I remember him well—but I don’t remember Boris. I don’t remember him at all.’

‘What! you don’t remember Boris?’ asked Sonya, with surprise.

‘It’s not that I don’t remember—I know what he is like, but I don’t remember him as I do Nicholas. Him . . . I just shut my eyes and remember, but Boris . . . No!’ she shut her eyes, ‘No! there’s nothing at all.’

‘Oh. Natasha!’ said Sonya ecstatically and earnestly, looking at her friend as if she did not consider her worthy of hearing what she was about to say, and as if she were saying it to some one else with whom it was impossible to joke. ‘I love your brother once for all, and whatever happens to him or to me I shall never cease to love him as long as I live.’

Natasha looked at Sonya with surprised and inquisitive eyes, and said nothing. She felt that Sonya was speaking the truth: that there was such love as Sonya spoke of, but she had not yet felt anything like it. She believed that it could be, but she did not understand it.

‘Shall you write to him?’ she asked.

Sonya became thoughtful. The question of how to write to Nicholas and whether she ought to write tor-

mented her. Now that he was already an officer and a wounded hero, would it be right to remind him of herself and, as it might seem, of the obligations to her which he had taken on himself?

‘‘ I don’t know. I think, if he writes, I will write too,’ she said blushing.

‘ And you won’t feel ashamed to write to him ? ’

Sonya smiled.

‘ No.’

‘ And I should be ashamed to write to Boris. I’m not going to.’

‘ Why should you be ashamed ? ’

‘ Well, I don’t know. But it’s uncomfortable, and it would make me ashamed.’

‘ And I know why she would be ashamed,’ said Petya, who was offended by Natasha’s previous remark. ‘ It’s because she was in love with that fat one with the spectacles ’ (Petya meant his namesake, the new Count Bezukhov), ‘ and now she’s in love with that singer ’ (he meant Natasha’s Italian singing master), ‘ that’s why she’s ashamed ! ’

‘ Petya, how stupid you are ! ’ said Natasha.

‘ Not more stupid than you, madam,’ said the nine-year-old Petya, with the air of an old brigadier.

The countess had been prepared by Anna Mikhaylovna’s hints at dinner. Retiring to her own room, she sat in an easy chair, her eyes fixed on the miniature portrait of her son on the lid of a snuff-box, while the tears kept coming into her eyes. Anna Mikhaylovna, with the letter, came on tip-toe to the countess’s door, and paused.

‘ Don’t come in,’ she said to the old count, who was following her. ‘ Come presently.’ And she went in, closing the door behind her.

The count put his ear to the keyhole and listened.

At first he heard the sound of matter-of-fact voices, then Anna Mikhaylovna’s voice alone in a long speech, then a cry, then silence, then again both voices at once with glad intonations, and then footsteps. Anna Mikhaylovna opened the door. Her face wore the proud expression of a surgeon who has just accomplished a difficult amputation, and allows the public in to appreciate his skill.

‘ It is done ! ’ she said to the count, pointing with a triumphant gesture to the countess, who sat holding the

snuff-box with its portrait in one hand and the letter in the other, and pressing them alternately to her lips.

When she saw the count, she stretched her arms out to him, embraced his bald head, over which she again looked at the letter and the portrait, and in order to press them again to her lips, she slightly pushed away the bald head. Vera, Natasha, Sonya, and Petya now entered the room, and the reading of the letter began. After a brief description of the campaign and the two battles in which he had taken part, and his promotion, Nicholas said that he kissed his father's and mother's hands, asking for their blessing, and that he kissed Vera, Natasha, and Petya. Besides that he sent greetings to M. Schelling, Mme. Schoss, and the nurse, and also asked them to kiss for him 'dear Sonya, whom he loved and thought of in just the same way as ever'. When she heard this, Sonya blushed so that tears came into her eyes, and, unable to bear the looks turned upon her, she ran away into the dancing hall, whirled round it at full speed with her dress puffed out like a balloon, and then, flushed and smiling, plumped down on the floor.

The countess was crying.

'Why are you crying, mamma?' asked Vera. 'From all he says one should be glad and not cry.'

This was quite true, but the count, the countess, and Natasha looked at her reproachfully. 'And who is it she takes after?' thought the countess.

Nicholas's letter was read hundreds of times, and those who were considered worthy to hear it had to come to the countess, for she did not let it out of her hands. The tutors came, and the nurses, and Dmitry, and some acquaintances, and the countess re-read the letter each time with fresh pleasure, and each time discovered in it fresh proofs of Nicholas's virtues. How strange, how extraordinary, how joyful it seemed that her son, the scarcely perceptible motion of whose tiny limbs she had felt twenty years ago within her, that son about whom she used to have quarrels with the too-indulgent count, that son who had first learnt to say 'pear' and then 'granny', that that son should now be away in a foreign land amid strange surroundings, a manly warrior doing some kind of man's work of his own without help or guidance. The universal experience of ages, indicating

that children do grow imperceptibly from the cradle to manhood, did not exist for the countess. Her son's development towards manhood at each of its stages had seemed as extraordinary to her as if there had never existed the millions of human beings who have developed in a similar way. As twenty years before it seemed impossible that the little creature who lived somewhere beneath her heart would ever cry and take to her breast and begin to speak, so now she could not believe that that being could be this strong, brave fellow, the model son and man, that, judging by this letter, he had become.

'What style he has! How charmingly he describes!' said she, reading the descriptive part of the letter. 'And what a soul! Not a word about himself. . . . Not a word! About some Denisov or other, while he himself I dare say is braver than any of them! He says nothing about his sufferings. What a heart! How I see him there! And how he has remembered everybody! Not forgotten any one. I always said, when he was only so high—I always said . . .'

For more than a week preparations were being made, rough drafts of letters to Nicholas from all the house were written and copied out, while by the zealous care of the count, under the supervision of the countess, money and all things necessary for the equipment of the newly promoted officer were collected. Anna Mikhaylovna, practical woman that she was, had managed by favour with the army authorities even to secure advantageous means of communication for herself and her son. She had opportunities of sending her letters to the Grand Duke Constantine Pavlovich, who commanded the Guards. The Rostovs imagined that *The Russian Guards, Abroad*, was a quite definite address, and that if a letter reached the grand duke in command of the Guards there was no reason why it should not reach the Pavlograd regiment, which was presumably somewhere in the same neighbourhood. Therefore it was decided to send the letters and money by the grand duke's courier to Boris, and Boris was to forward them to Nicholas. The letters were from the old count, the countess, Petya, Vera, Natasha, and Sonya, and finally there were 6,000 roubles for his outfit, and all sorts of things which the old count sent his son.

CHAPTER VII

ON the 12th of November Kutuzov's army, in camp before Olmütz, was preparing to be reviewed on the following day by the two emperors, the Russian and the Austrian. The Guards, just arrived from Russia, spent the night ten miles from Olmütz, and were to come straight to the review next morning, reaching the field at Olmütz by ten o'clock.

That day Nicholas Rostov received a letter from Boris telling him that the Ismaylov regiment was quartered for the night ten miles from Olmütz and that he would be on the look out for him, as he had a letter and money for him. Rostov was particularly in need of money now that after their active service the troops were stationed near Olmütz, and well-provided sutlers and Austrian Jews swarmed in the camp offering all sorts of tempting wares. The Pavlograds held feast after feast, celebrating the awards they had received for the campaign, and made excursions to Olmütz to visit a certain Caroline the Hungarian, who had recently opened a restaurant there with women assistants. Rostov, who had just celebrated his promotion to a cornetcy and bought Denisov's horse, Bedouin, was in debt both to his comrades and to the sutlers. On receiving Boris's letter he rode with a fellow officer to Olmütz, dined there, drank a bottle of wine, and then set off alone to the Guards' camp to find his old playfellow. Rostov had not had time to get his uniform. He had on a shabby cadet jacket decorated with a soldier's cross, a cadet's riding breeches lined with worn leather, and an officer's sabre with a sword-knot. The Don horse he was riding was one he had bought from a Cossack during the campaign, and he wore a crumpled Hussar cap stuck jauntily on one side, and far back on his head. As he approached the camp he thought how he would impress Boris and all his comrades of the Guards by his appearance—that of a worn Hussar who had been under fire.

The Guards had made their whole march as if on parade, displaying their cleanliness and discipline. They had come by easy stages, their knapsacks conveyed on carts, and the Austrian authorities had provided excellent

dinners for the officers at every halting-place. The regiments had entered and left the towns with their bands playing, and all the way, by the grand duke's orders, the men had marched in step (a practice on which the Guards prided themselves) with the officers at their posts and on foot. Boris had been quartered and had marched all the way with Berg, who was already in command of a company. Berg, who had been appointed to his company during the campaign, had succeeded by his promptitude and accuracy in gaining the confidence of his superiors, and had arranged his financial affairs very satisfactorily. Boris had during the campaign made the acquaintance of many persons who might prove useful to him, and by a letter of recommendation he had brought from Pierre he had become acquainted with Prince Andrew Bolkonski, through whom he hoped to obtain a post on the staff of the commander-in-chief. Berg and Boris, clean and neatly dressed, having rested after their last day's march, were sitting at a round table in the clean quarters allotted to them, playing chess. Berg held a pipe between his knees. Boris, with characteristic accuracy, built a little pyramid of men with his delicate white fingers while awaiting Berg's move, and looked at his opponent's face, evidently thinking about the game, as he always thought only of the thing with which he was occupied.

'Well, how are you going to get out of that?' he remarked.

'We'll try to,' replied Berg, touching a pawn and then removing his hand.

At that moment the door opened.

'Here he is at last!' shouted Rostov. 'And Berg too! Oh, you *petisenfans*, *allay cushay dormir*!'¹ he exclaimed, imitating his Russian nurse's French, at which they and Berg long ago used to laugh.

'Dear me, how you have changed!'

Boris rose to meet Rostov, but in rising did not omit to catch and replace some pieces that were falling. He was about to embrace his friend, but Nicholas avoided him. With that peculiarly youthful feeling which dreads the beaten tracks, and wishes, without imitating others, to express itself in some new way unlike the way in which

¹ A Russian nurse's attempt to say in French: 'Little children, go to bed and to sleep'.

its elders express feelings that are often insincere, Nicholas wanted to do something special on meeting his friend. He wished to pinch him, push him, do anything but kiss him : a thing everybody did. But Boris, on the contrary, embraced him in a quiet friendly manner, and kissed him three times.

They had not met for nearly half a year and, being at the age when young men take their first steps on the road of life, each saw a very great change in the other, an entirely new reflection of the circles in which they had each taken those first steps. Both had greatly altered since they last met, and both were in a hurry to show the changes that had taken place in them.

'Oh, you damned dandies ! Clean and fresh as if you'd been to a fête, not like us miserable sinners of the line,' cried Rostov, with baritone notes in his voice new to Boris and with an army manner, pointing to his own mud-bespattered breeches. The German landlady, hearing Rostov's loud voice, popped her head in at the door.

'Eh, is she good-looking ?' he asked with a wink.

'Why do you shout so ? You'll frighten them !' said Boris. 'I did not expect you to-day,' he added. 'It was only yesterday I sent you the note by an aide-de-camp of Kutuzov's, who is a friend of mine---Bolkonski. I did not think he would get it to you so quickly. . . . Well, how are you ? Been under fire already ?' Boris asked.

Without answering, Rostov jerked the soldier's Cross of St. George fastened to the cords of his uniform and, indicating his bandaged arm, smiled at Berg.

'As you see,' he said.

'Dear me, yes, yes !' said Boris with a smile. 'And we too have had a splendid march. You know of course that his imperial highness rode with our regiment all the time, so that we had every comfort and every advantage ! What receptions we had in Poland ! What dinners, what balls ! I cannot describe them to you. And the Tsarevich was very gracious to all our officers.'

And the two friends told each other of their doings ; the one about his Hussar revels and life in the fighting line, the other about the pleasures and advantages of service under members of the imperial family.

'Oh, you Guards !' said Rostov. 'I say, send for some wine.'

Boris made a grimace.

‘If you really want it,’ said he.

And he went to his bed. From under the clean pillows he drew out a purse, and sent for wine.

‘Oh, and I’ll give you your money and letter,’ he added.

Rostov took the letter, and throwing the money on the sofa he put both elbows on the table and began to read. After reading a few lines he glanced angrily at Berg, then, meeting his eyes, hid his face behind the letter.

‘Well, they’ve sent you a tidy sum,’ said Berg, eyeing the heavy purse that sank into the sofa. ‘As for us, count, we get along on our pay. I can tell you about myself . . .’

‘I say, my dear Berg,’ said Rostov, ‘when you get a letter from home and meet one of your own people whom you want to ask about everything, and I happen to be there, I will leave at once to be out of your way! Do go somewhere, anywhere . . . to the devil!’ he exclaimed, and immediately seizing him by the shoulder and looking amiably in his face, evidently wishing to mitigate the rudeness of his words, he added, ‘Don’t be hurt, my dear fellow; I speak from my heart, as to an old acquaintance.’

‘Oh, don’t mention it, count! I quite understand,’ said Berg, rising and speaking in a muffled and guttural voice.

‘Go across to our hosts’: they asked you to come,’ added Boris.

Berg put on the cleanest of coats, without a spot or speck of dust, turned up before a looking-glass the hair on his temples in the manner affected by the Emperor Alexander, and being convinced from the way Rostov looked at it that his coat had been noticed, he left the room, smiling pleasantly.

‘Oh dear, what a beast I am!’ muttered Rostov, as he read the letter.

‘Why?’

‘Oh, what a pig I am, not to have written before, and frightened them so! Oh, what a pig I am!’ he repeated, blushing suddenly. ‘Well now, send Gabriel for a bottle of wine. . . . All right, we’ll have a drop!’

In the letter from his parents was enclosed a letter of

recommendation to Bagration, which the old countess at Anna Mikhaylovna's advice had obtained through an acquaintance and sent to her son, asking him to take it to its destination and make use of it.

'What nonsense! Much I need that!' said Rostov, throwing the letter under the table.

'Why have you thrown that down?' asked Boris.

'It is some letter of recommendation . . . what the devil do I want it for!'

'Why "What the devil"?' said Boris, picking it up and reading the address. 'This letter is very important for you.'

'I don't want anything, and won't be any one's adjutant.'

'Why not?' inquired Boris.

'It's a lackey's job!'

'You are still the same visionary, I see,' remarked Boris, shaking his head.

'And you are still the same diplomat! All right, but that's not the point. . . . Well, how are you?' asked Rostov.

'Well, as you see. Up to now everything is all right, but I confess I should like very much to be an adjutant and not to remain at the front.'

'Why?'

'Because when once you start on a military career you should try to make as brilliant a career of it as possible.'

'Oh, that's it!' said Rostov, evidently thinking about something else.

He looked intently and inquiringly at his friend, evidently trying in vain to find an answer to some question.

Old Gabriel brought the wine.

'Shall we not send for Berg?' asked Boris. 'He would drink with you. I can't.'

'Well, send for him . . . and how do you get on with that German?' said Rostov, with a contemptuous smile.

'He is a very, very good, honest, and pleasant fellow,' answered Boris.

Again Rostov looked intently into Boris's eyes and sighed. Berg returned, and over a bottle of wine the conversation between the three officers grew animated. The guardsmen told Rostov about their march and how they had been made much of in Russia, Poland, and abroad.

They spoke of the words and actions of their commander, the grand duke, and told stories illustrating his kindness and quick temper. Berg, as usual, kept silent when the topic did not refer to himself, but in connexion with the stories of the grand duke's quick temper he related with relish how, in Galicia, he managed to speak to the grand duke, when the latter made a tour of the regiments and was annoyed at some irregularity in a movement. With a pleasant smile Berg related how the grand duke in a violent passion had ridden up to him and shouted: 'Arnauts!' ¹ (Arnauts was the Tsarevich's favourite exclamation when in a rage) and called for the company commander.

'Would you believe it, count, I was not at all frightened, because I knew I was right. You know, without boasting, I may say that I know the Army Orders by heart and know the Regulations too, like *Our Father*. Therefore, count, there never is any negligence in my company. So my conscience was at rest. I appeared before him . . . ' (Berg rose and showed how he presented himself, with his hand to his cap, and really it would have been difficult for a face to express greater respect and self-satisfaction than his.) 'Well, he stormed at me, as the saying is, stormed and stormed and stormed! It was not a matter of life, but rather of death, as the saying is. "Albanians!" and "devils!" and "To Siberia!"' said Berg, with a sagacious smile. 'I knew I was in the right, so I kept silent; was not that best, count? . . . "Hey, are you dumb?" he shouted. Still I remained silent. And what do you think, count? The next day it was not even in the Orders of the Day! That is what it means to keep one's head. That's the way, count,' said Berg, lighting his pipe and emitting rings of smoke.

'Yes, that was fine,' said Rostov, smiling.

But Boris noticed that he was preparing to make fun of Berg and skilfully changed the subject. He asked him to tell them how and where he got his wound. This pleased Rostov and he began talking about it, and as he went on became more and more animated. He told them of his Schön Grabern affair, just as those who have taken part in a battle generally do describe it, that is, as they would like it to have been, as they have heard it described by

¹ Arnauts is a Turkish name for the Albanians.

others, and as sounds best, but not at all as it really was. Rostov was a truthful young man ; he would on no account have told a deliberate falsehood. He began his story meaning to tell everything just as it had occurred ; but imperceptibly, involuntarily, and inevitably he lapsed into untruth. Had he told the truth to those hearers—who like himself had often heard stories of attacks, and had formed a definite idea of what an attack was, and were expecting to hear just such a story—they would either not have believed him or, what would have been even worse, would have thought that Rostov was himself to blame, since what generally happens to the narrators of cavalry attacks had not happened to him. He could not tell them simply that every one went at a trot, and that he tumbled off his horse and sprained his arm and then ran as hard as he could from a Frenchman into the wood. Besides, to tell everything as it really occurred, it would have been necessary to make an effort of will. It is very difficult to tell the truth, and young people are rarely capable of it. They expected a story of how he, all aflame and beside himself, flew like a storm at the square, hacked his way in, slashed right and left, how his sword had tasted flesh, how he fell exhausted, and the like. And he told them all this.

In the midst of his story, just as he was saying, ‘ You cannot imagine what a strange feeling of rage you experience during an attack,’ Prince Andrew, whom Boris was expecting, entered the room. Prince Andrew, who liked to help young men, was flattered by being asked for his patronage, and being well-disposed towards Boris, who had managed to please him the day before, he wished to do what the young man wanted. Having been sent with dispatches from Kutuzov to the Tsarevich, he looked in on him, hoping to find him alone. When he came in and saw an Hussar of the line relating his military exploits (Prince Andrew detested that kind of person) he gave Boris a kind smile, made a grimace as with screwed-up eyes he looked at Rostov, bowed slightly and wearily, and indolently sat down on the sofa. He felt it unpleasant to have dropped into bad company. Rostov flushed up on noticing this, but Prince Andrew did not care : Rostov was a mere stranger. However, glancing at Boris, he saw that he too seemed ashamed of the Hussar of the line.

At Prince Andrew's disagreeably mocking tone, in spite of the contempt with which Rostov from his *fighting* army point of view regarded all these little aides-de-camp on the staff, of whom the new-comer was evidently one, Rostov felt confused, blushed, and became silent. Boris inquired what news there was on the staff, and what one might without lack of discretion ask about our intentions.

'We shall probably advance,' replied Bolkonski, evidently reluctant to say more in the presence of a stranger.

Berg took this opportunity to ask in a particularly polite manner whether they would, as was rumoured, double the forage money of the company commanders of the line. To this Prince Andrew answered with a smile that he could give no opinion on such an important government order, and Berg laughed joyfully.

'As to your business,' Prince Andrew continued, addressing Boris, 'we will talk about it later' (and he looked round at Rostov). 'Come to me after the review and we will do all we can.'

And having glanced round the room Prince Andrew turned to Rostov, whose state of unconquerable childish confusion, now changing to anger, he did not condescend to notice. He asked,

'I think you were talking of the Schön Grabern affair? Were you there?'

'I was there,' said Rostov angrily, as if intending to insult the aide-de-camp.

Bolkonski noticed the Hussar's state of mind, and it amused him. With a faint smile of contempt he said,

'Yes, there are many stories now told about that affair!'

'Yes, stories!' repeated Rostov loudly, looking, with eyes suddenly grown furious, now at Boris, now at Bolkonski. 'Yes, many stories! But our stories are the stories of those who have been under the enemy's fire! *Our* stories have some weight, not like the stories of those fellows on the staff who obtain rewards without doing anything!'

'Of whom, as you imagine, I am one?' said Prince Andrew, with a quiet and peculiarly amiable smile.

A strange feeling of anger and yet of respect for this man's self-possession mingled at that moment in Rostov's soul.

'I am not talking about you,' he said, 'I don't know

you, and frankly I don't want to know you. I am speaking about the staff in general.'

'And I will tell you this,' Prince Andrew interrupted, with quiet authority in his voice, 'you wish to insult me, and I am ready to agree with you that it would be very easy to do so, if you have not sufficient self-respect; but admit that the time and place are very badly chosen. We shall soon all have to take part in a greater and more serious duel, and besides, Drubetskoy, who says he is an old friend of yours, is not at all to blame because my face has the misfortune to displease you. However,' he added rising, 'you know my name and where to find me; but do not forget that I do not regard either myself or you as having been at all insulted, and as a man older than you my advice is to drop the matter. Well then, on Friday after the review I shall expect you, Drubetskoy. *Au revoir!*' exclaimed Prince Andrew, and with a bow to both he went out.

Only when Prince Andrew was gone did Rostov remember what he ought to have said. And he became still more angry because he had forgotten to say it. He ordered his horse at once, and, coldly taking leave of Boris, he rode home. Should he go to head-quarters next day and challenge that affected aide-de-camp, or really drop the matter? The question worried him all the way. He thought angrily of the pleasure he would have at seeing the fright of that small and delicate but proud man, when covered by his pistol; and then he felt with surprise that of all the men he knew there was none he would so much like to have for a friend as that very aide-de-camp whom he so hated.

CHAPTER VIII

THE day after the meeting of Boris and Rostov the review of the Austrian and Russian troops was held, both of those freshly arrived and those who had been campaigning under Kutuzov. The two emperors, the Russian with his heir the Tsarevich, and the Austrian with the archduke, inspected the Allied army of eighty thousand men.

From early morning the smart, clean, and trim troops

were on the move, forming up on the field before the fortress. Now thousands of feet and bayonets moved and, with banners flying, stopped at their officers' command, turned, and took position at intervals, wheeling round other similar masses of infantry in different uniforms; now were heard the rhythmic beat of hoofs and the jingle of showy cavalry in blue, red, and green braided uniforms, with the smartly dressed bandsmen in front mounted on black, roan, or grey horses; then again, spreading out with the brazen clatter of the polished shining cannon that jolted on their gun-carriages, and with the smell of linstocks, came the artillery, creeping between the infantry and cavalry and taking up their appointed positions. Not only the generals in full parade uniforms, with their thin or thick waists drawn in to the narrowest limits, and their red necks squeezed into their collars, wearing sashes and all their decorations; not only the elegant officers with pomaded hair, but every soldier with his freshly washed and shaved face and his weapons as clean and shining as it was possible to make them, and every horse groomed until its coat shone like satin and every hair of its wetted mane lay smooth—all felt that something was happening which was no trifle, but an important and solemn affair. Every general and every soldier was conscious of his own insignificance, aware of being but a drop in that ocean of men, and was yet at the same time conscious of his power as part of that enormous whole.

From early morning there had been strenuous activities and exertions, and by ten o'clock all had been brought to its appointed order. The ranks stood on the vast field. The whole army was extended in three lines. In front was the cavalry, behind it the artillery, and behind that again the infantry.

A space like a road was left between each line of troops. Three different parts of that army were sharply distinguishable from one another: Kutuzov's fighting army (with the Pavlograds on the right flank of the front line), those that had recently arrived from Russia (both Guards and regiments of the line), and the Austrian troops. But they all stood in the same lines, in the same order, and under one commander.

Like wind through the leaves ran the excited whisper, 'They're coming! They're coming!' Alarmed voices

were heard, and a wave of bustle of final preparation passed through the whole army.

In front, from the direction of Olmütz, appeared an approaching group. At that moment, though the day was calm, a light gust of wind blew over the army slightly agitating the streamers on the lances, and the unfolded standards which fluttered against their staves. It was as if by that slight motion the army itself expressed its joy at the approach of the emperors. One voice was heard shouting, 'Attention!' Then, like the crowing of cocks before dawn, this was repeated by other voices from various sides. All became silent.

In the death-like stillness only the tramp of horses was heard. They were the horses of the emperors' suites. The emperors rode up to the flank, and the trumpets of the first cavalry regiment began to play a general march. It seemed that not only the trumpeters were playing, but that the entire army itself, rejoicing at the emperors' approach, naturally burst into music. Among these sounds one young kindly voice, that of the Emperor Alexander, was clearly heard. He gave the greeting, and the first regiment roared 'Hurrah' so deafeningly, continuously, and joyfully that the men were themselves awed by their multitude and the immensity of the power they constituted.

Rostov, standing in the front lines of Kutuzov's army, which the emperor approached first, experienced the same feeling as every other man in that army: a feeling of self-forgetfulness, a proud consciousness of the might of him who was the cause of this triumph, and a passionate attraction towards him.

He felt that at a single word from that man all this immense mass (and he himself, an insignificant atom attached to it) would go through fire and water, commit crime, die, perform deeds of highest heroism, and therefore he could not but tremble and his heart stand still at the imminence of that word.

'Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!' thundered voices from all sides, one regiment after another receiving the Tsar with the strains of the march, and then 'Hurrah!' . . . Then the General March and again 'Hurrah!' 'Hurrah!' growing ever stronger, and increasing and merging into a deafening roar.

Before the emperor reached it each regiment seemed by its silence and immobility to be a lifeless body; but as soon as he came up the regiment became animated, their thunder joining in the roar of the whole line he had already passed. Through the terrible and deafening sound of those voices, among the masses of troops standing motionless as if turned to stone in their squares, moved carelessly but symmetrically and above all freely the hundreds of riders composing the suites, and in front of them two men—the emperors. It was upon them that the undivided, tensely passionate attention of that whole mass of men was concentrated.

The handsome young Emperor Alexander, in the uniform of the Horse Guards and wearing a three-cornered hat hane forward, with his pleasant face and resonant though not loud voice, attracted every one's attention.

Rostov was not far from the trumpeters, and with his keen sight had recognized the emperor and watched his approach. When he was within twenty steps and Nicholas could clearly distinguish every detail of his handsome, happy, young face, he experienced a feeling of tenderness and ecstasy such as he had never known before. Everything—every trait and every movement—seemed to him enchanting.

Having halted in front of the Pavlograda, the Tsar said something in French to the Austrian emperor and smiled.

Seeing that smile Rostov himself involuntarily smiled and felt a yet stronger flow of love for his sovereign. He wanted to show that love somehow, and, knowing that this was impossible, was ready to cry. The Tsar called the commander of the regiment and said a few words to him.

'Oh God, what would happen to me if the emperor spoke to me?' thought Rostov. 'I should die of joy!'

The emperor addressed the officers also: 'I thank you all, gentlemen, I thank you with all my heart'; to Rostov every word sounded like a voice from heaven.

How happily would he have died at once for his Tsar! 'You have deserved the St. George's standards and you will be worthy of them.'

'Oh, to die, to die for him!' thought Rostov.

The Tsar said something else which Rostov could not

hear, and the soldiers, straining their lungs, shouted 'Hurrah!'

Rostov, leaning over his saddle, shouted 'Hurrah!' too with all his might, wishing to injure himself by that shout, only to express his rapture more fully.

The emperor stayed a few minutes in front of the Hussars, as if undecided.

'How can the emperor be undecided?' thought Rostov, but then even this indecision appeared to him majestic and enchanting like everything else that the emperor did.

That hesitation lasted only a moment. The emperor's foot, in the narrow-pointed boot fashionable at that period, touched the flank of the thoroughbred bay mare he rode; his hand in a white glove gathered up the reins, and he started again, accompanied by the irregularly swaying sea of aides-de-camp. Farther and farther away he rode, stopping in front of other regiments, till at last only his white plumes were visible to Rostov from amid the suites that surrounded the emperors.

Among the gentlemen of the suites Rostov noticed Bolkonski sitting his horse indolently and carelessly. He recalled their quarrel of yesterday, and was again confronted by the question whether he ought or ought not to challenge Bolkonski. 'Of course not!' he now thought. 'Is it worth thinking or speaking about it at such a moment? At a time of such love, such rapture, and such self-renunciation, what do all our quarrels and offences matter? I love and forgive everybody now.'

When the emperor had passed nearly all the regiments, the troops began a ceremonial march past him, and Rostov on Bedouin, recently purchased from Denisov, rode past too at the rear of his squadron—that is, alone and in full view of the emperor.

Before he reached him, Rostov, who was a splendid rider, spurred Bedouin twice, and successfully got him into the showy trot natural to the high-spirited animal. Bending his foaming muzzle to his chest, his tail extended, Bedouin, also conscious of the emperor's eye upon him, passed splendidly, as if flying through the air without touching the ground at all, and lifting his feet with a high and graceful action.

Rostov himself, his legs well back and his stomach drawn in, and feeling himself one with his steed, with

a frowning but blissful face rode past the emperor 'like a vewy devil', as Denisov expressed it.

'Fine fellows, the Pavlograds!' remarked the emperor.

'Oh God, how happy I should be if he ordered me to leap into the fire this instant!' thought Rostov.

When the review was over both the newly arrived men and Kutuzov's alike came together in groups and began to speak about awards, about the Austrians and their uniforms, about the front, about Bonaparte, and how badly the latter would now fare, especially when another army corps arrived from Essen and Prussia took our side.

But most of all, in each group, the talk was of the Emperor Alexander. Every word of his was repeated and every gesture, and they went into ecstasies about him.

All had but one wish: to advance under the emperor's command as soon as possible against the enemy. Commanded by the emperor himself it would be impossible not to vanquish any one, whoever he might be; that, after the review, was the thought of Rostov and the majority of the officers.

After the review all were surer of victory than the winning of two battles could have made them.

CHAPTER IX

THE day after the review Boris, in his smartest uniform, with his comrade Berg's best wishes for success, rode to Olmütz to see Bolkonski, intending to profit by his friendliness and obtain for himself the best post he could—preferably that of adjutant to some important personage, a position in the army which seemed to him most attractive. 'It is all very well for Rostov, whose father sends him ten thousand roubles at a time, to talk about not wishing to cringe to anybody, and not be anyone's lackey; but I, who have nothing but my brains, have to make a career and must not miss opportunities, but take advantage of them!' he reflected.

He did not find Prince Andrew in Olmütz that day, but the appearance of the town where the head-quarters and the dipomlatic corps were situated, and where both the emperors were staying with their suites, households,

and courts, only strengthened his desire to belong to that higher world.

He knew no one there, and despite his smart guardsman's uniform, it seemed that all these exalted personages who were passing in the streets in their elegant carriages, with their plumes, ribbons, uniforms, and orders, both courtiers and military men, were so immeasurably above him, an insignificant officer of the Guards, that they not only did not wish to, but simply could not, notice his existence. At the quarters of the commander-in-chief, Kutuzov, where he inquired for Bolkonski, all the adjutants and even the orderlies looked at him as if they wished to impress on him that a great many officers, just like him, were always coming there and that every one was heartily sick of them. In spite of this, or rather because of it, the next day, November the 15th, he again went to Olmütz after dinner, and, entering the house occupied by Kutuzov, asked for Bolkonski. Prince Andrew was in, and Boris was shown into a large hall probably formerly used for dancing, in which five beds now stood, with furniture of various kinds—a table, chairs, and a clavichord.

One adjutant, nearest the door, was sitting in a Persian dressing-gown at the table, writing. Another, the red, stout Nesvitski, lay on a bed with his arms under his head, laughing with an officer who sat beside him. A third was playing a Viennese waltz on the clavichord, while a fourth, lying on the clavichord, sang the tune. Bolkonski was not there. None of these gentlemen changed his position on seeing Boris. The one who was writing, and whom Boris addressed, turned round crossly and told him Bolkonski was on duty, and that he must go through the doorway on the left into the reception-room if he wanted to see him. Boris thanked him and went out to the reception room, where he found some ten officers and generals.

When he entered, Prince Andrew, with his eyes screwed up contemptuously with that peculiar expression of polite weariness which says so plainly, 'if it were not my duty I should not talk with you for a single moment,' was listening to an old Russian general with decorations, who stood very erect, wellnigh on tip-toe, with a soldier's obsequious expression on his face, reporting something.

'Very well, then, have the goodness to wait,' said Prince Andrew to the general in Russian, speaking with the French intonation he affected when wishing to speak contemptuously; and noticing Boris, without paying any further heed to the general (who ran after him, imploring him to hear something more), Prince Andrew nodded and turned to him with a cheerful smile. At that moment Boris clearly realized, what he had before surmised, that in the army, besides the subordination and discipline prescribed in the code, which he and the others knew in the regiment, there was another, more important, subordination, which made this tight-laced, purple-faced general wait respectfully while Captain Prince Andrew for his own pleasure preferred to chat with Lieutenant Drubetskoy. More than ever was Boris resolved to serve in future, not according to the written code, but under this unwritten law. He felt now that merely by having been recommended to Prince Andrew he had already risen above the general who at the front had the power to annihilate him, a lieutenant of the Guards. Prince Andrew came up to him and took his hand.

'I am very sorry you did not find me in yesterday. I was fussing about with Germans all day. We went with Weyrother to survey the dispositions. When Germans start being accurate there is no end to it!'

Boris smiled, as if he understood what Prince Andrew alluded to as something generally known. But it was the first time he had heard the name of Weyrother, or even the term 'dispositions'.

'Well, my dear fellow, so you still want to be an adjutant? I have been thinking about you meanwhile.'

'Yes, I thought'—for some reason Boris could not help blushing—'of asking the commander-in-chief. He had a letter from Prince Kuragin about me. I only wanted to ask because I fear the Guards will not have any fighting,' he added, as if in apology.

'All right, all right. We will talk it all over,' replied Prince Andrew. 'Only let me report about this gentleman's business, and then I shall be at your disposal.'

While Prince Andrew went to report about the purple-faced general, that gentleman—evidently not sharing Boris's view about the advantages of the unwritten code of superiority—looked so fixedly at the insolent lieutenant

who had prevented his finishing what he had to say to the aide-de-camp, that Boris felt uncomfortable. He turned away, and waited impatiently for Prince Andrew's return from the commander-in-chief's room.

'You see, my dear fellow, I have been thinking about you,' said Prince Andrew, when they had gone into the large hall with the clavichord in it. 'There is no use your going to the commander-in-chief. He will say a lot of pleasant things, ask you to dinner' (which would not be so bad from the point of view of the unwritten code, thought Boris), 'but it would not result in anything. There will soon be a battalion of us aides-de-camp and adjutants! But this is what we will do: I have a good friend, an adjutant-general and a splendid fellow, Prince Dolgorukov; and though you may not know it, the fact is that now Kutuzov with his staff and all of us count for nothing. Everything is now centred round the emperor. So let us go to Dolgorukov; I have to go there anyhow, and I have already mentioned you to him. Then we shall see whether he cannot attach you to himself, or place you somewhere nearer the sun.'

Prince Andrew was always particularly animated when it fell to his lot to guide a young man and help him to worldly success. Under cover of obtaining for some one else the kind of help his pride never allowed him to accept for himself, he kept in touch with the circle which confers success, and which attracted him. He took up Boris's cause very willingly, and went with him to Dolgorukov.

It was late in the evening when they entered the palace at Olmütz occupied by the emperors and their retinues.

On that same day a council of war had been held in which all the members of the Hofkriegsrat and both emperors took part. At that council, contrary to the views of the old generals, Kutuzov and Prince Schwarzenberg, it had been decided to advance immediately and give battle to Bonaparte. The council of war was just over when Prince Andrew, accompanied by Boris, arrived at the palace to look for Dolgorukov. Every one at headquarters was still under the spell of the day's council, at which the younger men had been victorious. The voices of those who counselled delay and advised waiting for something without advancing, had been so completely

silenced and their arguments had been overthrown by such conclusive evidence as to the advantages of attacking, that what had been discussed at the council—the coming battle and the victory that would doubtless result from it—no longer seemed to be in the future but in the past. All the advantages were on our side. Our enormous forces, undoubtedly superior to Napoleon's, were concentrated in one place; the troops, inspired by the emperor's presence, were eager to go into action; the Austrian General Weyrother, who was directing the army, knew every detail of the strategic position where the action was to take place (by a lucky accident the Austrian army had manœuvred the previous year on the very field where the French were now to be encountered); the adjacent locality was known and shown in every detail on the maps; and Bonaparte, evidently weakened, was taking no action.

Dolgorukov, one of the most ardent supporters of an attack, had just returned from the council, tired, worn-out, but animated and proud of the victory. Prince Andrew introduced his protégé, but Prince Dolgorukov, politely and firmly pressing his hand, said nothing to Boris, and, evidently unable to suppress the thoughts which were uppermost in his mind at that moment, addressed Prince Andrew in French.

'Ah, my dear fellow, what a battle we have won! God grant the one that will result from it will be as victorious! However, my dear fellow,' he spoke abruptly and eagerly. 'I must confess I have not done justice to the Austrians, and above all to Weyrother. What exactitude, what minuteness, what a knowledge of the country, what foresight for each eventuality, every possibility, even to the smallest detail! No, my dear fellow, no conditions better than our present ones could have been invented. This combination of Austrian precision with Russian valour—what more could you wish for?'

'So the attack is definitely resolved upon?' asked Bolkonski.

'And do you know, my dear fellow, it seems to me that Buonaparte has decidedly lost his bearings; you know a letter from him to the emperor came to-day.' Dolgorukov smiled significantly.

'Is that so? and what does he say?' inquired Bolkonski.

'What can he say? Tra-di-ri-di-ra and so on . . . anything to gain time. I tell you he is in our hands, that's a fact! But what was most amusing,' he continued, with a sudden, good-natured laugh, 'was that we could not settle how to address the reply! If not as "Consul", and of course not as "Emperor", it seemed to me it should be to "General Bonaparte".'

'But between not accepting him as an emperor and calling him General Bonaparte, there is a difference.'

'That's just it,' interrupted Dolgorukov rapidly, laughing. 'You know Bilibin. He is a very clever fellow. He suggested addressing him as "The Usurper and Enemy of Mankind".' Dolgorukov laughed merrily.

'Nothing more than that?' remarked Bolkonski.

'All the same, it was Bilibin who found a suitable form for the address. He is a wise and clever fellow.'

'What was it?'

'To the Head of the French Government . . . *Au chef du gouvernement français*,' said Dolgorukov, with grave satisfaction. 'Good, was it not?'

'Yes, but it will displease him very much,' said Bolkonski.

'Oh, yes, very much! My brother knows him. He has dined with him more than once, with the present emperor, in Paris, and tells me he never met a more cunning or subtle diplomat: you know, a combination of French adroitness and Italian play-acting! Do you know the tale about him and Count Markov? Count Markov was the only man who knew how to handle him. You know the story of the handkerchief? It is delightful!'

And the talkative Dolgorukov, turning now to Boris, now to Prince Andrew, told how Bonaparte, wishing to test Markov, our Ambassador, purposely dropped his handkerchief and stopped, looking at Markov, probably expecting Markov to do him a service, and how Markov promptly dropped his own handkerchief beside it, and picked up his own without touching Bonaparte's.

'Delightful!' said Bolkonski. 'But I came to you, prince, as a petitioner on behalf of this young man. You see . . . ' but before Prince Andrew could finish, an

aide-de-camp entered to summon Dolgorukov to the emperor.

'Oh, what a nuisance,' said Dolgorukov, rising hurriedly, and pressing the hands of Prince Andrew and Boris. 'You know I should be very pleased to do all in my power both for you and for this dear young man.' Again he pressed the hand of the latter with an expression of good-natured, sincere, and animated levity. 'But, you see . . . some other time!'

Boris was excited by the thought of such proximity to the supreme power as he felt himself to enjoy at that moment. He was conscious that here he was in contact with the mainspring which set in motion all the enormous masses of which in his regiment he felt himself to be a tiny, obedient, and insignificant atom. They followed Prince Dolgorukov out into the corridor, and met, coming out of the door of the emperor's room by which Dolgorukov went in, a short man in civilian clothes, with an intelligent face and sharply-defined prominent jaw which, without spoiling his face, gave him a peculiar expression of vivacity and resourcefulness. This short man nodded to Dolgorukov as to a familiar, and stared at Prince Andrew with cool intensity, walking straight at him, and evidently expecting him to bow, or to step out of his way. Prince Andrew did neither; a look of animosity appeared on his face, and the other turned away and went down one side of the corridor.

'Who was that?' asked Boris.

'It is one of the most remarkable, but to me most disagreeable of men. It is the minister of foreign affairs, Prince Adam Czartoryski. . . . It is such men as he,' added Bolkonski with a sigh he could not suppress, as they passed out of the palace, 'it is such men as he who decide the fate of nations.'

Next day the army began its campaign, and up to the very battle of Austerlitz Boris was unable to see either Prince Andrew or Dolgorukov again, and remained for a time with the Ismaylov regiment.

CHAPTER X

AT dawn on the 16th,¹ Denisov's squadron, in which Nicholas Rostov served and which belonged to Prince Bagration's detachment, left its halting place where it had spent the night, and moved, as it was said, into action. After going one verst behind the other columns it was stopped on the high road. Rostov saw how first the Cossacks and then the first and second squadrons of Hussars, as well as infantry battalions and artillery, went forward, and then the Generals Bagration and Dolgorukov rode past with their adjutants. All the fears before an engagement, which he had now felt as he had done previously, all the inner conflict by which he mastered those fears, and all his dreams of distinguishing himself like a true Hussar in this action, were in vain. His squadron remained in reserve, and Nicholas Rostov spent that day in a dull and dejected mood. At nine the next morning he heard firing ahead of him, and shouts of 'Hurrah', and saw the wounded being brought back (there were not many of them), and at last he saw how a whole detachment of French cavalry was brought in, convoyed by some hundred Cossacks. Evidently the affair was over, and evidently it had been not a big but a successful engagement. The men and officers, returning, spoke of a brilliant victory, of the occupation of the town of Wischau and the capture of a whole French squadron. The day was bright and sunny after a severe night frost, and the cheerful glitter of that autumn day harmonized with the news of victory, which was conveyed not only by the tales of those who had taken part in it, but also by the happy expressions of the soldiers, officers, generals, and adjutants who passed Rostov, going or coming. All the more depressed was the heart of Nicholas, who had uselessly suffered all the fear that precedes a battle, and had spent that joyful day in inactivity.

'Come here, Wostov. Let's have a dwink to dwown our gwief!' shouted Denisov, who had settled down by the roadside, with a flask and something to eat.

¹ November 16, 1805, old style, is equivalent to November 28, 1805, new style. The battle of Austerlitz was fought on December 2, new style.

The officers gathered round Denisov's wine-case, eating and talking.

'There! They are bringing another!' cried one of the officers, indicating a captive French dragoon, who was being brought along on foot by two Cossacks.

One of them was leading by the bridle the big, handsome French horse he had taken from the prisoner.

'Sell us that horse!' Denisov called out to the Cossacks.

'If you wish, your honour!'

The officers got up and stood round the Cossacks and their prisoner. The French dragoon was a young Alsatian who spoke French with a German accent. He was breathless with agitation, his face was red, and when he heard French being spoken he began quickly talking to the officers, addressing first one, then another. He said he would not have been captured, that it was not his but his corporal's fault who had sent him to get some horse-cloths, though he had told him the Russians were already there. And after every word he added, 'But don't hurt my horse!' and caressed the animal. It was evident that he did not quite realize where he was. Now he excused himself for having been taken prisoner, and now, imagining himself to be before his own officers, he demonstrated his soldierly accuracy and zeal in the service. He brought in all its freshness to our rear-guard the atmosphere of the French army, which was so foreign to us.

The Cossacks sold the horse for two gold pieces,¹ and Rostov, who now that he had received his money was the richest of the officers, bought it.

'But don't hurt my horse!' said the Alsatian good-naturedly, when the animal was handed over to Rostov.

Rostov smilingly reassured the dragoon and gave him some money.

'Alley! Alley!' said the Cossack, touching the prisoner's arm to make him go on.

'The emperor! the emperor!' was suddenly heard among the Hussars.

All began to run and hurry, and Rostov saw coming up the road behind him several riders with white plumes

¹ The gold piece in question, the *chervonets*, was three roubles, worth 38 pence each, so the horse changed hands for about 19 shillings.

in their hats. In a moment all were in their places, waiting.

Rostov did not notice or remember how he ran to his own place and mounted. Instantly his regret at not having been in action, and his dejected mood amid people of whom he was weary, had gone ; instantly every thought of himself had vanished. He was absorbed by a sense of joy at his nearness to the emperor. He felt that this nearness by itself compensated him for the day he had lost. He was as happy as a lover when the moment of a longed-for meeting has arrived. Not daring to turn round while in the line, he was, even without looking round, ecstatically conscious of *his* approach. He felt this not only from the sound of the hoofs of the approaching cavalcade, but because in measure as *he* drew near everything grew brighter, more joyful, more important, and more festive around him. Nearer and nearer to Rostov came that sun, shedding around beams of mild and majestic light, and already he felt himself enveloped in those beams. He heard *his* voice, that kindly, quiet, and majestic voice, that was yet so simple ! As if to accord with Rostov's feeling, there was a deathly stillness, and through that stillness came the emperor's voice.

'The Pavlograd Hussars ?' he inquired.

'The reserves, sire !' replied a voice, a very human voice compared to the one that had said 'The Pavlograd Hussars ?'

The emperor drew level with Rostov and halted. Alexander's face was even more beautiful than it had been three days previously at the review. It shone with such gaiety and youth, such innocent youth, that it reminded one of the liveliness of a fourteen-year-old child, and yet it was the face of the majestic emperor. Casually, as he surveyed the squadron, the emperor's eyes encountered Rostov's, remaining fixed on them for not more than two seconds. Whether it was that the emperor understood what was going on in Rostov's soul (it seemed to Rostov that he understood everything), at any rate, he gazed with his blue eyes for about two seconds into Rostov's face. The light poured gently and mildly from those eyes. Then he suddenly raised his eyebrows and with an abrupt movement touched his horse with his left foot and galloped on.

The young emperor could not restrain his desire to be present at the battle, and in spite of all the representations of his courtiers, at twelve o'clock he parted from the third column with which he had been proceeding, and galloped towards the vanguard. Before he came up with the Hussars he was met by several adjutants with news of the fortunate result of the engagement.

This battle, which consisted of the capture of a French squadron, was represented as a brilliant victory over the French, and therefore the emperor and the whole army, particularly as long as the powder smoke hung over the battle-field, believed that the French were defeated and were retreating against their will. A few minutes after the emperor had ridden past, the Pavlograd division was ordered to advance.

In Wischau itself, a small German town, Rostov saw the emperor again. In the market-place, where before the emperor's arrival there had been some rather heavy firing, lay several killed and wounded soldiers, whom there had not been time to remove. The emperor, surrounded by his suite, military and civilian, was riding a thoroughbred chestnut mare (not the one he had ridden at the review). Bending on one side, he gracefully held a gold lorgnette to his eyes, and looked at a soldier who lay prone without his casque and with blood on his head. The wounded soldier was so dirty, coarse, and disgusting that his proximity to the emperor offended Rostov. Rostov saw how the emperor's rather round shoulders shuddered as if a cold shiver had run down them, how his left foot began spasmodically to tap the horse's side with the spur, and how the well-trained horse looked round unconcernedly and did not move. An adjutant, having dismounted, took the soldier under the arms to place him on a stretcher that had been brought. The soldier groaned.

'Gently, gently! Can't you do it more gently?' the emperor uttered, apparently suffering more than the dying soldier, and he rode away.

Rostov saw tears filling the emperor's eyes, and heard him, as he was riding away, say to Czartoryski:

'What a terrible thing is war; what a terrible thing! (*Quelle terrible chose que la guerre!*)'

The troops of the vanguard were stationed before

Wischau within sight of the enemy's lines, which all day long had yielded ground to us at the least firing. The emperor's gratitude was announced to the vanguard, rewards were promised, and the men received a double ration of vodka. Yet more merrily than on the previous night crackled the camp-fires and resounded the soldiers' songs. Denisov that night celebrated his promotion to the rank of major, and Rostov, who had already drunk enough, at the end of the feast proposed the emperor's health. 'Not "our sovereign, the emperor", as they say at official dinners,' said he, 'but the health of our sovereign, that enchanting and great man! Let us drink to his health and to the certain defeat of the French!'

'If we have fought before,' he said, 'not letting the French pass, as at Schön Graber, what shall we not do now that *he* is at the front? We will all die for him gladly! Is it not so, gentlemen? Perhaps I am not saying it right—I have drunk a good deal—but that is how I feel, and so do you too! To the health of Alexander the First! Hurrah!'

'Hurrah!' rang the enthusiastic voices of the officers.

The old cavalry captain, Kirsten, shouted enthusiastically and not less sincerely than the twenty-year-old Rostov.

When the officers had emptied and smashed their glasses, Kirsten filled others, and in shirt-sleeves and breeches went glass in hand to the soldiers' bontires, and in a majestic pose, waving his uplifted arm and with his white chest showing from under his open shirt, and with his long grey moustache, he paused in the light of the camp-fire.

'Lads! here's to our sovereign, the emperor, and victory over our enemies! Hurrah!' he exclaimed in his dashing old Hussar's baritone.

The Hussars crowded round and heartily responded with loud shouts.

Late that night when all had separated, Denisov with his stumpy hand patted his favourite, Rostov, on the shoulder.

'There being no one to fall in love with on campaign, he has fallen in love with the Tsar,' he said.

'Denisov, don't make fun of it!' cried Rostov. 'It is such a lofty, beautiful feeling, such a . . .'

‘ I believe it, I believe it, friend, and I share and approve . . . ’

‘ No, you don’t understand ! ’

And Rostov got up and went wandering among the camp-fires, dreaming of the joy it would be to die, not in saving the emperor’s life (he did not even dare to dream of that) but simply to die before his eyes ! He was really in love with the Tsar and with the glory of the Russian arms, and the hope of the coming triumph. And not he alone experienced that feeling during those memorable days that preceded the battle of Austerlitz ; nine-tenths of the Russian army were then in love, though not so ecstatically, with their Tsar and the glory of Russian arms.

CHAPTER XI

THE next day the emperor remained at Wischau. Villier, his physician, was several times summoned to see him. At head-quarters and among the troops close by a report spread that the emperor was unwell. He ate nothing, and had slept badly that night. Those around him said. The cause of this indisposition was the strong impression made on the emperor’s sensitive mind by the sight of the wounded and the dead.

At daybreak on the 17th, a French officer, who had come with a flag of truce demanding an audience with the Russian emperor, was brought into Wischau from our outposts. This officer was Savary. The emperor had only just fallen asleep, and therefore Savary had to wait. At noon he was admitted to the emperor, and an hour later he rode off with Prince Dolgorukov to the advanced post of the French army.

It was rumoured that Savary had been sent with the object of proposing to Alexander an interview with Napoleon. A personal interview was, to the joy and pride of the whole army, refused, and instead of the sovereign, Prince Dolgorukov, the victor at Wischau, was sent with Savary to negotiate with Napoleon, if, contrary to expectation, he should be actuated by a real desire for peace.

Towards evening Dolgorukov returned, went straight to the Tsar, and remained alone with him for a long time.

On the 18th and 19th of November the army advanced two days' march, and the enemy's outposts, after a brief interchange of shots, continued to retreat. In the highest army circles from about noon on the 19th a great, excited, and bustling activity began, which lasted till the morning of the 20th November, when the memorable battle of Austerlitz was fought.

Till noon on the 19th the movement, animated talking, running to and fro, and dispatching of adjutants, was confined to the emperor's head-quarters. But on the afternoon of that day this activity was transmitted to Kutuzov's head-quarters and to the staffs of the column commanders. By evening it was spread by adjutants to all ends and parts of the army, and during the night, from the 19th to the 20th, the whole eighty-thousand-strong mass of the allied troops rose up from their bivouacs with a hum of talk, and the army swayed and started in one enormous body six miles long.

The concentrated activity begun at the emperor's head-quarters in the morning, which started the whole movement that followed, was like the first movement of the main wheel of a large tower clock. One wheel slowly moved, then another turned, and a third ; and more and more rapidly the wheels began to revolve, the pulleys and cogwheels to work, the chimes to peal, figures to appear, and the hands to advance with regular motion, showing the object of all that movement.

As in the mechanism of a clock so in the mechanism of a military movement, just as inevitably does the impulse given at the start lead to the final result ; and just as unconcernedly quiescent, up to the moment when motion is transmitted to them, are those parts of the mechanism that have not yet been reached. Wheels turn creaking on their axles as the cogs engage one another ; the revolving pulleys hiss with the rapidity of their movement, but a neighbouring wheel is as quiet and motionless as though it were prepared to remain so for a hundred years, till the moment comes when the lever catches it, and, complying with the impulse imparted, the wheel begins to rattle and joins in the common motion, the result and the aim of which are beyond its ken.

As in a clock the result of the complicated motion of innumerable wheels and pulleys is but the slow and

regulated movement of the hands which show the time ; so the result of all the complicated human activities of the 160,000 Russians and French—of all their passions, desires, remorse, humiliations, sufferings, outbursts of pride, fear, and rapture—was only the loss of the battle of Austerlitz, the so-called ‘ Battle of the Three Emperors ’: that is to say, the slow advance of the hand on the dial which records the history of mankind.

Prince Andrew was on duty that day, and was in close attendance on the commander-in-chief.

At six in the evening Kutuzov came to the emperor’s head-quarters, and after staying but a short time with the Tsar, went to the grand marshal of the court, Count Tolstoy.

Bolkonski took this opportunity to call and get some particulars about the affair from Dolgorukov. He felt that Kutuzov was upset and dissatisfied about something, and that at head-quarters they were dissatisfied with him, and also that at the emperors’ head-quarters every one adopted towards him the tone of those who knew something unknown to others ; he therefore wished to speak to Dolgorukov.

‘ Well, good evening, my dear fellow ! ’ said Dolgorukov, who was sitting at tea with Bilibin. ‘ The fête is to come off to-morrow. How is your old man ? Out of sorts ? ’

‘ I should not say he is out of sorts, but he would like to be heard.’

‘ But they heard him at the council of war, and will hear him when he talks sense ; but to temporize and wait for something now when Bonaparte fears nothing so much as a general battle is impossible.’

‘ Oh, you have seen him ? ’ said Prince Andrew. ‘ What about Bonaparte ? How did he impress you ? ’

‘ Yes, I saw him, and am convinced that he fears nothing so much as a general engagement,’ repeated Dolgorukov, evidently prizing this general conclusion he had arrived at from his interview with Napoleon. ‘ If he were not afraid of a battle, why did he ask for that interview, why negotiate, above all why retreat, when to retreat is so contrary to his method of making war ? Believe me, he is afraid, afraid of a general battle. His hour has come ! Mark my words ! ’

‘ But tell me, what is he like, eh ? ’ said Prince Andrew again.

‘ He is a man in a grey coat, very anxious that I should call him “ Your Majesty ”, but who to his chagrin got no title from me ! That’s the sort of man he is, and nothing more,’ replied Dolgorukov, looking round at Bilibin with a smile.

‘ Notwithstanding my great respect for old Kutuzov,’ he continued, ‘ it would be a pretty state of things if we waited for something and so gave him the chance to escape or to trick us now that we have him certainly in our hands ! No, we must not forget Suvorov’s rule : not to put yourself in the position of the attacked, but yourself to attack. Believe me, in war the energy of young men often shows the way better than all the experience of old cunctators.’¹

‘ But in what position are we going to attack him ? I have been at the advanced posts to-day, and it is impossible to say where he is with his chief forces,’ said Prince Andrew.

He wanted to explain to Dolgorukov a plan of attack he had himself formulated.

‘ Oh, that does not matter in the least,’ Dolgorukov began rapidly, and rising he spread a map on the table. ‘ All eventualities have been foreseen. If he is standing before Brunn . . . ’

And Prince Dolgorukov gave Weyrother’s plan for a flanking movement, rapidly but indistinctly.

Prince Andrew began to object and to state his own plan, which might have been as good as Weyrother’s, but was at the disadvantage that Weyrother’s plan had been already approved. As soon as Prince Andrew began to demonstrate the defects of the latter and the merits of his own, Prince Dolgorukov ceased to listen to him, and gazed absent-mindedly not at the plan but at Prince Andrew’s face.

‘ But there will be a council of war at Kutuzov’s to-night ; you can say all this there,’ remarked Dolgorukov.

‘ I will do so,’ said Prince Andrew, moving away from the map.

‘ Whatever are you troubling about, gentlemen ? ’ said

¹ *Cunctator*, the Delayer, a nickname given to Quintus Fabius Maximus Verrucosus on account of his cautious military tactics.

Bilibin, who till then had listened with an amused smile to their conversation, and now evidently was preparing a joke. 'Whether we are victorious or defeated to-morrow, the glory of the Russian arms is assured. With the exception of your Kutuzov, there is not a single Russian in command of a column! The commanders are: Herr General Wimpfen, le Conte de Langeron, le Prince de Lichenstein, le Prince de Hohenlohe, or again Prishprish, which is what all those Polish names sound like.'

'Be quiet with your slanders!' said Dolgorukov. 'It is not true; we have two Russians, Miloradovich and Dokturov, and we might have had a third, Count Arakcheev, had his nerves not been weak.'

'However, I think General Kutuzov has come out,' said Prince Andrew. 'I wish you good luck and success, gentlemen!' he added, and went out after shaking hands with Dolgorukov and Bilibin.

On the way home Prince Andrew could not refrain from asking Kutuzov, who was sitting silent beside him, what he thought of to-morrow's battle.

Kutuzov looked sternly at his aide-de-camp, and after a pause replied: 'I think the battle will be lost, and so I told Count Tolstoy and asked him to tell the emperor. What do you think he replied? "Eh, my dear general, I am engaged with rice and cutlets, you may look after the military matters."' Yes, that was the answer I got!'

CHAPTER XII

AFTER nine o'clock that evening Weyrother drove with his plans to Kutuzov's quarters, where the council of war was to be held. All the commanders of the columns were summoned to be present, and with the exception of Prince Bagration, who declined to come, they were all there at the appointed time.

Weyrother, who was in complete control of the projected battle, presented by his vivacity and briskness a marked contrast to the dissatisfied and drowsy Kutuzov, who unwillingly played the part of chairman and president of the council of war. Weyrother evidently felt that he was at the head of a movement that had already become irresistible. He was like a horse harnessed to a cart

running downhill. Whether he was pulling or being pushed he did not know, but he rushed along at headlong speed with no time to consider where this movement might lead. He had even been twice to the enemy's piquet line that evening to reconnoitre personally, and twice to the emperors (Russian and Austrian) to report and explain. He had also been to his head-quarter office where he dictated the disposition in German; and now, quite worn out, he arrived at Kutuzov's.

He was evidently so occupied that he even forgot to be polite to the commander-in-chief; he interrupted him, spoke rapidly and indistinctly, not looking at the person he addressed, and did not reply to questions put to him. He was bespattered with mud, and appeared pitiful, weary, distracted, and yet proud and self-confident.

Kutuzov was occupying a nobleman's castle of modest dimensions near Ostralititz. In the large drawing-room, which had been turned into the commander-in-chief's office, were gathered Kutuzov himself, Weyrother, and the members of the council of war. They were drinking tea, and only awaited Prince Bagration to begin the council. At last Bagration's orderly came with the news that the prince could not attend. Prince Andrew entered the room to inform the commander-in-chief of this, and availing himself of a permission previously given him by Kutuzov to be present at the council, he remained in the room.

'Since Prince Bagration is not coming, we may begin,' said Weyrother, hurriedly rising from his seat and going over to the table on which was spread an enormous map of the environs of Brünn.

Kutuzov, with his uniform unbuttoned so that his fat neck, as if escaping, bulged over his collar, was sitting in a Voltaire reclining-chair with his podgy old hands symmetrically placed on its arms. At the sound of Weyrother's voice he opened his one eye with an effort.

'Yes, yes, if you please! it is already getting late,' said he, and nodding his head he let it sink down and closed his eye again.

If at first the members of the council thought that Kutuzov was pretending to be asleep, the sounds his nose emitted during the reading that followed proved that at that moment the commander-in-chief was absorbed by

a matter far more serious than a desire to show his contempt for the dispositions, or for anything else ; what occupied him was the satisfaction of an irresistible human need for sleep. He really was asleep. Weyrother, with the gesture of a man too busy to lose a single moment, glanced at Kutuzov, and having satisfied himself that the latter was asleep, took up a paper and in a loud monotonous voice began to read out the dispositions for the coming battle, under a heading which he also read out :

‘ Dispositions for an attack on the enemy position behind Kobelnitz and Sokolnitz, 30th November 1805.’

The dispositions were very complicated and difficult. They began as follows :

‘ Since the enemy’s left wing rests on wooded hills and his right extends along Kobelnitz and Sokolnitz behind the ponds there situated, and on the contrary our left wing outflanks his right, it is advantageous for us to attack the enemy’s latter wing, especially if we occupy the villages of Sokolnitz and Kobelnitz, whereby we shall be in a position to attack the enemy’s flank and to pursue him over the plain between Schlapanitz and the Thuerassa forest, avoiding the defile between Schlapanitz and Bellowitz, which covers the enemy’s front. For this object it is necessary that . . . The first column marches . . . The second column marches . . . The third column marches . . .’ and so on, read Weyrother.

The generals appeared to listen reluctantly to the difficult dispositions. The fair-haired, tall General Buxhöven stood leaning his back against the wall, his eyes fixed on a burning candle. He seemed not to be listening and not even to wish to be supposed to listen. Exactly opposite Weyrother, with his glistening wide-open eyes fixed upon him, in a military pose, sat the ruddy Miloradovich, his elbows turned outwards, his hands on his knees, and his shoulders raised. He remained stubbornly silent gazing at Weyrother’s face, and only turned away his eyes when the Austrian chief-of-staff finished reading. Then Miloradovich looked round significantly at the other generals. But no one could tell from that significant look whether he agreed or disagreed, and whether he was satisfied or not with the dispositions. Nearest to Weyrother sat Comte Langeron, who, with a subtle smile that during the reading did not leave his typically southern

French features, gazed at his delicate fingers as he rapidly twirled by its corners a gold snuff-box adorned with a portrait. In the midst of one of the longest sentences he stopped the rotary motion of the snuff-box, raised his head, and with disagreeable politeness, scarcely moving his thin lips, he began to interrupt Weyrother, wishing to say something. But the Austrian general, without stopping his reading, frowned angrily and jerked his elbows, as if to say, 'You can tell me your views later, but now please look at the map and listen to me.' Langeron raised his eyes with a puzzled expression, turned round to Miloradovich as if seeking an explanation, but meeting the latter's significant but enigmatical gaze sadly dropped his eyes and recommenced twirling his snuff-box.

'A geography lesson!' he muttered as if to himself, but loud enough to be heard.

Przebyszewski, with respectful but dignified politeness, bent an ear with his hand towards Weyrother, with the air of a man absorbed in attention. Undersized Dokhturov sat opposite Weyrother, with an assiduous and modest mien, and bending over the outspread map, conscientiously studied the dispositions and the unfamiliar locality. He repeatedly asked Weyrother to repeat words he had not clearly heard and the difficult names of villages. Weyrother complied, and Dokhturov noted them down.

When the reading, which lasted over an hour, was finished, Langeron again brought his snuff-box to a rest and, without looking at Weyrother or at any one in particular, began to say how difficult it was to carry out such a plan, in which the position of the enemy was assumed to be known, whereas perhaps it was not known, since the enemy was in movement. Langeron's objections were valid, but it was obvious that their chief aim was to show General Weyrother—who had read his dispositions with such self-confidence as if he were addressing school-children—that he had to deal not with fools but with men who could teach him something in military matters.

When the sound of Weyrother's monotonous voice had ceased Kutuzov opened his eye, like a miller who wakes up when the soporific drone of the millwheel is interrupted. He listened to Langeron's remarks as if saying to himself, 'So you are still upon that silly topic!' quickly reclosed his eye and let his head sink still lower.

Langeron, trying to sting Weyrother's vanity as author and soldier as virulently as possible, argued that Bonaparte might easily attack instead of waiting to be attacked, and thus make the whole of these plans worthless. Weyrother answered all objections with a firm and contemptuous smile, evidently prepared beforehand against them, irrespective of what they might be.

'If he could attack us, he would have done so to-day,' said he.

'Then you think he is powerless?' said Langeron.

'He has forty thousand men at most,' replied Weyrother with the smile of a doctor whom an old wife wishes to instruct in the treatment of a case.

'Then he is inviting his doom by awaiting our attack,' said Langeron with a subtly ironical smile, again glancing round at Miloradovich, who was nearest him, for support. But Miloradovich was evidently thinking at that moment of anything rather than of the matter the generals were disputing about.

'*Ma foi!*' said he, 'to-morrow we shall find it all out on the battle-field.'

Weyrother again gave that smile which seemed to say that to him it seemed strange and absurd to meet objections from Russian generals and to have to prove to them what he had not merely convinced himself of, but had also persuaded the sovereign emperors to agree to.

'The enemy has quenched his fires and there is a continual noise in his camp,' said he. 'What does that mean? Either he is retreating, which is the only thing we have to fear, or he is changing his position.' He smiled ironically. 'But even supposing he has taken up a position in the Thuerassa, he is merely saving us a great deal of trouble, and the arrangements down to the minutest detail remain the same.'

'How is that? . . . ' began Prince Andrew, who had long awaited an opportunity of expressing his doubts.

Kutuzov here awoke, coughed heavily, and looked round at the generals.

'Gentlemen, the dispositions for to-morrow—or rather for to-day (for it is past midnight)—cannot now be altered,' said he. 'You have heard them and we shall all do our duty. But before battle there is nothing so important . . . ' he paused, 'as to have a good sleep.'

He moved as if to rise. The generals bowed and retired. It was past midnight. Prince Andrew went out.

The council of war, at which Prince Andrew had not succeeded in expressing his opinion as he had hoped to do, created in him a vague and uneasy impression. Who was right—Dolgorukov and Weyrother, or Kutuzov, Langeron, and the others who did not approve of the plan of attack—he did not know. ‘But was it really not possible for Kutuzov to lay his views plainly before the emperor? Was it possible’, thought he, ‘that on account of court and personal considerations tens of thousands of lives, and my life, *my* life’, he thought, ‘had to be risked?’

‘Yes, it is quite possible that I shall be killed to-morrow,’ he thought. And suddenly, at this thought of death, a whole chain of most distant and most intimate memories rose up in his imagination; he remembered his last parting from his father and his wife; he remembered the days when he first loved her! He thought of her pregnancy, and felt sorry for her and for himself. In a nervously emotional and softened mood he went out of the hut in which Nesvitzki and he were billeted, and began pacing up and down before it.

The night was foggy, and through the fog the moonlight gleamed mysteriously. ‘Yes, to-morrow, to-morrow!’ he thought. ‘To-morrow everything may be at an end for me! All these memories may be no more, none of them will any more have a meaning for me. To-morrow perhaps—even certainly . . . I have a presentiment that I shall for the first time have to show all I can do.’ And his fancy pictured the battle, its loss, the concentration of the fighting at one point, and the perplexity of all the commanders. And now that happy moment, that Toulon for which he has waited so long, at last confronts him. Firmly and clearly he expresses his opinion to Kutuzov and Weyrother and the emperors. Everybody is struck by the justice of his views, but no one undertakes to carry them out, so he takes a regiment, a division—stipulates that no one is to interfere with his arrangements—leads his division to the critical point, and gains the victory alone. ‘But death and suffering?’ suggested another voice. Prince Andrew, however, gave that voice no answer, but went on dreaming of his triumphs. The dispositions for the next battle are made by him alone.

He only has the title of an officer on duty in Kutuzov's army, but he alone does everything. The next battle is gained by him alone. Kutuzov is removed, and he is appointed . . . 'Well, and then?' asked the other voice. 'And then if, before that, you are not ten times wounded, killed or betrayed, well, . . . what then? . . . ' 'Well then,' Prince Andrew answered himself, 'I don't know what will happen, and don't wish to know, and can't, but if I want this: want glory, want to be known to men, want to be loved by them, it is not my fault that I want it, and want nothing but that, and live only for that. Yes, for that alone! I shall never tell any one, but, oh God! what am I to do if I love nothing but fame and men's love? Death, wounds, the loss of family—I fear nothing. And precious and dear as many persons are to me—father, sister, wife—those dearest to me, yet, dreadful and unnatural as it seems, I would give them all for a moment of glory, of triumph over men, of love from men I don't know and never shall know, for the love of these men here,' he thought, as he listened to the voices in Kutuzov's courtyard. The voices were those of the orderlies who were packing up; one voice, probably the coachman's, was teasing Kutuzov's old cook, whom Prince Andrew knew, and who was called Pete. He was saying 'Pete! I say, Pete'.

'Well?' returned the old man.

'Pete! Go thrash the wheat!' said the wag.

'Oh, go to the devil!' called out a voice drowned by the laughter of the orderlies and servants.

'All the same, I love and value nothing but triumph over them all, I value this mystic power and glory that is floating here above me in this mist!'

CHAPTER XIII

THAT night Rostov was with a platoon in the piquet line before Bagration's detachment. His hussars were spread along the line in couples, and he himself rode along that line trying to master the sleepiness that was irresis-

¹ Readers interested in Tolstoy's own life should note that the thought of one's greatest efforts and best hopes being defeated by death, which here occurs to Prince Andrew and is evaded by him, is the very thought that revolutionized Tolstoy's own outlook on life some sixteen years after he wrote this chapter. See Chapter III of *A Confession*.

tibly overcoming him. Behind him an enormous space was visible where the camp fires of our army glowed dimly through the fog; before him was the misty darkness. Rostov could see nothing, peer as he would into that foggy distance: now something gleamed grey, now there was something black; now little lights seemed to glimmer where the enemy ought to be; now he fancied it was only something in his own eyes. His eyes kept closing, and in his fancy appeared—now the emperor, now Denisov, and now Moscow recollections; and he hurriedly reopened his eyes and saw close before him the head and ears of the horse he was riding, and sometimes the black figures of hussars when he came within six paces of them; but in the distance was always the same foggy darkness. ‘Why not? . . . it may easily happen’, thought Rostov, ‘that the emperor will meet me, and give me an order, just as to any other officer; that he will say: “Go and find out what is over there.” There are many stories of his getting to know an officer in just such an accidental way, and attaching him to himself. What if he attached me! Oh, how I would guard him, how I would tell him the truth, how I would unmask all his deceivers!’ And Rostov, vividly to realize his love and devotion to the sovereign, pictured to himself an enemy or a deceitful German, whom he would not only kill with pleasure, but whom he would slap in the face before the emperor. Suddenly a distant shout aroused him. He started and opened his eyes.

‘Where am I? Oh yes, in piquet line . . . watchword and pass, *shaft Olmütz*. What a nuisance that our squadron is to be in reserve to-morrow,’ he thought. ‘I will ask permission to go to the front, this may be my only chance of seeing the emperor. It won’t be long now before I am relieved. I’ll take another turn, and when I get back I’ll go to the general and ask him.’ He readjusted himself in the saddle and touched up his horse to ride round his hussars once more. It seemed to him that it was becoming lighter. To the left he saw a sloping incline that seemed lit up, and opposite it a black mound that seemed as steep as a wall. On this mound there was a white patch that Rostov could not at all make out. Was it a glade in the wood lit up by the moon, or some unmelted snow, or some white houses? He even thought something was

moving on that white spot. 'I expect that spot is snow... a spot... *une tache*,' he thought. 'There you are... it's not a *tache*...'

'Natasha... sister, black eyes... Na... tasha... (Won't she be surprised when I tell her how I saw the emperor?) Natasha... take my *sabretache*...'—'Keep to the right, your honour, there are bushes here,' said the voice of an hussar past whom Rostov was riding in the act of falling asleep. Rostov lifted his head, that had sunk almost to his horse's mane, and pulled up beside the hussar. He was succumbing to irrepressible, youthful, childish sleepiness. 'But what was I thinking? I mustn't forget. How shall I speak to the emperor? No, that's not it—that's to-morrow. Oh yes! Na-tasha... *sabretache*... sabre them... Whom? The hussars... Ah, the hussars with moustaches. That hussar with a moustache was riding along the Tverskaya Street... I thought about him just opposite Guryev's house... Old Guryev... Oh, but he's a fine fellow, is Denisov! But that's all nonsense. The chief thing is that the emperor is here. How he looked at me, and wished to say something, but dared not... No, it was I who dared not. But that's nonsense, the chief thing is not to forget the necessary important thing I was thinking of. Yes, Na-tasha, *sabretache*, oh, yes, yes! That's good!' And his head once more sank to his horse's neck. Suddenly it seemed to him that he was being fired at. 'What? What? What?... Cut them down! What?...' said Rostov, waking up. At the moment when he opened his eyes he heard in front of him, where the enemy was, the long drawn shouts of thousands of voices. His horse and that of the hussar near him pricked their ears at the cries. Over where the shouting came from, a fire flared up and went out again, then another, and all along the French line on the hill, fires flared up and the shouting grew louder and louder. Rostov could hear the sound of French words, but could not make them out. The din of many voices was too great; all he could hear was: 'ahahah!' and 'rrrr!'

'What's that? What do you think it is?' said Rostov to the hussar beside him. 'It must be the enemy?'

The hussar did not reply.

‘Why? Don’t you hear it?’ Rostov asked again, after waiting a while for a reply.

‘Who can tell, your honour?’ replied the hussar reluctantly.

‘By the direction it must be the enemy?’ repeated Rostov.

‘It may be he, or it may be some noise,’ muttered the hussar. ‘It’s night time . . . Steady!’ he shouted to his fidgeting horse.

Rostov’s horse too was getting restive: it pawed the frozen ground, pricked its ears at the noise, and watched the fires. The shouting still increased, and merged into a general roar, such as only an army of several thousand men could produce. The fires spread further and further, probably along the line of the French camp. Rostov no longer wanted to sleep. The gay, triumphant shouting of the enemy’s army had a stimulating effect on him. *Vive l’empereur! vive l’empereur!* Rostov now heard distinctly;

‘They can’t be far off, probably just beyond the stream,’ he said to the hussar beside him.

The hussar only sighed without replying and coughed angrily. A sound of horse’s hoofs approaching at a trot along the hussars’ line was heard, and out of the foggy darkness suddenly appeared, looming huge as an elephant, the figure of a sergeant of the hussars.

‘Your honour, the generals!’ said the sergeant, riding up to Rostov.

Rostov, still turning round towards the fires and the shouts, rode with the sergeant to meet several mounted men who were riding along the line. One was on a white horse. Prince Bagration with Prince Dolgorukov, accompanied by their adjutants, had come to look at the curious phenomenon of the fires and the shouting in the enemy’s army. Rostov rode up to Bagration to report to him, and then joined the adjutants, listening to what the generals were saying.

‘Believe me,’ said Prince Dolgorukov, addressing Bagration, ‘it is nothing but a trick! He has retreated and ordered the rear-guard to kindle fires and make a noise to deceive us.’

‘Hardly,’ said Bagration. ‘I saw them this evening on that knoll; if they had retreated, they would have

abandoned that too . . . Lieutenant !' said Bagration to Rostov, 'are the enemy's scouts still there ?'

'They were there this evening, but now I don't know, your excellency. Shall I go with some of my hussars and see ?' replied Rostov.

Bagration stopped, and before replying tried to distinguish Rostov's features through the fog.

'Well, go and see,' he said, after a pause.

'Yes, sir.'

Rostov spurred his horse, called to Sergeant Fedchenko, and two other hussars, told them to follow him, and trotted downhill in the direction from whence the shouting proceeded. He felt both alarm and joy at riding alone with three hussars into that mysterious and dangerous foggy distance, where no one had been before him. Bagration called to him from the hill not to go beyond the stream, but Rostov pretended not to hear him and did not stop but rode on and on, continually mistaking bushes for trees, and gullies for men, and continually explaining his mistakes to himself. When he had descended the hill he could no longer see either our own or the enemy's fires, but heard the shouting of the French louder and more distinctly. In the valley he saw before him something like a river, but when he reached it he found it was a road. Having come out on to the road he reined in his horse, hesitating whether to ride along it, or to cross it and ride over the black field up the hill-side. To keep to the road which gleamed white in the mist would have been safer, because people coming along it could be more easily discerned. 'Follow me !' said he, crossed the road and began ascending the hill at a gallop, towards the spot where the French picquets had stood that evening.

'Your honour, there he is !' cried one of the hussars behind him. And before Rostov had time to make out what the black thing was that had suddenly appeared in the fog, there was a flash, followed by a report, and a bullet whizzed past high in the mist with a plaintive sound, and passed out of hearing. Another musket missed fire, but flashed in the pan. Rostov turned his horse and galloped back. Four more reports followed at intervals, and somewhere in the fog the bullets passed singing in different tones. Rostov reined in his horse, whose spirits

had risen like his own at the firing, and rode back at a foot-pace. 'Well, go on! Go on!' a merry voice was saying in his soul. But no more shots came.

Only when approaching Bagration did Rostov let his horse gallop again, and with his hand at the salute he rode up to the general.

Dolgorukov was still insisting that the French had retreated, and had only lit fires to deceive us.

'What does that prove?' he was saying as Rostov rode up. 'They might retreat and leave picquets behind them.'

'Evidently they have not all gone yet, prince,' said Bagration. 'Wait till to-morrow morning. We shall find out everything to-morrow.'

'The piquet is still on the hill, your excellency, just where it was in the evening,' reported Rostov, stooping forward with his hand at the salute, and unable to repress a smile of delight induced by his ride and especially by the sound of the bullets.

'Very good, very good,' said Bagration. 'Thank you, lieutenant.'

'Your excellency,' said Rostov, 'may I ask a favour?'

'What is it?'

'Our squadron is in reserve. May I ask to be transferred to the first squadron?'

'What is your name?'

'Count Rostov.'

'Oh, very well, you may stay in attendance on me.'

'Count Élias Rostov's son?' asked Dolgorukov.

But Rostov did not reply.

'Then I may reckon on it, your excellency?'

'I will give the order.'

'To-morrow I may very likely be sent with some message to the emperor,' thought Rostov. 'Thank God!'

The fires and shouting in the enemy's army were occasioned by the fact that, while Napoleon's proclamation was being read to the troops, the emperor himself had ridden among his bivouacs. The soldiers on seeing him, lit wisps of straw and ran after him, shouting, '*Vive l'empereur!*' Napoleon's proclamation was as follows:

'Soldiers! The Russian army is advancing against you to avenge the Austrian—the army of Ulm. They

are the same battalions that you broke at Hollabrunn, and have since continually pursued to this very place. The positions we are occupying are formidable, and while they are marching to outflank me on the right, they will expose their flank to me ! Soldiers ! I will myself direct your battalions. I will keep out of fire if you, with your habitual valour, carry disorder and confusion into the enemy's ranks. But should victory be in doubt even for a moment, you will see your emperor exposing himself to the first blows of the enemy, for there must be no doubt of victory especially on a day when what is at stake is the honour of the French infantry, so essential to the honour of our nation.

‘Do not break your ranks on the plea of removing the wounded ! Let every man be fully imbued with the thought that we must defeat these hirelings of England, inspired by such hatred of our nation ! This victory will conclude our campaign, and we can then return to our winter quarters, where fresh French troops will join us who are now being raised in France, and the peace I shall then conclude will be worthy of my people, of you, and of me—Napoleon.’

CHAPTER XIV

AT five in the morning it was still quite dark. The troops of the centre, the reserves, and Bagration's right flank were still motionless ; but on the left flank the columns of infantry, cavalry, and artillery which were to be the first to descend the hill to attack the right flank of the French and according to plan to drive it into the Bohemian mountains, had already risen from where they lay and were astir. The smoke of camp-fires, into which everything superfluous was being flung, made the eyes smart. It was cold and dark. The officers were hurriedly drinking tea and breakfasting ; the soldiers munching hard tack, stamping their feet to get warm, and gathering round the fires, throwing into the flames the remains of huts, chairs, tables, wheels, tubs, and everything that they did not need or could not carry away with them. Austrian guides for the columns were passing in and out among the Russian troops, and served as heralds of the advance. As soon as an Austrian

officer showed himself near a regimental commander's quarters the regiment began to move: the soldiers ran from the fires, thrust their pipes into the tops of their boots, their bags into the carts, sorted their muskets, and formed rank. The officers buttoned up their coats, buckled on their swords and pouches, and moved along the lines shouting. The train men and orderlies harnessed and packed the wagons and piled up the loads. The adjutants and battalion and regimental commanders mounted, crossed themselves, gave their final directions, orders, and commissions to the baggage men who remained behind, and the monotonous tramp of thousands of feet was heard. The columns moved forward not knowing whither, unable, because of the masses of men all around, the smoke and the increasing fog, to see either the place they were leaving or where they were going.

A soldier in a movement is as surrounded, shut in and borne along by his regiment, as a sailor is by his ship. Whatever distance he has walked, whatever strange, unknown, and dangerous places he enters, he has around him (as a sailor always has the same decks, masts, and rigging of his vessel) the same comrades, the same ranks, the same Sergeant-Major Ivan Mitrich, the same company dog, Jack, and the same officers. A soldier rarely cares to know the latitude in which his ship is sailing; but on the day of battle—Heaven only knows how and whence—a stern note, of which all are conscious, sounds through the moral atmosphere of an army, heralding the approach of something decisive and solemn, and awakening in the men an unusual curiosity. On the day of battle the soldiers try excitedly to get beyond the interests of their regiment, they listen intently, look about, and eagerly inquire as to what is going on around them.

The fog had grown so dense that, in spite of the dawn, it was impossible to see ten paces ahead. Bushes looked like gigantic trees, and smooth ground like cliffs and slopes. Anywhere, on any side, one might encounter an enemy, invisible ten paces off. But the column advanced for a long while always in the same fog, descending and ascending hills, avoiding gardens and enclosures, over new and unknown ground, and nowhere encountered the enemy. On the contrary, the soldiers became aware that in front, behind, and on every side, other Russian

columns were moving in the same direction. To every one of the soldiers it was pleasant to know that where he was going, namely into the unknown, a great many more of our men were going too.

‘There now, the Kurskies have gone past too,’ was being said in the ranks.

‘What an awful lot of our troops have assembled, lads! Last night I looked at the camp-fires, and there seemed no end to them. A regular Moscow!’

Though none of the column commanders rode up to the ranks or talked to the men (the commanders, as we saw at the council of war, were out of humour and dissatisfied with the affair, and so only carried out the orders but did not exert themselves to cheer the men), yet the soldiers marched gaily, as they always do when going into action, especially to an attack. But when they had marched for about an hour in the dense fog the greater part of the troops had to halt, and there spread through the ranks an unpleasant consciousness of some dislocation and blunder. How that consciousness is communicated is very difficult to define, but it certainly is communicated very accurately and spreads rapidly, imperceptibly, and irrepressibly, as water does in a creek. Had the Russian army been alone, without any allies, it might perhaps have taken long for this consciousness of mismanagement to become a general conviction; but as it was, gladly and naturally attributing the disorder to the stupid Germans, every one was convinced that a dangerous disorder had been occasioned by the sausage-eaters.

‘Why have we stopped? Is the way blocked? Or have we already come across the French?’

‘No, they don’t say so. They’d be firing if we had.’

‘What a bustle there was starting us, and now here we stand in the middle of a field, without rhyme or reason. It’s all those damned Germans muddling! What stupid beasts! I’d make them go first. No fear! And now here we stand with nothing to eat.’

‘I say, will you be long there? They say the cavalry are blocking the way,’ said an officer.

‘Oh, those damned Germans! They don’t know their own country!’ said another.

‘What division is yours?’ shouted an adjutant, coming up on horseback.

‘The Eighteenth.’

‘Then why are you here? You should have been at the front long ago. Now you won’t get there before evening.’

‘What idiotic orders! They don’t know themselves what they are doing!’ said the officer and rode away.

Then a general rode past, angrily shouting something, not in Russian.

‘Tafa-lafa! But what he’s gabbling no one can make out,’ said a soldier, mimicking the general who had ridden away. ‘I’d shoot all those scoundrels!’

‘We were to be on the spot before ten, but we haven’t gone half-way. Fine orders!’ was being repeated on different sides.

And the feeling of energy with which the troops had started began to turn into vexation and anger at the blundering command of the Germans.

The cause of the confusion was that, when the Austrian cavalry on the left flank were in movement, the higher command found that our centre was too far from the right flank, and all the cavalry was ordered to cross over to the right. Several thousand cavalry crossed in front of the infantry, who had to wait.

At the front an altercation took place between an Austrian column guide and a Russian general. The general shouted a demand that the cavalry should be halted, the Austrian argued that not he but the higher command was to blame. Meanwhile the troops stood still, growing listless and dispirited. After an hour’s delay, they moved on at last, descending a hill. The fog that was dispersing on the hill was lying yet more densely below, where they were going. In the fog in front a shot was fired and then another, at first irregularly with varying intervals—tra-ta-ta—and then more and more regularly and rapidly; and the action at the Holdbach stream had begun.

As they did not expect to meet the enemy down by the stream and came on him accidentally in the fog, hearing no encouraging word from their commanding officers, having that consciousness of being too late which had communicated itself to the men, and moreover being unable in the thick fog to see anything before or around them, the Russians fired at the enemy lazily and

slowly, advanced and again halted, receiving no timely orders from their officers or adjutants, who wandered about in the fog and the unknown surroundings, unable to find their own regiments. So began the action for the first, second, and third columns, which had descended into the valley. The fourth column, with which was Kutuzov, stood on the Pratzen heights.

Down below, where the fight was beginning, there was still a thick fog; on the higher ground it had cleared somewhat, but it was still impossible to see what was going on in front. Whether the enemy forces were, as we supposed, six miles away, or whether they were here in this foggy space—no one knew till after eight o'clock.

It was nine o'clock in the morning. The fog lay unbroken like a sea down below; but higher up in the village of Schlapanitz, where Napoleon was with his marshals around him, it was quite light. Above him the sky was blue and clear, and the sun's vast orb seemed to rock like a huge, hollow, crimson float upon the surface of that milky sea of mist. The whole French army and Napoleon himself with his staff were not on the far side of the streams and hollows of Sokolnitz and Schlapanitz, where we had intended to take up our position and begin the action, but were on the near side, so close to our own forces that Napoleon with his naked eye could distinguish a mounted man from one on foot. Napoleon sat, a little in front of his marshals, on his small grey Arab horse—in his blue cloak—the same he had worn on his Italian campaign. He gazed in silence at the hills which seemed to rise out of the sea of mist where in the distance the Russian troops were moving, and he listened to the sounds of firing in the valley. In his face—which was still thin in those days—not a single muscle moved. His glittering eyes were fixed intently on one spot. His expectations were being verified. Part of the Russian force had already descended into the valley towards the ponds and lakes, and part were leaving the Pratzen heights, which he intended to attack and regarded as the key to the position. He saw that in the midst of the fog, in a hollow between two hills beside the village of Pratzen, the Russian columns, their bayonets glittering, moved continuously in one direction towards the valley, and one after another disappeared into the mist. From the information he had

received the evening before, from the sound of the wheels and footsteps heard at the advanced posts during the night, from the loose order in which the Russian columns moved, and from all indications, he saw clearly that the allies thought he was far in front of them, that the columns moving in the vicinity of Pratzen were the centre of the Russian army, and that the centre was already sufficiently weakened to be successfully attacked. But still he did not begin the engagement.

To-day was a solemn day for him—the anniversary of his coronation. Before morning he had slept for a few hours, and healthy, bright, and fresh, in the happy mood in which everything seems possible and everything succeeds, he mounted his horse and rode to the field. He sat motionless, looking at the heights visible above the fog, and his cold face bore the special look of confident, self-complacent happiness that one sees on the face of a boy happily in love. The marshals kept behind him, not venturing to distract his attention. He looked now at the Pratzen heights, now at the sun floating out of the mist.

When the sun had quite emerged from the fog and deluged the fields and mist with dazzling light (as if he had only awaited this to begin the action) he drew the glove from his shapely white hand, made a sign to the marshals, and gave the order to begin. The marshals, accompanied by aides-de-camp, galloped off in different directions, and a few minutes later the chief forces of the French army moved rapidly towards the Pratzen heights, which were being more and more denuded of the Russian troops, who moved down to the valley on their left.

CHAPTER XV

At eight o'clock Kutuzov rode to Pratz at the head of the fourth column, Miloradovich's, the one that was to take the place of Przebyszewski's and Langeron's columns which had already descended into the valley. He greeted the men of the foremost regiment and gave them the command to march, thereby showing that he intended to lead that column himself. When he had reached the village of Pratz he halted. Prince Andrew was behind,

among the immense number of persons forming the commander-in-chief's suite. He felt excited, irritated, and yet controlledly quiet, as a man is at the approach of a long-awaited moment. He was firmly convinced that to-day was to be the day of his Toulon, or his bridge of Arcola.¹ How it would come about he did not know, but he felt sure it would be so. The locality and the disposition of our troops were known to him in as far as they could be known to any one in our army. His own strategic plan, which evidently could not now be carried out, was forgotten. Now, entering into Weyrother's plan, Prince Andrew considered the possible contingencies and formed new projects of a kind in which his rapidity of reasoning and his firmness might be needed.

To the left, down below in the mist, the musketry of unseen forces was audible. There, it seemed to Prince Andrew, the fight would concentrate. 'There we shall meet opposition, and there I shall be sent', he thought, 'with a brigade or a division, and there, banner in hand, I shall go forward and shatter whatever opposes me.'

Prince Andrew could not look calmly at the standards of the passing battalions. Seeing them, he kept thinking, 'That may be the very standard with which I shall lead the troops.'

In the full morning all that was left of the night's mist on the heights was hoar-frost now turning into dew, but in the valleys it still lay like a milky-white sea. Nothing was visible in the valley to the left, into which our troops had descended, and whence came the sounds of firing. Above the heights was the dark, clear sky, and to the right the giant ball of the sun. In front, far off on the farther shore of that sea of mist, there arose some wooded hills where the enemy probably was, and where something was visible. On the right the Guards were entering the misty region with a sound of hoofs and wheels, and with bayonets that occasionally glittered; to the left, beyond the village, similar masses of cavalry came up and disappeared in the sea of mist. In front and behind moved infantry. The commander-in-chief remained at the end of the village letting the troops pass by him. That morning Kutuzov seemed worn and irritable. The

¹ The scene of Napoleon's brilliant victory over greatly superior Austrian forces, in 1796, in the province of Verona.

infantry passing before him came to a stand without any command being given, evidently obstructed by something in front.

'Do order them to form into battalions and columns and go round the village!' he said angrily to a general who had ridden up. 'Don't you understand, your excellency, my dear sir, that to expand through the defile of a village street is impossible when we are marching against the enemy?'

'I thought of re-forming beyond the village, your excellency,' answered the general.

Kutuzov laughed bitterly.

'A fine thing it will be, deploying in sight of the enemy! Very fine!'

'The enemy is still far away, your excellency, according to the dispositions.'

'The dispositions!' cholericly exclaimed Kutuzov. 'Who told you that? . . . Have the goodness to do as you are told.'

'Yes, sir.'

'My dear fellow,' Nesvitski whispered to Prince Andrew, 'the old man is as surly as a dog.'

An Austrian officer in white uniform and with green plumes in his hat galloped up to Kutuzov, and asked in the emperor's name, 'Has the fourth column advanced into action?'

Kutuzov without answering turned round, and his eye happened to fall upon Prince Andrew, who was beside him. Seeing him, Kutuzov softened his malevolent and caustic expression, as if admitting that what was being done was not his aide-de-camp's fault; and still not answering the Austrian adjutant, he addressed Bolkonski:

'Go, my dear fellow, and see whether the third division has passed the village. Tell it to stop and await my orders.'

Hardly had Prince Andrew started, when he stopped him.

'And ask whether the sharpshooters have been posted,' he added. 'What are they up to? What are they up to?' he muttered to himself still giving no answer to the Austrian.

Prince Andrew galloped off to execute the order.

Overtaking the battalions that were still advancing, he stopped the third division, and convinced himself that there really were no sharpshooters in front of our columns. The regimental commander at the head of his men was very much surprised at the commander-in-chief's order to throw out skirmishers. The regimental commander had felt perfectly sure that there were other troops in front of him, and that the enemy must be at least six miles away. In reality there was nothing to be seen in front except a barren descent hidden by dense mist. Having in the name of the commander-in-chief given the order to rectify this omission, Prince Andrew galloped back. Kutuzov was still in the same place and, his stout body resting heavily in the saddle with the lassitude of age, he sat deeply yawning with closed eyes. The troops were no longer moving, but stood with the butts of their muskets resting on the ground.

'All right, all right!' he said to Prince Andrew, and turned to a general who, watch in hand, was saying it was time to move on as all the left flank columns had already descended.

'There'll be time, your excellency,' muttered Kutuzov in the midst of a yawn. 'There'll be time,' he repeated.

Just then in the distance behind Kutuzov there was a sound of regiments answering to salute, and this sound approached rapidly along the whole extended line of the advancing Russian columns. Evidently he whom they were greeting was riding quickly. When the soldiers of the regiment just behind Kutuzov began shouting too, he rode a little to one side and looked round with a frown. Along the road from Pratz galloped what looked like a squadron of variously coloured horsemen. Two of them rode side by side in front, at a quick gallop. One in a black uniform with white plumes in his hat rode a bob-tailed chestnut horse, the other, who was in a white uniform, a black one. They were the two emperors followed by their suites. Kutuzov, affecting the manners of an old soldier at the front, gave the command 'Attention!' and rode up to the emperors with a salute. His whole appearance and attitude was suddenly changed. He put on the air of a subordinate who obeys without reasoning. With an affectation of respect which evidently struck Alexander unpleasantly, he rode up and saluted.

This unpleasant impression flitted, like a cloud of haze across a clear sky, over the young and happy face of the emperor and vanished. Owing to his indisposition, he looked rather thinner that day than on the field of Olmütz, where Bolkonski had seen him for the first time abroad; but there was still the same charming combination of majesty and mildness in his beautiful grey eyes, and on his fine lips the same capacity for varying expression and the same prevalent appearance of good-natured innocent youth.

At the Olmütz review he had appeared more majestic; here he seemed brighter and more energetic. He was slightly flushed after galloping two miles and, reining in his horse, he sighed restfully and gazed round at the faces of his suite, young and animated as his own. Czar-toryski, Novosiltsev, Prince Volkonsky, Strogonov, and the others, all richly dressed gay young men on well groomed, fresh, slightly sweating horses, exchanging remarks and smiling, had stopped behind the emperor. The Emperor Francis, a rosy, long-faced young man, sat very erect on his handsome black horse, looking about him in a leisurely and preoccupied manner. He beckoned to one of his white adjutants and asked him a question—'Probably he is asking at what o'clock they started,' thought Prince Andrew, watching his old acquaintance with a smile he could not repress as he remembered his audience. In the emperor's suite were the picked young orderly officers, Russian and Austrian, of Guard and line regiments. Among them were grooms leading the Tsar's beautiful relay horses, covered with embroidered cloths.

As when a window is opened and a whiff of fresh air from the fields enters a stuffy room, so a whiff of youthfulness, energy, and confidence of success entered Kutuzov's cheerless staff with the galloping advent of all these brilliant young men.

'Why don't you begin, Michael Ilarionych?'¹ said the Emperor Alexander hurriedly to Kutuzov, while he at the same time glanced courteously at the Emperor Francis.

'I am waiting, your Majesty,' answered Kutuzov, bending forward respectfully.

¹ Michael Ilarionych was Kutuzov's Christian name and patronymic, that form of address in Russia being more usual than the use of the surname.

The emperor, slightly frowning, bent his ear forward to show that he had not quite heard.

'Waiting, your majesty,' repeated Kutuzov. Prince Andrew noted that Kutuzov's upper lip twitched unnaturally as he said the word 'waiting'. 'Not all the columns have yet assembled, your majesty.'

The Tsar heard, but plainly did not like the reply; he shrugged his rather round shoulders and glanced at Novosilitsev, who was near him, as if complaining of Kutuzov.

'You know, Michael Ilarionych, we are not on the Empress's Field, where we don't begin a parade till all the troops are assembled,' said the Tsar, with another glance at the Emperor Francis, as if inviting him to join in or at least to listen to what he was saying. But the Emperor Francis continued to look about him and did not listen.

'That is just why I do not begin, sire,' said Kutuzov in a resounding voice, apparently to preclude the possibility of not being heard, and again something in his face twitched; 'That is just why I do not begin, sire, because we are not on parade on the Empress's Field,' said he clearly and distinctly.

In the emperor's suite all exchanged rapid looks that expressed dissatisfaction and reproach. 'Old though he be, he should not, he certainly should not, speak like that,' their glances seemed to say.

The Tsar looked intently and attentively into Kutuzov's eye, waiting to hear whether he would say anything more. But Kutuzov, with respectfully bowed head, seemed to be waiting too. The silence lasted for about a minute.

'However, if you command it, your majesty,' said Kutuzov, lifting his head, and again assuming his former tone of a dull, unreasoning, submissive general.

He touched his horse and having called Miloradovich, the commander of the column, gave him the order to advance.

The troops again began to move, and two battalions of the Novgorod and one of the Apsheron regiments went forward past the emperor.

As this Apsheron battalion was marching by, the red-faced Miloradovich, without his greatcoat, with his Orders on his breast and an enormous tuft of plumes in

his hat, which was placed sideways on his head with the brim turned up in front, galloped forward and with a dashing salute reined in his horse before the emperor.

‘God be with you, general!’ said the emperor.

‘*Ma foi, sire, nous ferons ce qui sera dans notre possibilité, sire,*’¹ he answered gaily, raising nevertheless ironic smiles among the gentlemen of the Tsar’s suite by his bad French.

Miloradovich wheeled his horse sharply and stationed himself a little behind the emperor. The Apsherons men, excited by the Tsar’s presence, passed at a bold brisk pace and in step before the emperors and their suites.

‘Lads!’ shouted Miloradovich in a loud, self-confident and cheery voice, obviously so elated by the sound of firing, by the prospect of battle, and by the sight of the gallant Apsherons, who had been his comrades in Suvorov’s time, now passing so boldly before the emperors, that he forgot the sovereigns’ presence.

‘Lads, it’s not the first village you’ve had to take,’ cried he.

‘Glad to do our best!’ shouted the soldiers.

The emperor’s horse started at the sudden cry. This horse that had carried the sovereign at reviews in Russia bore him also here on the field of Austerlitz, enduring the heedless blows of his left foot, and pricking its ears at the sound of shots, just as it had done on the Empress’s Field, not understanding the significance of the firing, nor of the proximity of the Emperor Francis’s black cob, nor of all that was being said, thought, and felt that day by its rider.

The emperor turned with a smile to one of his followers and made a remark to him, pointing to the gallant Apsherons.

CHAPTER XVI

KUTUZOV accompanied by his aides-de-camp rode at a foot-pace behind the carbineers.

When he had gone nearly half a mile in the rear of the column, he stopped at a solitary deserted house, probably once an inn, at the parting of two roads. Both roads led downhill and troops were marching along both.

¹ ‘Indeed, Sire, we shall do everything that it is possible to do, sire.’

The fog had begun to clear and already, about a mile and a half off, enemy troops were dimly visible on the opposite heights. On the left, down below, the firing sounded louder. Kutuzov stopped and conversed with an Austrian general. Prince Andrew, who was a little behind them and was looking at them, turned to an aide-de-camp wishing to ask him for a field-glass.

'Look! Look!' said that aide-de-camp, looking not at the troops in the distance, but down the hill in front of them. 'It's the French!'

The two generals and the aides-de-camp took hold of the field-glass, snatching it from one another. The expression on all their faces suddenly changed to one of horror. The French were supposed to be a mile and a half away, and they had suddenly appeared unexpectedly, just in front of us.

'It's the enemy?... No!... Yes, see, it is!... That's certain... But how is that?' said different voices.

Prince Andrew saw with the naked eye below them to the right, ascending to meet the Apsheron, a dense French column not more than five hundred paces from where Kutuzov had stopped.

'Here it is! The decisive moment has arrived! My turn has come,' thought Prince Andrew, and hitting his horse he rode up to Kutuzov.

'The Apsheron must be stopped, your excellency,' cried he. But at that very instant a cloud of smoke spread over everything, firing began quite near at hand, and a naïvely frightened voice close to Prince Andrew shouted, 'Brothers! It's all up!' And at those words, as if this had been a voice of command, every one began to run.

Confused and ever-increasing crowds were running back to the place where five minutes previously the troops had passed the emperors. Not only would it have been difficult to stop that crowd, but it was even impossible not oneself to retreat with it. Bolkonski tried only not to be left behind, and looked around puzzled and unable to grasp what was happening. Nesvitzki, with an angry face, red and unlike his usual self, was shouting to Kutuzov that if he did not ride away at once he would certainly be captured. Kutuzov remained in the same place, and without answering pulled out his handkerchief. His

cheek was bleeding. Prince Andrew pushed his way to him.

'You are wounded?' he asked, scarcely able to master the trembling of his jaw.

'The wound is not here, it is there!' said Kutuzov, pressing the handkerchief to his cheek, and pointing to the fugitives.

'Stop them!' he called out, and at the same moment, apparently realizing that it was impossible to stop them, he spurred his horse and rode to the right.

A fresh wave of the fleeing mob overtook him, and bore him back with it.

The troops were running in such a dense mass that, once surrounded by it, it was difficult to emerge from it again. One was shouting 'Get on! What are you waiting for?' Another in the same place turned round and fired into the air; a third was striking the horse on which Kutuzov himself was mounted. Having by a great effort emerged from that flood of men on the left, Kutuzov, with his suite diminished by more than half, rode on towards the sound of guns near by. Prince Andrew, having forced his way out of the crowd of fugitives, and trying to keep up with Kutuzov, saw on the slope of the hill amid the smoke, a Russian battery that was still firing and Frenchmen running towards it. Higher up stood Russian infantry, moving neither forward to help the battery, nor back in the direction of the fleeing crowd. A mounted general detached himself from that infantry and approached Kutuzov. Of Kutuzov's suite only four men were left. They were all pale and exchanged looks in silence.

'Stop those wretches!' gasped Kutuzov to the regimental commander, pointing to the fugitives; but at that instant, as if to punish him for those words, bullets, like a flock of little birds, came hissing over the regiment and over Kutuzov's suite. The French had attacked the battery and, noticing Kutuzov, were firing at him. After this volley the regimental commander clutched his leg; several soldiers fell, and a second lieutenant, who was holding the flag, let it fall from his hands. It swayed and fell, but caught on the muskets of the nearest soldiers. The soldiers started firing without orders.

'Oh! Oh! Oh!' groaned Kutuzov despairingly, and

looked around him . . . 'Bolkonski !' he whispered, a consciousness of the feebleness of age causing his voice to tremble. 'Bolkonski !' he whispered, pointing to the disordered battalion and at the enemy, 'What's happening ?'

But before he had finished speaking, Prince Andrew, feeling tears of shame and anger choking him, had already leapt from his horse and run to the standard.

'Forward, lads !' he shouted, in a voice piercing like a child's.

'Here it is !' he thought, seizing the staff of the standard and hearing with pleasure the whistle of bullets, evidently aimed at him. Several soldiers fell.

'Hurrah !' shouted Prince Andrew and, scarcely able to hold up the heavy standard, he ran forward with full confidence that the whole battalion would follow him.

And really he only ran a few steps alone. One soldier moved and then another, and soon the whole battalion, shouting 'Hurrah !' ran forward and overtook him. A sergeant of the battalion ran up and took the flag, that was swaying from its weight in Prince Andrew's hands, but was immediately killed. Prince Andrew again seized the standard, and dragging it by the staff, ran on with the battalion. Before him he saw our artillerymen, some of whom were fighting, while others, abandoning their guns, were running to meet him. He also saw the French infantry soldiers, who were seizing the artillery horses and turning the guns round. Prince Andrew and the battalion were already within twenty paces of the guns. He heard the whistle of bullets above him unceasingly, and to right and left of him soldiers continually groaned and dropped. But he did not look at them : he looked only at what was going on in front of him, at the battery. He now saw clearly the figure of a red-haired gunner with his shako knocked to one side, pulling one end of a mop, while a French soldier tugged at the other. He could distinctly see the distraught yet angry expression on the faces of these two men, who evidently did not realize what they were about.

'What are they doing ?' thought Prince Andrew as he gazed at them. 'Why does not the red-haired gunner run away, since he is unarmed ? Why does the Frenchman

not stab him ? He will not get away before the Frenchman remembers his bayonet and stabs him . . .’

Another French soldier, trailing his musket, ran up to the struggling men, and the fate of the red-haired gunner who still did not realize what awaited him and had triumphantly secured the mop, was about to be decided. But Prince Andrew did not see how it ended. It seemed to him as though one of the soldiers nearest to him hit him on the head with the full swing of a bludgeon. It hurt somewhat, but it was chiefly unpleasant because the pain distracted his attention and prevented his seeing what he had been looking at.

‘What’s this ? Am I falling ? My legs are giving way,’ thought he, and he fell on his back. He opened his eyes, hoping to see how the fight of the Frenchmen with the gunners had ended, whether the red-haired gunner had been killed or not, and whether the guns had been captured or saved. But he saw nothing. Above him there was now only the sky—the distant sky, not clear, yet immeasurably lofty with grey clouds gliding slowly across it. ‘How quietly, peacefully, and solemnly ; not at all as I ran,’ thought Prince Andrew, ‘not as we ran and shouted and fought ; not at all like the gunner and the Frenchman who with frightened and angry faces struggled for the mop, not at all like that do those clouds glide across that high, infinite sky ! How is it I did not see that lofty sky before ? How happy I am to have recognized it at last ! Yes, all is vanity, all is falsehood, except that infinite heaven. There is nothing, nothing but that. But even it does not exist, there is nothing but quiet and peace. Thank God ! . . .’

CHAPTER XVII

ON our right flank, commanded by Bagration, at nine o’clock in the morning the battle had not yet begun. Not wishing to agree to Dolgorukov’s demand to commence the action, but wishing to avert responsibility from himself, Prince Bagration proposed to Dolgorukov to send and inquire of the Commander-in-Chief. Bagration knew that, the distance between the two flanks being over six miles, even if the messenger were not killed, which was very

likely to happen, and even if he found the commander-in-chief, which would be very difficult, he would hardly be back before evening.

Bagration cast his large, inexpressive, sleepy eyes round his suite, and the boyish face of Rostov, involuntarily melting with emotion and hope, was the first to catch his eye. He sent him.

'And if I should meet his majesty before I meet the commander-in-chief, your excellency?' said Rostov, saluting.

'You can give the message to his majesty,' said Dolgorukov, hurriedly interrupting Bagration.

After being relieved from piquet duty, Rostov had snatched a few hours' sleep before morning, and felt himself bright, bold, and determined, with elasticity of movement and faith in his good luck, and generally in that state of mind which makes everything seem easy, pleasant, and possible.

All his wishes were being realized that morning: there was to be a great battle in which he was taking part; more than that, he was orderly to the bravest general; and yet more, he was going with a message to Kutuzov, perhaps even to the sovereign himself. The morning was bright, he had a good horse, and his heart was joyful and happy. On receiving his orders he gave his horse the rein and galloped along the line. At first he rode along the front of Bagration's troops, which had not yet gone into action but were standing motionless; then he entered the region occupied by Uvarov's cavalry, where he noticed a stir and signs of preparation for battle. Having passed Uvarov's cavalry, he clearly heard the sound of cannon and musketry ahead of him. The firing grew louder and louder.

Through the fresh morning air one now heard, not as before at irregular intervals two or three musket shots fired, followed by one or two cannon shots, but from the slopes of the hill before Pratz the roll of volleys of musketry, interrupted by such frequent reports of cannon that sometimes several of them were not heard separately but merged into one general roar.

He could see cloudlets of musket smoke, that seemed to chase one another down the hill-sides, and clouds of cannon smoke rolling, spreading, mingling into one another. He

also saw, by the gleam of bayonets visible through the smoke, masses of infantry moving, as well as narrow files of artillery with green ammunition wagons.

Rostov stopped his horse for a moment on a hillock to see what was going on, but, strain his attention as he would, he could not understand or make out anything of what was happening: there in the smoke men of some sort were shifting about, and in front and behind moved blocks of troops; but why, and whither, and who they were, it was impossible to discern. These sights and sounds had no depressing or intimidating effect on him, on the contrary they stimulated his energy and determination.

'Go on! Go on! Give it them!' he mentally exclaimed to these sounds, and he again proceeded to gallop along the line, penetrating farther and farther into the region where the army was already in action.

'What it will be like I don't know, but all will be well!' thought Rostov.

After passing some Austrian troops he noticed that the next part of the line (it was a line of the Guards) was already in action.

'So much the better! I shall see it close,' he thought.

He was riding almost along the front line. A handful of men came galloping towards him. They were our Uhlans, who with disordered ranks were returning from the attack. Rostov got out of their way, and involuntarily noticed blood on one of them. He galloped on.

'That is none of my business,' he thought. He had not ridden many hundred yards before he saw, to his left, along the whole extent of the field, an enormous mass of cavalry in brilliant white uniforms, mounted on black horses, trotting straight towards him and across his path. Rostov put his horse to full gallop to get out of the way of these men, and he would have got clear had they continued going at the same speed; but they continually increased their pace, so that some of the horses were already galloping. Rostov heard the thud of their hoofs and the jingle of their weapons, saw their horses, their figures, and even their faces, more and more distinctly. They were our Horse Guards, advancing to attack the French cavalry which was coming to meet them.

The Horse Guards were galloping but still holding in their horses. Rostov could already see their faces and

heard the command: 'Full gallop!' shouted by an officer as he urged his bob-tailed horse to full speed. Rostov, afraid of being crushed or swept away into the attack, galloped along the front as hard as his horse could go, and yet he was not in time to avoid them.

The last of the Horse Guards, a huge pock-marked man, frowned angrily on seeing before him Rostov, with whom he must inevitably collide. This guardsman would certainly have bowled Rostov over on his Bedouin (Rostov seemed to himself quite tiny and weak compared to these gigantic men and horses), had the latter not thought of flourishing his whip before the eyes of the guardsman's horse. The heavy sixteen-hands-high black horse shied, throwing back its ears, but the pock-marked guardsman drove in his huge spurs violently, and the horse, flourishing its tail and stretching out its neck, galloped on yet faster. Hardly had the Horse Guards passed Rostov, before he heard them shout 'Hurrah!' and looking back he saw their foremost ranks mingling with some strange, probably French, cavalry with red epaulettes. He could see nothing more, for immediately afterwards cannon began firing from somewhere and smoke enveloped everything.

At the moment when the Horse Guards, having passed him, disappeared in the smoke, Rostov hesitated whether to gallop after them or to go where he had to. This was that brilliant charge by the Horse Guards that surprised even the French. Rostov was horrified to hear later, that of all that mass of huge and handsome men, of all those brilliant, rich youths, officers, and cadets, on their thousand-rouble horses, who had galloped past him, only eighteen were left after the charge. 'Why should I envy them? My chance is not lost, and maybe I shall see our sovereign immediately!' thought Rostov and galloped farther.

When he came level with the Foot Guards he noticed that above them and around them cannon-balls were flying, of which he was aware not so much because he heard their sound, as because he saw uneasiness expressed on the soldiers' faces, and unnatural, warlike solemnity on those of the officers.

Passing behind one of the lines of a regiment of Foot Guards, he heard a voice calling him by name: 'Rostov!'

'What?' he answered, not recognizing Boris.

'Fancy! we've been in the first line! Our regiment

was in the attack ! ' said Boris, with the happy smile one sees on the faces of young men who have been under fire for the first time.

Rostov stopped.

' Have you ? ' he said, ' Well, how was it ? '

' We repulsed them ! ' said Boris, with animation, growing talkative, ' Can you imagine it ? ' and Boris began to relate how the Guards, having taken up their position and seeing troops before them, thought they were Austrians, and suddenly discovered, from the cannon-balls discharged by these troops, that they themselves were in the front line, and had unexpectedly to go into action. Rostov, without hearing Boris to the end, spurred his horse.

' Where are you going ? ' asked Boris.

' With a message to his majesty.'

' There he is ! ' said Boris, thinking Rostov had said ' his highness ' and pointing to the grand duke, who with his helmet, his Horse Guards' jacket, his high shoulders and frowning brows, stood a hundred paces off, shouting something to a white-garbed, pale-faced Austrian officer.

' But that is the grand duke, and I want the commander-in-chief or the emperor,' said Rostov, and was about to spur his horse.

' Count ! Count ! ' shouted Berg, who, highly animated like Boris, ran up from the other side. ' Count ! I am wounded in my right hand ! ' said he showing his bleeding hand, which had a handkerchief tied round it, ' and I remained at the front. Count, I held my sword in my left hand. In our, the von Berg, family, Count, every one was a knight ! . . . '

Berg said something more, but Rostov did not wait to hear it and rode away.

Having passed the Guards and traversed an empty space, Rostov, to avoid again getting in front of the first line as he had done when the Horse Guards charged, followed the line of reserves, going far round the place where he heard the hottest musket-fire and cannonade. Suddenly, before him, and behind our troops, where he could never have expected the enemy to be, he heard musket-firing quite close.

' What can it be ? ' he thought. ' The enemy in the rear of our army ? Impossible ! ' And suddenly he was

seized by fear for himself and for the result of the whole action. 'Be it what it may,' he reflected, 'there is no riding round it now. I must look for the commander-in-chief here, and if all is lost, it is for me to perish with the rest.'

The presentiment of evil that had suddenly come over Rostov was more and more confirmed the farther he rode into the space occupied by crowds of men of different nationalities behind Pratz.

'What does it mean? What? Who are being fired at? Who are firing?' Rostov kept asking as he came up to Russian and Austrian soldiers, running in a confused mob across his path.

'The devil knows! Killed them all! It's all up now!' he was told in Russian, German, and Czech by the fleeing crowd, who understood what was happening as little as he did.

'Kill the Germans!' shouted one.

'May the devil take them, the traitors!'

'*Zum Henker diese Russen!*'¹ muttered a German.

Several wounded men passed along the road. Words of abuse, screams and groans mingled in a general hubbub. The firing ceased. As Rostov learnt later, Russian and Austrian soldiers had been firing at one another.

'Oh God! What does it all mean?' thought Rostov. 'And here, where the emperor may see them at any moment . . . But no, these must be only a few wretches. It will pass, it can't be *that*, it can't be! Only to get away from them quicker, quicker.'

The idea of defeat and flight could not enter Rostov's head. Though he saw French guns and French troops on the Pratzen Heights, just where he had been ordered to look for the commander-in-chief, he could not, he did not wish, to believe *that*.

CHAPTER XVIII

Rostov had been told to look for Kutuzov and the emperor near the village of Pratz. However, not only were they not there, but not a single commanding officer was there—only disorganized crowds of soldiers of various nationalities. He urged on his already weary horse to get

¹ To the hangman with these Russians!

quickly past these crowds, but the farther he went the more disorganized they became. The high road upon which he had come out was thronged with calèches, carriages of all sorts, and Russian and Austrian soldiers of all arms, some wounded and some not. This whole mass hummed and jostled under the dismal influence of flying cannon-balls from the French batteries placed on the Pratz Heights.

'Where is the emperor? Where is Kutuzov?' Rostov kept asking every one he could stop, but he got no answer from any one.

At last seizing a soldier by his collar he made him answer.

'Eh, brother! They've all made off long ago!' said the soldier, laughing and freeing himself.

Rostov left that soldier, who was evidently drunk, stopped the horse of an orderly or groom of some important personage, and questioned him. The orderly announced that the Tsar had been driven in a carriage about an hour before at full speed along that very road, and that he was dangerously wounded.

'Impossible!' said Rostov. 'It must have been some one else.'

'I saw it myself,' replied the orderly with a self-confident smile of derision. 'I ought to know the emperor! Haven't I seen him many a time in Petersburg? I saw him right there . . . There he sat as pale as anything, in the carriage. How they made the four black horses fly! Gracious me! They did rattle past! It's time I knew the imperial horses, and Ilya Ivanych. I don't think Coachman Ilya would drive any one except the Tsar!'

Rostov let go of the horse and was going to ride on, when a wounded officer passing by, addressed him:

'Whom do you want?' he asked. 'The commander-in-chief? He was killed by a cannon-ball, struck in the breast before our regiment.'

'Not killed, only wounded,' corrected another officer.

'Do you mean Kutuzov?' asked Rostov.

'Not Kutuzov, but what's his name—Well, never mind . . . not many are left alive. Go that way, to that village, all the commanders are gathered there,' said the officer, pointing to the village of Hostieradek, and he passed on.

Rostov rode on at a foot pace, not knowing why nor to

whom he was now going. The emperor was wounded; the battle lost. It was impossible to doubt it now. Rostov rode in the direction indicated to him, and in which he saw towers and a church. What need to hurry? What was he now to say to the Tsar or to Kutuzov, even if they were alive and not wounded?

'Go by this road, your honour, or that way you will get killed at once!' shouted a soldier. 'You'll be killed there!'

'Oh, what are you talking about?' said another. 'Where is he to go? This way is nearer.'

Rostov considered, and then went in the direction where they said he would be killed.

'It is all the same now; if the emperor is wounded, am I to try to save myself?' he thought. He rode out to the field where the greatest number of men had perished in their flight from Pratz. The French had not yet occupied that field, and the Russians . . . the uninjured and slightly wounded . . . had left it long ago. On the ground, like heaps of manure on a well-kept field, lay from ten to fifteen dead and wounded to each *desyatina*.¹ The wounded crept together in twos and threes, and one could hear their distressing screams and groans, sometimes affected, as it seemed to Rostov. He put his horse to a trot to avoid seeing all these suffering men, and he was seized by fear. He was afraid not for his life but for the courage he needed, and which he knew would not stand the sight of these unfortunates.

The French, who had ceased firing at this field, strewn with dead and wounded, where there was no one left to fire at, on seeing an adjutant riding over it, trained a gun on him and fired several shots. The sensation of those whistling terrible sounds, and of the corpses around him, mingled in Rostov's mind into a feeling of terror and pity for himself. He remembered his mother's last letter. 'How would she feel,' thought he, 'if she saw me here now on this field with the cannon pointing at me?'

In the village of Hostieradek were Russian troops retiring from the field of battle, who though still in some confusion were in better order. The French shots did not reach there and the firing sounded far away. Here every one clearly knew and said that the battle was lost. No

¹ The *desyatina* is about 2½ acres.

one whom Rostov asked could tell him where the emperor or where Kutuzov was. Some said the report that the emperor was wounded was correct, others that it was not, and explained the false rumour that had spread, by the fact that his carriage had really galloped from the field of battle with the pale and frightened lord high marshal, Count Tolstoy, who had come to the battlefield with others in the emperor's suite. One officer told Rostov that he had seen some one of the high command to the left, behind the village, and thither Rostov rode with no hope of finding any one, but merely to ease his conscience. When he had ridden about two miles and had passed the last of the Russian troops, he saw, near a kitchen-garden with a ditch round it, two men on horseback facing the ditch. One, with a white plume in his hat, seemed familiar to Rostov; the other on a beautiful chestnut horse (the horse seemed familiar to Rostov) rode up to the ditch, struck his horse with his spurs, and giving it the rein leapt lightly over. A little earth crumbled away from the bank under the horse's hind hoofs. Turning the horse sharply he again jumped the ditch, and respectfully addressed the rider with the white plumes, evidently inviting him to do the same. The rider, whose figure seemed familiar to Rostov and involuntarily riveted his attention, made a gesture of refusal with his hand and head, and by this gesture Rostov instantly recognized his lamented and adored monarch.

'But it can't be he, alone, in the midst of this empty field?' thought Rostov. At that moment Alexander turned his head, and Rostov saw the beloved features that were so deeply engraved on his memory. The emperor was pale, his cheeks were sunk and his eyes hollow, but the charm, the mildness of his features was all the greater. Rostov was happy to be assured that the rumours about the emperor being wounded were false. He was happy to see him. He knew that he might, and even ought, to address him and give the message he had been ordered by Dolgorukov to deliver.

But as a youth in love trembles, feels unnerved, and dares not utter the thoughts he has mused on for nights, but looks around for help or a chance of postponement or flight when the longed-for moment comes and he is alone with her; so Rostov, now that he had attained what he

desired more than anything else in the world, did not know how to approach the emperor, and a thousand reasons rose in his mind why it was inconvenient, unseemly, and impossible to do so.

‘What! It is as if I were glad of a chance to profit by his being alone and despondent! To see a strange face may be unpleasant or painful to him at this moment of sorrow; besides, what can I say to him now, when my heart fails me and my mouth feels dry at the mere sight of him?’ Not one of the innumerable speeches addressed to the emperor he had composed in his imagination could he recall now. Those speeches were to be delivered under very different conditions, they were mostly to be spoken at a moment of victory and triumph, generally while he was dying of wounds and the sovereign had thanked him for his heroic deeds, when on his death-bed he expressed the love he had shown by his actions.

‘Besides, how can I ask the emperor for his instructions to the right flank, now that it is nearly four o’clock and the battle is lost? No, certainly I must not approach him, I must not intrude on his reflections. Better die a thousand times than receive an unkind look or incur his bad opinion.’ Rostov decided thus, and with a heart full of sorrow and despair he rode away, continually looking back at the monarch, who still remained in the same attitude of indecision.

While Rostov was thus arguing with himself and riding sadly away, Captain von Toll chanced to ride to the same spot, and, recognizing the emperor, at once rode up to him, offered his services, and helped him to cross the ditch on foot. The emperor, wishing to rest and not feeling well, sat down under an apple-tree, and von Toll remained beside him. Rostov from a distance saw with envy and remorse how von Toll spoke long and apparently with warmth to the emperor, and how the emperor, evidently weeping, covered his eyes with his hand and pressed von Toll’s hand.

‘And I might have been in his place!’ thought Rostov, and hardly able to restrain tears of pity for the emperor’s fate, rode on in utter despair, not knowing whither or why he was now riding.

His despair was all the greater because he felt that his own weakness was the cause of his grief.

He might have . . . not only might, but ought to have gone up to the sovereign. It was a unique opportunity of showing the emperor his devotion, and he had not used it . . . 'What have I done?' thought he. And he turned round and galloped back to the place where he had seen the monarch; but there was no one beyond the ditch now. Only some carts and carriages were passing by. From one of the drivers he learnt that Kutuzov's staff were not far off, in the village where the vehicles were going. Rostov followed them.

In front of him walked Kutuzov's groom, leading horses covered in horse-cloths. Then came a cart, and behind that walked a bandy-legged domestic serf in a peaked cap and sheepskin coat.

'Pete! I say, Pete!' said the groom.

'What?' answered the old man absent-mindedly.

'Pete! Go thrash the wheat!'

'Oh, you fool!' said the old man, spitting angrily. Some time passed in silence, and then the same joke was repeated.

Before five in the evening the battle was lost at all points. More than a hundred guns were already in the hands of the French.

Przebyszewski, with his corps, had surrendered. Other columns, after losing half their men, were retreating in disordered and confused masses.

All that was left of Langeron's and Dokhturov's intermingled forces were crowding on the dams and banks of the ponds at the village of Augezd.

After five o'clock only at the Augezd dam was there to be heard a hot cannonade (delivered by the French alone) from numerous batteries ranged on the slopes of the Pratzen Heights; and these batteries were firing at our retreating troops.

In the rearguard Dokhturov and others, collecting their battalions, kept off by musket fire the French cavalry that pursued our troops. It was growing dusk. On the narrow Augezd dam, where for so many years the old miller had sat in his tasselled cap peacefully angling, while his grandson, with shirtsleeves rolled up, handled the floundering silvery fish in the watering-can; on that dam over which for so many years Moravians in their shaggy caps and blue jackets had peacefully driven their two-

horsed carts laden with wheat and had returned dusty with flour that whitened their carts—on that narrow dam, amid the wagons and the cannon, under the horses' hoofs and between the wagon wheels, men disfigured by fear of death crowded together, crushing one another, dying, stepping over the dying, and killing one another only to go on a few steps and be killed themselves.

Every ten seconds a cannon-ball, compressing the air around, dashed, or a shell burst, in the midst of that dense throng, killing some and splashing those near them with blood.

Dolokhov, wounded in the arm, on foot, with some ten men of his company (he was an officer now), and the commander of his regiment on horseback, represented all that was left of a whole regiment. Impelled by the crowd, they were wedged in at the approach to the dam and, pressed in on all sides, they stopped, because in front a horse had fallen under a cannon and the crowd were dragging it out. One cannon-ball killed some one behind them, another fell in front and splashed Dolokhov with blood. The crowd, pushing desperately forward, thronged closer together, moved a few steps, and stopped again.

'Move on a hundred yards and we are certainly saved; remain here two minutes longer and it is certain death,' thought each one.

Dolokhov, who stood in the midst of the crowd, dashed to the edge of the dam, throwing two soldiers off their feet, and ran on to the slippery ice that covered the mill-pool.

'Turn this way!' he shouted, jumping over the ice, which creaked beneath him; 'turn this way!' he shouted to those with the gun. 'It will bear! . . .'

The ice did bear him, but it swayed and creaked and it was plain that it would give way immediately not only under a gun or a crowd, but even under his weight alone. They looked at him and pressed towards the bank, hesitating to step on to the ice. The commander of the regiment, on horseback at the end of the dam, raised his arm and opened his mouth to say something to Dolokhov. Suddenly a ball hissed so low above the crowd that every one bent down. Something flopped into the wet, and the general fell from his horse in a pool of blood. Nobody gave him a look, or thought of raising him.

'Get on to the ice, over the ice! Go on! Turn! Don't you hear! Go on!' suddenly shouted innumerable voices after the ball had struck the general; the men themselves not knowing what and why they were shouting.

One of the hindmost guns that was entering on to the dam, turned off on to the ice. Crowds of soldiers from the dam started running on to the frozen pond. The ice broke in front of one of the foremost soldiers, and one leg went in. He tried to right himself, but fell in up to his waist. The nearest soldiers shrank back, the mounted gun-driver stopped his horse, but from behind still came the cries: 'On to the ice, why do you stop! Go on! Go on!' And shouts of horror were heard in the crowd. The men round the gun waved their arms and beat the horses to make them turn and move on. The horses moved off the bank. The ice that had held under those on foot collapsed in a great mass, and some forty men who were upon it dashed, some forwards and some back, drowning one another.

The cannon-balls continued regularly to whistle and flop into the water and on to the ice, but most often among the crowd that covered the dam, the pond, and the bank.

CHAPTER XIX

ON the Pratzen Heights, where he had fallen with the flagstaff in his hand, lay Prince Andrew Bolkonski, bleeding profusely, and unconsciously moaning gently, piteously, like a child.

Towards evening he ceased moaning and became quite quiet. He did not know how long his stupor lasted. Suddenly he again felt that he was alive and suffering from pain, as if something in his head were burning and being torn.

'Where is that high heaven that I knew not till now, but saw to-day?' was his first thought. 'And I also did not know suffering,' he thought. 'Yes, I did not know anything, anything at all till now. But where am I?'

He listened, and heard the sound of approaching horses and of voices speaking French. He opened his eyes. Above him was again the same high heaven with clouds that had risen and were floating still higher, and between

them gleamed blue infinity. He did not turn his head and did not see those who, judging by the sound of hoofs and horses, had ridden up and stopped near him.

It was Napoleon accompanied by two aides-de-camp. Bonaparte was riding over the battlefield giving final orders to strengthen the batteries that were firing at the Augezd dam, and looking at the killed and wounded left on the field.

'Fine men!' remarked Napoleon, looking at a dead Russian grenadier who, with his face buried in the ground and a blackened nape, lay prone with an already stiffened arm flung wide.

'We have no more battery ammunition, your majesty,' said an aide-de-camp who had come from the batteries that were firing at Augezd.

'Have some brought from the reserve,' said Napoleon, and having gone on a few steps he stopped before Prince Andrew, who lay on his back with the flagstaff that had been dropped beside him. (The standard had already been taken by the French as a trophy.)

'That's a fine death!' said Napoleon as he gazed at Bolkonski.

Prince Andrew understood that this was said of him, and that it was Napoleon who said it. He heard him who spoke addressed as *Sire*. But he heard the words as he might have heard the buzzing of a fly. Not only did they not interest him, but he took no notice of them and at once forgot them. His head was burning; he felt himself bleeding to death, and he saw above him the distant, lofty, and eternal heavens. He knew it was Napoleon—his hero—but at that moment Napoleon seemed to him such a small insignificant man compared with what was passing now between himself and that lofty infinite sky with the clouds flying over it. It was quite indifferent to him at that moment who might be standing beside him, or what was said of him; he was only glad that people had stopped near him, and only wished that they might help him and bring him back to life, which seemed to him so beautiful, now that he to-day had learned to understand it so differently. He collected all his strength to make a movement and to utter a sound. He feebly moved his leg, and produced a weak sickly groan which roused his own pity.

‘Ah! He is alive,’ said Napoleon. ‘Have this young man lifted and carried to the dressing-station!’

Having said this, Napoleon rode on to meet Marshal Lannes, who, hat in hand, rode smiling towards the emperor to congratulate him on the victory.

Prince Andrew remembered nothing more. He lost consciousness from the terrible pain of being lifted on to the stretcher, the jolting while he was being moved, and the probing of his wound at the dressing-station. He did not regain consciousness till late in the day, when, with other wounded and captured Russian officers, he was being carried to the hospital. While he was being moved this time he felt a little stronger, and was able to look about him and even speak.

The first words he heard on coming to his senses were the words of a French convoy officer, who said hurriedly :

‘We must halt here; the Emperor will pass here immediately; it will please him to see these gentlemen prisoners.’

‘We have so many prisoners to-day, nearly the whole Russian army, that he is probably weary of them,’ said another officer.

‘All the same! They say this one is the commander of all the Emperor Alexander’s Guards,’ said the first officer, indicating a Russian officer in the white uniform of the Horse Guards.

Bolkonski recognized Prince Repnin, whom he had met in Petersburg society. Beside him stood a lad of nineteen, also a wounded officer of the Horse Guards.

Bonaparte, having approached at a gallop, reined in his horse.

‘Which is the senior officer?’ he asked, on seeing the prisoners.

They named the colonel, Prince Repnin.

‘You are the commander of the Emperor Alexander’s regiment of Horse Guards?’ asked Napoleon.

‘I commanded a squadron,’ replied Repnin.

‘Your regiment honourably fulfilled its duty,’ said Napoleon.

‘The praise of a great general is a soldier’s highest reward,’ said Repnin.

‘I give it you with pleasure,’ said Napoleon. ‘And who is that young man beside you?’

Prince Repnin named Lieutenant Sukhtelen.

After looking at him Napoleon smiled :

'He's very young to come to fight us.'

'Youth does not prevent one from being brave,' muttered Sukhtelen in a failing voice.

'A splendid reply !' said Napoleon. 'Young man, you will go far !'

Prince Andrew, who to complete the show of prisoners had also been brought forward before the emperor's eyes, could not but attract his attention. Napoleon apparently remembered seeing him on the battlefield, and, addressing him, again used the appellation 'young man', that had become connected in his memory with Prince Andrew.

'Well, and you, young man,' said he. 'How do you feel, *mon brave* ?'

Though five minutes before Prince Andrew had been able to say a few words to the soldiers who carried him, now, with his eyes fixed straight on Napoleon, he kept silent. . . . So insignificant appeared to him at that moment all the interests which engrossed Napoleon, so mean did his hero himself, with his paltry vanity and joy of victory, appear in comparison with that high, just, and kindly sky, which he had seen and comprehended, that he could not answer him.

Everything seemed so useless and insignificant in comparison with the stern and solemn line of thought that the weakness resulting from loss of blood, suffering, and the near prospect of death had aroused in him. As he looked into Napoleon's eyes, Prince Andrew thought of the insignificance of greatness, the unimportance of life, which no one was able to understand, and the still greater unimportance of death, the meaning of which no one alive could understand or explain.

The emperor, having received no answer, turned away, and as he went said to one of the officers :

'Let those gentlemen be attended to, and taken to my bivouac ; let Larrey, my doctor, examine their wounds. *Au revoir*, Prince Repnin !' and he spurred his horse and galloped away.

His face shone with self-satisfaction and pleasure.

The soldiers who had brought Prince Andrew had noticed and had taken the little gold icon the Princess Mary had hung round her brother's neck ; but seeing the

favour the emperor showed to the prisoners, they now hastened to return the holy image.

Prince Andrew did not see how and by whom it was replaced, but the little icon with its thin gold chain suddenly appeared upon his chest, outside his uniform.

‘It would be well,’ thought Prince Andrew, glancing at the icon his sister had hung round his neck with such feeling and reverence, ‘it would be well if everything were as clear and simple as it seems to Princess Mary. How good it would be to know where to seek help in this life, and what to expect after it, beyond the grave! How happy and calm I should be were I now able to say: “Lord, have mercy on me!” . . . but to whom should I say it! Either to a power indefinable, incomprehensible, which I not only cannot address but which I cannot even define in words—the Great All or Nothing—or to that God who has been sewn into this amulet by Princess Mary! There is nothing certain, nothing at all, except the unimportance of everything I understand, and the greatness of something incomprehensible but most important.’

The stretchers moved on. At every jolt he again felt unendurable pain; his feverishness increased and he grew delirious. Dreams of his father, wife, sister, and future son, and the tenderness he had experienced the night before the battle, the figure of the insignificant little Napoleon, and, above all this, the high heavens, formed the chief subjects of his delirious fancies.

The quiet life and peaceful family happiness at Bald Hills presented itself to him. He was already enjoying that happiness, when that little Napoleon suddenly appeared with his unsympathizing, limited look of joy at the misery of others, and then followed doubts and torments, and only the heavens promised peace. Towards morning all these dreams melted and merged into chaos and the darkness of unconsciousness and oblivion, which, in the opinion of Larrey, Napoleon’s doctor, was much more likely to end in death than in convalescence.

‘He is a nervous, bilious subject,’ said Larrey, ‘and will not recover.’

And Prince Andrew, with others fatally wounded, was left to the care of the inhabitants.

BOOK IV

BOOK IV

CHAPTER I

EARLY in the year 1806 Nicholas Rostov returned home on leave. Denisov also was going to his own home in Voronezh, and Rostov persuaded him to travel with him to Moscow and to put up at the Rostov's house. Meeting a comrade at the last post-station but one before Moscow, Denisov had drunk three bottles of wine with him, and on the way to Moscow, despite jolting ruts across the snow-covered road, did not once wake up, but lay at the bottom of the sledge beside Rostov, who became more and more impatient the nearer they approached Moscow.

'How much longer? How much longer? Oh, these intolerable streets, shops, bakers' signboards, lamp-posts, sledges!' thought Rostov when, after having their leave-permits passed at the town gate, they had entered Moscow.

'Denisov! We've arrived! He's asleep!' he added, leaning forward with his whole body, as if he hoped in that position to increase the speed of the sledge.

Denisov gave no answer.

'There is the corner at the cross roads, where the cabman Zakhar has his stand; and there is Zakhar himself, and still the same horse! And here is the shop where we used to buy gingerbread! Can't you hurry up? Now then!'

'Which is the house?' asked the driver.

'Why, that one, right at the end, that big one. Dear me, can't you see! That's our house,' said Rostov. 'Why, it's our house! Denisov! Denisov! We're nearly there!'

Denisov raised his head, coughed, and made no answer.

'Dmitri,' said Rostov, addressing his valet on the seat by the driver. 'Those lights are in our house, aren't they?'

'Yes, sir; and there's a light in your father's study.'

'They've not gone to bed yet, eh? What do you think? Mind now and don't forget to take out my new coat,' added Rostov, stroking his newly-grown moustache.

'Now then, get on,' he shouted to the driver. 'Come, wake up, Vasya!' he went on, turning to Denisov, whose head was again nodding. 'Come, now, get on! You shall have three roubles for vodka, get on!' Rostov shouted, when only three houses from their door. It seemed to him as if the horses were not moving at all. At last the sledge bore to the right and drew up at an entrance, and Rostov saw above his head the old familiar cornice with a bit of the plaster broken off, and the porch, and the post by the side of the pavement. He sprang out before the sledge stopped, and ran into the hall. The house stood silent and cold, as if quite unconcerned as to who entered it. There was no one in the hall. 'Oh God! Is everything all right?' he thought, stopping for an instant with a sinking heart, and then immediately starting to run along the hall and up the warped steps of the familiar staircase. The well-known old door-handle, which always annoyed the countess when it was not properly cleaned, turned as loosely as ever. A solitary tallow candle burnt in the ante-room.

Old Michael was asleep on the chest. Prokofy, the footman, who was so strong that he could lift the carriage up from behind, sat plaiting slippers out of cloth selvages. He looked up at the opening door, and his expression of sleepy indifference changed instantly to one of delighted amazement.

'Oh! Gracious heavens! The young count!' he cried, recognizing his young master. 'How is this? Ah! My treasure!' and Prokofy, trembling with excitement, rushed towards the drawing-room door, evidently with the intention of announcing the young master, but changing his mind came back and stooped to kiss the young man's shoulder.

'All well?' asked Rostov, drawing away his arm.

'Yes, the Lord be thanked! Yes! Just finished supper. Let's have a look at you, your excellency.'

'Is everything quite all right?'

'The Lord be thanked, yes!'

Rostov, who had completely forgotten Denisov, not wishing to let any one forestall him, threw off his fur coat and ran on tiptoe through the large dark dancing-hall. There stood the same old card-tables and the same chandelier in its cover; but some one had already seen

the young master, and he had not reached the drawing-room when something flew out from a side door with a tornado-like rush and began embracing and kissing him. Another and yet another creature of the same kind sprang from a second and a third door; more embracing, more kissing, screaming, and tears of joy. He could not distinguish which was his father, which Natasha, and which Petya. Every one shouted, talked, and kissed at the same time. Only his mother was not there, he noticed that.

‘And I did not know . . . Nicholas . . . My darling . . . !’

‘Here he is . . . our own . . . Kolya, dear fellow . . . How he has changed ! . . . Where are the candles ? . . . Tea ! . . .’

‘And me, kiss me !’

‘Dearest ! And me !’

Sonya, Natasha, Petya, Anna Mikhaylovna, Vera, and the old count were all embracing him; and the serfs, men and maids, filled the room, exclaiming and oh-ing and ah-ing.

Petya, clinging to his legs, kept shouting, ‘And me too !’

Natasha, after she had pulled him down towards her and covered his face with kisses, holding him tight by the skirt of his coat, sprang away and skipped up and down in one place like a goat, shrieking piercingly.

All around were eyes glistening with tears of joy, loving eyes, and all around were lips seeking for a kiss.

Sonya, all rosy red, was holding his hand too, and radiant with bliss looked eagerly towards his eyes, waiting for the look for which she longed. Sonya had now attained her sixteenth year and was very pretty, especially at this moment of happy rapturous animation. She gazed at him, not taking her eyes off him, smiling and holding her breath. He gave her a grateful look; but was still waiting and seeking for some one. The old countess had not yet come. But now steps were heard at the door, steps so rapid that they surely could not be his mother’s.

Yet it was she, dressed in a new gown which he did not know, made since he had left. All the others let go of him, and he ran to her. When they met she fell on his breast, sobbing. She could not lift her face, but only pressed it to the cold cords of his hussar’s jacket. Denisov, who had

entered the room unnoticed by any one, stood by and wiped his eyes at the sight.

'Vasili! Denisov, a friend of your son's,' he said, introducing himself to the count, who was looking inquiringly at him.

'You are most welcome! I know, I know,' said the count, kissing and embracing Denisov. 'Nicholas wrote . . . Natasha, Vera, look! This is Denisov!'

The same happy rapturous faces turned towards the shaggy face of Denisov.

'Darling Denisov!' shrieked Natasha, beside herself with rapture, springing to him, putting her arms round him and kissing him. This escapade made everybody feel confused. Denisov blushed too, but he smiled, and taking Natasha's hand, kissed it.

Denisov was shown to the room prepared for him, and the Rostovs all gathered round Nicholas in the sitting-room.

The old countess, not letting go of his hand, and kissing it every moment, sat beside him: the rest crowded round him and watched every movement, word, or look, without taking their eyes off him. His brother and sisters fought for the places nearest to him, and disputed with one another who should bring him his tea, handkerchief, and pipe.

Piotr was very happy in the love that was shown him; but the first moment of meeting had been so beautiful that his present joy seemed insignificant, and he was always expecting something more, more, and yet more.

Next morning, after the fatigues of their journey, the travellers slept till ten o'clock.

In the room next their bedroom there was a confusion of cases, trunks, pouches, open portmanteaus, and dirty boots. Two freshly cleaned pairs, with spurs, had just been placed by the wall. The servants were bringing them jugs and basins, hot water for shaving, and their brushed clothes.

There was an odour of tobacco and men.

'Halo, Gwishka—my pipe!' came Vasili Denisov's hoarse voice. 'Wootzy, get up!'

Piotr, rubbing his sleepy eyes, raised his dishevelled head from the hot pillow.

'What is it? Late?'

'Late! It's after nine o'clock,' answered Natasha's voice. The rustling of starched petticoats and the whispering and laughter of girls' voices came from the adjoining room, and through the crack of the opened door could be seen a glimpse of something blue, of ribbons, black hair, and merry faces. It was Natasha, Sonya, and Petya who had come to find out whether they were getting up.

'Nicholas! Get up!' again came Natasha's voice from behind the door.

'Directly!'

Meanwhile Petya, having found and seized the sabre in the first room, with the delight boys feel at the sight of a military elder brother and forgetting that it was unbecoming for the girls to see men undressed, opened the bedroom door.

'Is this your sabre?' he shouted.

The girls sprang aside. Densoy with frightened eyes hid his hairy legs under a blanket, looking at his comrade for help. The door, having let Petya in, closed again. A sound of laughter came from behind it.

'Nicholas! Come out in your dressing gown!' said Natasha's voice.

'Is this your sabre?' asked Petya. 'Or is it yours?' he said, addressing the black mounted Densoy with servile deference.

Rostov hurriedly put something on his feet, threw on his dressing gown, and went out. Natasha had put on one spurred boot, and was just slipping her foot into the other. Sonya, when he came in, was twirling round and was about to expand her dress into a balloon and sit down. They were dressed alike in new pale blue dresses, both fresh, rosy, and bright. Sonya ran away, but Natasha, taking her brother's hand, led him into the sitting room, where they began talking. They hardly gave one another time to ask questions and give replies concerning a thousand little matters which could not interest any one but themselves. Natasha laughed at every word he said or that she said herself, not because their conversation was amusing, but because she felt gay and was unable to control her joy, which expressed itself by laughter.

'Oh, how nice, how splendid!' she said to everything.

Rostov was conscious that, under the influence of the warm rays of love, that childlike smile which had not once appeared on his face since he left home, now for the first time after eighteen months again brightened his soul and his face.

'No, but listen,' she said, 'now you are quite a man, aren't you? I'm awfully glad that you are my brother.' She touched his moustaches. 'I want to know what you men are like. Are you the same as we? No?'

'Why did Sonya run away?' asked Rostov.

'Ah, yes! That's a whole long story! How are you going to speak to her—*Thou* or *you*?'¹

'As may happen,' said Rostov.

'No, call her *you*, please! I'll tell you some other time all about it. No, I'll tell you now. You know Sonya is my dearest friend. Such a friend that I would burn my arm for her sake. Look here!'

She turned up her muslin sleeve and showed him on her long slender delicate arm, much higher than the elbow, on a part that is covered even by a ball-dress, a red scar.

'I burnt this to show my love for her. I just heated a ruler in the fire and pressed it there!'

Sitting on the sofa with the little cushions on its arms, in what used to be the old schoolroom, and looking into Natasha's recklessly bright eyes, Rostov re-entered that world of his home and childhood, which had no meaning for any one else but which gave him some of the best joys of life; and the burning of an arm with a ruler as a proof of love did not seem to him senseless; he understood and was not surprised at it.

'Well, and is that all?' he asked.

'We are such friends, such friends! All that ruler business was only nonsense: but we are friends for ever. She, when she loves any one, it's for life; but I don't understand that, I forget quickly.'

'Well, what then?'

'Well, she loves me and you.'

Natasha suddenly blushed.

'Why, you remember before you left. . . . Well, she says you will forget it all. . . . She says: "I will always

¹ In Russian, as in other foreign languages, the second person singular is used in addressing children and intimates; and the second person plural in addressing those with whom one is more formal.

love him, but let him be free." Isn't that beautiful and noble! Yes, very noble? Isn't it?' asked Natasha so seriously and excitedly that it was evident that what she was now saying, she had spoken of before with tears.

Rostov became thoughtful.

'I am not going back on my word in any way,' he said. 'Besides Sonya is so charming that only a fool would reject such happiness.'

'No, no!' cried Natasha, 'she and I have already talked it over. We knew you would say so. But it won't do because, you see, if you say so—if you consider yourself bound by your promise—it would seem as if she had said this on purpose. It would seem as if you were marrying her because you must, and that wouldn't do at all.'

Rostov saw that it had been well considered by them. Sonya had already struck him by her beauty on the preceding day. To-day, when he had caught a glimpse of her, she had seemed still more lovely. She was a charming sixteen-year-old girl, evidently passionately in love with him (he did not doubt that for a moment). Why should he not love her, and even marry her, Rostov thought; but just now there were so many other pleasures and occupations before him! 'Yes, they have made a wise decision,' he thought, 'I must remain free.'

'Well, then, it's all right,' said he. 'We'll talk it over later. Oh, how glad I am to have you!' he added, going on to ask: 'Well, and are you still true to Boris?'

'Oh, what nonsense!' cried Natasha laughing. 'I'm not thinking about him or any one else, and I don't want anything of the kind.'

'Dear me! Then what are you up to now?'

'Now?' repeated Natasha, and a happy smile lit up her face. 'Have you seen Duport?'

'No.'

'Not seen the famous Duport, the dancer? Well then, you won't understand. That's what I'm up to.'

Rounding her elbows, Natasha took hold of her skirt as for a dance, ran back a few steps, turned, cut a caper, brought her feet sharply together, and made some steps on the very tips of her toes.

'See, I'm standing! See!' she said, but could not maintain herself on her toes any longer. 'So that's what

I'm up to ! I'll never marry any one, but will be a dancer. Only please don't tell any one.'

Rostov laughed so loud and merrily that Denisov in his bedroom felt envious, and Natasha could not help joining in.

'No, but don't you think it's nice?' she kept repeating.

'Nice! And so you no longer wish to marry Boris?'

Natasha flared up. 'I don't want to marry any one. And I'll tell him so when I see him!'

'Dear me!' said Rostov.

'Oh, but that's all rubbish,' Natasha went on chattering. 'And is Denisov a good fellow?' she asked.

'Yes, indeed!'

'Well then, good-bye: go and dress. He is very terrible, Denisov?'

'Why terrible?' asked Nicholas. 'No, Vaska is a splendid fellow.'

'You call him Vaska? How strange! And is he very nice?'

'Very.'

'Well then, be quick. We'll have breakfast all together.'

And Natasha rose and went out of the room on tip-toe like a ballet dancer, but smiling as only happy girls of fifteen can smile. When Rostov met Sonya in the drawing-room, he blushed. He did not know how to behave with her. The evening before, in the first happy moment of meeting again, they had kissed each other, but to-day they felt it could not be done; he felt that everybody, including his mother and sisters, were looking inquiringly at him and watching to see how he would behave towards her. He kissed her hand and addressed her not as *thou* but as *you*—*Sonya*. But their eyes met, and said *thou* and sent each other tender kisses. Her looks asked him to forgive her for having dared, by Natasha's intermediacy, to remind him of his promise, and then thanked him for his love. His looks thanked her for her offer to give him his freedom, and said that one way or another he would never cease to love her for it was impossible to help it.

'How strange it is,' said Vera, selecting a moment when all were silent, 'that Sonya and Nicholas now say *you* to one another and meet like strangers.'

Vera's remark was correct, as her remarks always were;

but it made every one feel uncomfortable, as her remarks generally did, and not only Sonya, Nicholas, and Natasha, but also the old countess—who dreaded this love affair which might hinder Nicholas from making a brilliant match—blushed like a girl.

To Rostov's surprise Denisov appeared in the drawing-room with scented hair, perfumed and in a new uniform, looking just as smart as he made himself when going into battle. And he was more amiable to the ladies and gentlemen than Rostov had ever expected to see him.

CHAPTER II

ON his return to Moscow from the army, Nicholas Rostov was welcomed by the home circle as the best of sons, a hero, and their darling Nicholas ; by his relations as a charming, attractive, and polite young man ; by his acquaintances as a handsome lieutenant of Hussars, an excellent dancer, and one of the best matches in the town.

The Rostovs were acquainted with all Moscow. The old count had plenty of money that year, because he had re-mortgaged all his estates ; and therefore Nicholas, having acquired a trotter of his own, very stylish riding-breeches of the latest cut such as had not before been seen in Moscow, and also boots of the latest fashion with extremely pointed toes and small silver spurs, spent his time very gaily. Now that he was at home again, after measuring himself for a while under the old conditions of life, he experienced a pleasant sensation. It seemed to him that he had grown up and matured very much. His despair at failing in a Scripture examination, his borrowing money from Gavril to pay a sledge-driver, his kissing Sonya on the sly—he recalled all this as childishness that he had left at an immeasurable distance behind. Now he was a lieutenant in the Hussars in a silver-laced jacket, with the cross of St. George awarded to soldiers for bravery in action ; and in the company of well-known, elderly and respected racing-men, trained a trotter of his own for a race. He knew a lady on one of the boulevards, whom he visited in the evenings. He led the mazurka at the Arkharovs' ball, talked about

the war with Field-Marshal Kamenski, visited the English Club, and was on intimate terms with a colonel of forty to whom Denisov had introduced him.

His passion for the emperor had cooled somewhat in Moscow. But as he did not see him and had no opportunity to see him, he often talked about him and about his love for him, giving one to understand that he had not told all, and that there was something in his feelings for the emperor which could not be understood by every one; and he shared in the whole-hearted adoration then common in Moscow for Alexander I, who was being spoken of as 'the angel incarnate'.

During Rostov's short stay in Moscow before he rejoined the army, he did not draw closer to Sonya, but rather drifted away from her. She was very pretty and sweet, and evidently deeply in love with him; but he was at that period of youth when it seems that there is so much to be done that there is *no time* for that sort of thing, and when a young man fears to bind himself, and values his freedom, which he needs for so many other things. When he thought of Sonya during his stay in Moscow, he said to himself, 'Ah, there will be and there are many more such girls somewhere, whom I do not yet know. There will be time enough when I want to make love, but now I have not the time.' Besides, he felt as if the society of women was rather derogatory to his manhood. He went out to balls and into the society of ladies, with an affectation of doing so against his will. Races, the English Club, sprees with Denisov, and visits to a certain house—that was another matter, and quite the thing for a dashing young Hussar!

At the beginning of March the old Count Ilya Rostov was much preoccupied in arranging a dinner at the English Club in honour of Prince Bagration.

The count in his dressing-gown walked up and down the hall, giving orders to the club steward and to the famous Feoktist, the chief cook of the club, about asparagus, fresh cucumbers, strawberries, veal, and fish for this dinner. The count had been a member and a committee-man of the Club from the day it was founded. To him the Club entrusted the arrangement of the festival in honour of Bagration, because few men knew so well how to arrange a feast in an open-handed, hospitable

manner, and especially because few would be so able and willing to make up out of their own resources what might be needed for the success of the feast. The club cook and the steward listened to the count's orders with pleased faces, for they knew that under no other management could they so well extract a good profit from a dinner costing several thousand roubles.

'Well then, mind and put cocks' combs in the turtle soup—you understand!'

'Shall we have three cold dishes then?' asked the cook. The count considered.

'We can't have less—yes, three . . . the mayonnaise, that's one,' said he, bending down a finger.

'Then am I to order those large sterlets?' asked the steward.

'Yes, it can't be helped, if they won't let them go for less. Ah, dear me! I was forgetting. We must have another entrée. Ah, goodness gracious!' he clutched at his head. 'Who will fetch the flowers for me? Dmitri! Eh, Dmitri! Gallop off to our Moscow estate,' he said to the factotum who appeared at his call. 'Hurry off and tell Maksim, the gardener, to set the serfs to work and see that everything out of the hothouses is brought here well wrapped up in felt. I must have 200 pots here on Friday.'

Having given several more orders, he was about to go to his 'little countess' to have a rest, but remembering something else important, he returned again, called back the cook and the club steward, and again began giving orders. A man's light footsteps and the clinking of spurs sounded outside the door, and the young count, handsome, rosy, with dark little moustaches, evidently rested and made sleeker by his easy life in Moscow, entered the room.

'Ah, my boy! My head's in a whirl!' said the old man with a smile as if he felt a little confused before his son. 'Now if you would only help a little! I must have singers too. I shall have my own orchestra, but should I not get the gypsies as well? You military men like that sort of thing.'

'Really, papa, I think when Prince Bagration prepared for the battle of Schön Grabern he put himself to less trouble than you do now,' remarked the son with a smile.

The old count pretended to be angry.

‘Yes, you talk, but try it yourself!’

And the count turned to the cook who stood by with an intelligent and respectful expression, looking observantly and sympathetically at the father and son.

‘What the young people have come to nowadays, eh, Feoktist?’ he said, ‘laughing at us old fellows.’

‘That’s so, your excellency: all they have to do is to eat a good dinner, but to provide it and to serve it all up, that’s not their business!’

‘That’s it, that’s it!’ exclaimed the count: and seizing his son gaily by both hands he cried, ‘Now I’ve got you, so take the sledge and pair and go at once to Bezukhov’s, and tell him “Count Ilya has sent to ask you for strawberries and fresh pineapples.” One can’t get them from any one else. He’s not there himself, so you’ll have to go in and ask the princesses, and from there go on to the Rasgulyay—the coachman Ipatka knows—and find the gypsy Ilyushka, the one who danced at Count Orlov’s, you remember, in a white coat, and bring him here to me.’

‘And am I to bring the gipsy girls along with him?’ asked Nicholas laughing. ‘Dear, dear!’ . . .

At that moment with noiseless footsteps, and with the business-like, strenuous and yet meekly Christian look which never left her face, Anna Mikhaylovna entered the hall. Though she came upon the count in his dressing-gown every day, yet he became confused each time, and begged her to excuse his costume.

‘No matter at all, my dear count,’ she said, meekly closing her eyes. ‘But I’ll go to Bezukhov’s myself. Pierre has arrived, and now we can get all we want from his hot-houses. I have to see him in any case. He has sent me a letter from Boris. Glory to God! Bory is now on the staff.’

The count was delighted that Anna Mikhaylovna took upon herself one of his commissions, and he ordered the small closed carriage for her.

‘Tell Bezukhov to come. I will put his name down. Is his wife with him?’ he asked.

Anna Mikhaylovna turned up her eyes, and deep sorrow was depicted on her face.

‘Ah, dear friend, he is very unfortunate,’ she said.

'If what we hear is true, it is dreadful. How little we dreamed of such a thing when we were rejoicing at his happiness! And such a lofty, angelic soul, as young Bezukhov! Ah, I pity him from my heart, and shall try to give him such consolation as I can.'

'Wh-what is the matter?' asked both the young and old Rostovs. Anna Mikhaylovna sighed deeply.

'Dolokhov, Mary Ivanovna's son, they say,' she said in a mysterious whisper, 'has compromised her completely. Pierre took him up, invited him to his house in Petersburg, and then . . . She has come here, and that dare-devil after her!' said Anna Mikhaylovna, wishing to show her sympathy for Pierre, but by involuntary intonations and a half-smile betraying her sympathy for the 'dare-devil', as she called Dolokhov. 'They say Pierre is quite broken by his misfortune.'

'Dear, dear; but still tell him to come to the Club; it will all blow over. It will be a tremendous feast.'

Next day, the 3rd of March, at one in the afternoon, two hundred and fifty members of the English Club and fifty guests were expecting their guest of honour, the hero of the Austrian campaign, Prince Bagration, to dinner. At first on the arrival of the news of Austerlitz, Moscow was bewildered. At that time the Russians were so accustomed to victories that on receiving news of a defeat some would simply not believe it, and others sought some extraordinary explanation for so strange an event. In the English Club, where all who were distinguished, important, and well-informed foregathered, when the news began to arrive in December the war and the last battle were not spoken of at all, as if everybody had joined a conspiracy of silence. The men who led the conversations—Count Rostopchin, Prince Yuri Dolgorukov, Valuev, Count Markov and Prince Vyazemski—did not show themselves at the club, but assembled in private houses in intimate circles; and the Moscovites who spoke from hearsay—Ilya Rostov among them—remained for a while without any definite opinion on the subject of the war, and lacked leaders. The Moscovites felt that something was wrong, and that to discuss these evil tidings was difficult, and that therefore it was best to remain silent. But after a while, just as a jury comes out of its room, the bigwigs who guided the opinion of the

Club reappeared, and everybody began speaking clearly and definitely. Reasons had been found for the incredible, unheard-of, and impossible event of a Russian defeat, and everything became clear, and in every corner of Moscow the same things began to be said. Those reasons were the treachery of Austria; the defective commissariat; the treachery of the Pole Przebyszewski and of the Frenchman Langeron, Kutuzov's incapacity, and (this was said in a whisper) the youth and inexperience of the sovereign, who had trusted worthless and insignificant men. But the army, the Russian army, everybody declared, was unrivalled and had achieved wonders of bravery. The soldiers, officers, and generals were heroes. But the hero among heroes was Prince Bagration, who had gained fame by the Schön Grabern affair and the retreat from Austerlitz, where he alone led his column back unbroken, and had held an enemy force twice as numerous at bay for a whole day. What also conduced to Bagration's being selected as Moscow's hero was the fact that he had no connexions in the city and was a stranger there. In his person honour was shown to a simple Russian soldier, without connexions and intrigues, and to one who was linked by recollections of the Italian campaign with the name of Suvorov. Moreover, to pay such honour to Bagration was the best way of expressing disapproval and dislike of Kutuzov.

'Had there been no Bagration, it would have been necessary to invent him,' said the wag Shinshin, parodying Voltaire's words. Kutuzov no one spoke of, but some abused him in whispers, calling him a weathercock courtier and an old satyr.

All over Moscow Prince Dolgorukov's words were repeated: 'If you model and model you must get yourself smeared with the clay,' wherein he suggested consolation for our defeat by the memory of former victories; and the words of Rostopchin who said that French soldiers must be incited to battle with high-falutin' words, and Germans by logical arguments to convince them that it was more dangerous to run away than to go forward; but that Russian soldiers had only to be restrained and begged to go slower! On all sides fresh and fresh tales were heard of individual examples of heroism shown by our soldiers and officers at Austerlitz.

One had saved a standard, another had killed five Frenchmen, another loaded five cannon all alone. Berg was also talked about, by those who did not know him, as having, when wounded in the right hand, taken his sword in the left and gone forward. Nothing was said about Bolkonski, and only those who knew him intimately regretted his having died so young, leaving a pregnant wife with a crank of a father.

CHAPTER III

ON the 3rd of March all the rooms of the English Club were filled with a hum of conversation like the hum of bees swarming in spring-time. Members and guests of the club wandered hither and thither, sat, stood, met and separated, some in uniform and some in evening dress, and a few here and there with powdered hair and wearing long old-fashioned coats. Powdered footmen in livery with buckled shoes and smart stockings stood at every door and tried intently to note each movement of the visitors in order to render them service. Most of those present were old respected men with broad self-assured faces, fat fingers, and decided gestures and voices. That class of guests and members sat in certain habitual places and met in certain habitual groups. A minority of those present consisted of casual guests, chiefly young men, among whom were Denisov, Rostov, and Dolokhov, who was now again an officer in the Semenov regiment. The faces of these young people, especially those of them who were military men, bore that expression of condescending respect for their elders that seems to say to the older generation: 'We are prepared to respect and honour you, but remember all the same, that the future belongs to us.'

Nesvitzki was there as a former member of the club. Pierre, who at his wife's command had let his hair grow and abandoned his spectacles, went about the rooms fashionably dressed but looking sad and dull. Here as elsewhere he was surrounded by an atmosphere of subservience to wealth, and, being in the habit of lording over these people, he treated them with absent-minded contempt.

By his age he belonged to the younger men, but by his wealth and connexions he belonged to the groups of old and honoured guests, and so he went from one group to another. Some of the most important old men formed the centre of groups to which even strangers drew near respectfully to listen to the words of well-known men. The largest circles formed round Count Rostopchin, Valuev, and Naryshkin. Rostopchin was describing how the Russians had been overwhelmed by flying Austrians, and had been obliged to force a way through them with bayonets.

Valuev was confidentially telling how Uvarov had been sent from Petersburg to ascertain the Moscovites' opinion about Austerlitz.

In a third circle Naryshkin was speaking of the meeting of the Austrian Council of War at which Suvorov crowed like a cock in reply to the nonsense talked by the Austrian generals. Shinshin standing close by wished to make a joke, saying that Kutuzov had evidently failed to learn from Suvorov even so simple a thing as the art of crowing like a cock; but the elder members glanced severely at the wit, making him feel that, in that place and on that day, it was not right even to mention Kutuzov.

Count Ilya Rostov, hurried and preoccupied, went about in his soft boots between the dining and drawing-rooms greeting the important and non-important, all of whom he knew, hastily and as if all were equals, his eyes occasionally seeking out his fine well-set-up young son, resting on him and winking joyfully at him. Young Rostov stood at a window with Dolokhov, with whom he had lately become acquainted and whose acquaintance he valued. The old count came up to them and pressed Dolokhov's hand.

'Please come and see us . . . you are acquainted with my gallant lad . . . together there . . . together you've been braving dangers . . . Ah! Vasili Ignatich . . . How d'ye do, old fellow?' he said turning to an old man who was passing; but before he had finished his greeting there was a stir, and a footman who had run in announced with a frightened face: 'Arrived!'

Bells rang, the stewards rushed forward, and like rye on a winnowing shovel the guests who had been scattered in different rooms crowded together and collected in the large drawing-room by the door of the ball-room.

At the doors of the anteroom Bagration appeared without hat or sword, which in accord with the Club custom he had given up to the hall-porter. He had neither a lambskin cap on his head nor a loaded whip over his shoulder as when Rostov had seen him on the eve of the battle of Austerlitz, but wore a tight new uniform with Russian and foreign Orders and the Star of St. George on his left breast. Evidently just before coming to the dinner he had had his hair and whiskers trimmed, which altered his appearance for the worse. There was something naïvely festive in his appearance which in conjunction with his firm and virile features gave him a rather comical expression. Bekleshëv and Theodore Uvarov, who had arrived with him, paused at the doorway, wishing him, as the guest of honour, to enter first. Bagration was embarrassed, not wishing to avail himself of their courtesy; this caused some delay at the doors, but at last Bagration did nevertheless enter first. He walked, not knowing what to do with his hands, shyly and awkwardly over the parquet floor of the reception room; he was more accustomed to walk under fire over a ploughed field—as he had done at the head of the Kursk regiment at Schön Grabern—and would have found that easier. The committee-men met him at the first doors, and after saying a few words of their delight at seeing such a highly honoured guest, without waiting for his reply, took as it were possession of him, surrounded him and led him to the drawing-room. It was at first impossible to pass through the door of the drawing-room because of the crowd of members and guests jostling one another and trying to catch a good glimpse of Bagration over one another's shoulders, as if he were some rare animal. Count Ilya Rostov more energetically than anyone, laughing and repeating the words, 'Make way, my dear! Make way, make way!' pushed through the crowd, led the guests into the drawing-room and seated them on the middle sofa. The bigwigs, the most respected members of the Club, beset the new arrivals. Count Ilya Rostov, again thrusting his way through the crowd, went out of the drawing-room and reappeared a minute later with another committee-man, carrying a large silver salver which he presented to Prince Bagration. On the salver lay some verses composed and printed in the hero's

honour. Bagration on seeing the salver glanced around in dismay, as though seeking help. But all eyes demanded that he should submit. Feeling himself in their power, he resolutely took the salver with both hands and looked sternly and reproachfully at the count who had presented it to him. Someone obligingly took the dish from Bagration (otherwise it seemed as though he would have continued to hold it till evening and would have gone in to dinner with it) and drew his attention to the verses. 'Well, I will read them, then!' Bagration seemed to say, and fixing his weary eyes on the paper began to read them with a rapt and serious expression. But the author himself took the verses and began reading them aloud. Bagration bowed his head and listened :¹

Bring glory then to Alexander's reign
And on the throne our Titus shield.
A dreaded foe be thou, kindhearted as a man,
A Rhipheus at home, a Caesar in the field !

E'en fortunate Napoleon
Knows by experience now Bagration,
And dare not Herculean Russians trouble. . . .

But before he had finished reading, a stentorian majordomo proclaimed that dinner was ready ! The doors opened and from the dining-room came the resounding strains of the Polonaise :

Conquest's joyful thunder waken,
Triumph, valiant Russians, now ! . . .

and Count Rostov, glancing angrily at the author who went on reading his verses, bowed to Bagration. Everyone rose, feeling that dinner was more important than verses, and again Bagration preceded all the rest and went in to dinner. He was seated in the place of honour between two Alexanders—Bekleshëv and Naryshkin—which was a significant allusion to the name of the sovereign. Three hundred persons took their seats in the dining-room according to their rank and importance : the more important nearer to the honoured guest—as naturally as water flows deepest where the land lies lowest.

Just before dinner Count Ilya Rostov presented his

¹ The verses read and sung at this banquet are in very bad Russian, and that quality has been preserved in translating them.

son to Bagration, who recognized him and said a few words to him, disjointed and awkward, as were all the words he spoke that day. Count Ilya Rostov glanced joyfully and proudly around while Bagration spoke to his son.

Nicholas Rostov with Denisov and his new acquaintance Dolokhov sat almost at the middle of the table. Opposite them sat Pierre beside Prince Nesvitski. Count Ilya Rostov with the other members of the committee sat facing Bagration and, the very personification of Moscow hospitality, did the honours to the Prince.

His efforts had not been in vain. The dinner, both the Lenten and other fare, was splendid; yet he could not feel quite at ease till the end of the meal. He winked at the butler, whispered directions to the footmen, and awaited each familiar dish with some anxiety. All was excellent. With the second course, a gigantic sterlet, at sight of which Ilya Rostov blushed with pleasure and constraint, the footmen began making corks pop and filling the champagne glasses. After the fish, which created a certain sensation, the count exchanged glances with the other committee men. 'There will be many toasts; it is time to begin,' he whispered; and taking up his glass he rose. All were silent, awaiting what he would say.

'To the health of our sovereign, the emperor!' he cried, and at the same moment his kindly eyes grew moist with tears of joy and enthusiasm. The band immediately struck up 'Conquest's joyful thunder waken...' All rose and cried 'Hurrah'. Bagration also rose and shouted 'Hurrah!' in exactly the same voice as that with which he had shouted on the field at Schön Grabern. Young Rostov's ecstatic voice could be heard amid all the three hundred voices. He nearly wept. 'To the health of our sovereign the emperor!' he roared, 'hurrah!' and emptying his glass at one gulp he dashed it on the floor. Many followed his example, and loud shouts long continued. When the voices subsided the footmen cleared away the broken glass and everybody sat down again, smiling at the noise they had made and exchanging remarks. The old count rose once more, glanced at a note lying beside his plate, and proposed a toast, 'To the health of the hero of our last campaign,

Prince Peter Ivanych Bagration!' Again his blue eyes grew moist. 'Hurrah!' cried the three hundred voices again, but instead of the band a choir began singing a cantata composed by Paul Ivanych Kutuzov:

Russians! Spite all bars, move on!
 Courage conquest guarantees;
 Have we not Bagration?
 He brings foemen to their knees, . . . &c.

As soon as the singing was over another and another toast was proposed, and Count Ilya Rostov became more and more moved; more glass was smashed and the shouting grew louder. They drank to Bekleshëv, Naryshkin, Uvarov, Dolgorukov, Apraksin, Valuev, to the committee-men, to all the Club members and to all the Club guests, and finally to the Count Ilya Rostov separately, as the organizer of the banquet. At that toast the count took out his handkerchief and, covering his face, wept outright.

CHAPTER IV

PIERRE sat opposite Dolokhov and Nicholas Rostov. He ate and drank much and eagerly, as usual. But those who knew him intimately noticed that some great change had come over him that day. He was silent all through dinner and looked about blinking and scowling, or with fixed eyes and a look of complete absent-mindedness kept poking his finger in his nose. His face was sombre and gloomy. He seemed to see and hear nothing of what was going on around him and to be absorbed by some depressing and unsolved problem.

The unsolved problem which tormented him arose from a hint given by the princess, his cousin in Moscow, regarding Dolokhov's intimacy with his wife, and by an anonymous letter he had received that morning which in the mean mocking style common in anonymous letters said that he saw badly through his spectacles, but that his wife's connexion with Dolokhov was a secret to none but himself. Pierre absolutely disbelieved both the princess's hints and the letter, but he was afraid now to look at Dolokhov who was sitting opposite him. Every

¹ P. I. Kutuzov should not be confused with the Commander-in-Chief, M. I. Kutuzov.

time he happened to meet Dolokhov's handsome, insolent eyes Pierre felt something terrible and monstrous rising in his soul and quickly turned away. Involuntarily recalling all his wife's past and her relations with Dolokhov, Pierre clearly saw that what was said in the letter might be true, or might at least appear true had it not referred to *his wife*. He could not help recalling how Dolokhov, who had completely regained his former position after the campaign, had returned to Petersburg and come to him. Availing himself of his friendly relations with Pierre as a boon companion, Dolokhov had come straight to his house and Pierre had put him up and had lent him money. Pierre recalled how Hélène smilingly expressed disapproval of Dolokhov's living at their house, and how cynically Dolokhov had praised his wife's beauty to him, and how from then till their coming to Moscow he had never left them for a day.

'Yes, he is very handsome,' thought Pierre, 'and I know him. He would take particular pleasure in dishonouring my name and ridiculing me, just because I took pains on his behalf, looked after him, and helped him. I know, I understand, what a spice that would add in his eyes to the pleasure of deceiving me, if it really were true. Yes, if it were true, but I do not believe it. I have no right to, I cannot, believe it.' He remembered the expression Dolokhov's face assumed in moments of cruelty, as when he was tying the policeman to the bear and driving them into the water, or when without any reason he challenged a man to a duel, or killed a post-boy's horse with a pistol. That expression was often on Dolokhov's face when looking at Pierre. 'Yes, he is a bully,' thought Pierre, 'he thinks nothing of killing a man, it must seem to him that every one is afraid of him; and that must please him; he must think that I too am afraid of him. And in fact I am afraid of him,' thought Pierre, and again he felt something terrible and monstrous rising in his soul. Dolokhov, Denisov, and Rostov were now sitting opposite to Pierre and seemed very gay. Rostov was talking merrily to his two comrades, one of whom was a dashing hussar, the other a notorious bully and rake; and every now and then he glanced ironically at Pierre, who at that dinner was conspicuous by his preoccupied, absent-minded, massive appearance. Rostov looked

inimically at Pierre, in the first place because Pierre appeared to his hussar eyes to be a rich civilian, the husband of a beauty, and in short an old woman, and secondly because Pierre in his preoccupation and absent-mindedness had not recognized Nicholas and had not responded to his greeting. When the emperor's health was drunk Pierre, lost in thought, did not rise or take up his glass.

'What's the matter with you?' shouted Rostov, looking at him with enthusiastically exasperated eyes, 'Don't you hear? His majesty the emperor's health!'

Pierre sighed, rose submissively, emptied his glass, and waiting till all had resumed their seats, turned to Rostov with his kindly smile.

'And I did not recognize you!' he said. But Rostov was otherwise engaged; he was shouting 'Hurrah!'

'Why don't you renew the acquaintance?' said Dolokhov to Rostov.

'Confound him, he's a fool!' said Rostov.

'One ought to make up to the husbands of pretty women,' said Denisov.

Pierre did not catch what they were saying, but he knew they were talking about him. He reddened and turned away.

'Here's to the health of lovely women!' said Dolokhov, and with a serious expression, though there was a smile lurking at the corners of his mouth, he turned with his glass to Pierre.

'Here's to the health of lovely women, Peterkin,—and their lovers!' he added.

Pierre drank out of his glass with downcast eyes, without looking at or answering Dolokhov. The footman, who was handing round leaflets with Kutuzov's cantata, put one before Pierre, as one of the principal guests. He was just going to take it up, when Dolokhov, leaning across, snatched it from his hand and began reading it. Pierre looked at Dolokhov and then looked down, the something terrible and monstrous that had been tormenting him all dinner-time rose and took possession of him. He leaned his whole massive body across the table.

'How dare you?' he shouted.

Hearing this cry, and seeing to whom it was addressed,

Nesvitski and his neighbour on the right quickly turned in alarm to Bezukhov.

‘Don’t! Don’t! What are you doing?’ whispered their frightened voices.

Dolokhov looked at Pierre with clear, mirthful, cruel eyes, and that smile of his which seemed to say, ‘Ah! This is what I like!’

‘You shan’t have it!’ he said distinctly.

Pale, with quivering lips, Pierre snatched the copy.

‘You . . . ! you . . . scoundrel! I challenge you!’ he ejaculated and pushing back his chair he rose from the table.

At the very instant he did this and uttered these words Pierre felt that the question of his wife’s guilt, which had been tormenting him the whole day, was finally and indubitably settled in the affirmative. He hated her and was for ever sundered from her. Despite Denisov’s request that he would take no part in the matter, Rostov agreed to be Dolokhov’s second, and after dinner he discussed the arrangements for the duel with Nesvitski, Bezukhov’s second. Pierre went home, but Rostov with Dolokhov and Denisov remained at the club till late, listening to the gypsies and other singers.

‘Well then, till to-morrow at Sokolniki,’ said Dolokhov as he took leave of Rostov in the club porch.

‘And you are quite calm?’ Rostov asked.

Dolokhov paused.

‘Well, you see, I’ll tell you in two words the whole secret of duelling. If you are going to fight a duel, and you make a will and write affectionate letters to your parents, and if you think about the chance of being killed, you are a—fool and are lost for certain. But if you go with the firm intention of killing your man as quickly and as surely as possible, then all is right; as our bear-huntsman from Kostroma used to tell me. “A bear,” he says, “every one fears, but when you see him and your fear passes, your only thought is not to let him get away!” And that’s how it is with me. *A demain, mon cher.*’¹

Next day at eight in the morning, Pierre and Nesvitski drove to the Sokolniki forest, and found Dolokhov, Denisov and Rostov already there. Pierre looked like

¹ Till to-morrow, my dear fellow.

a man preoccupied with considerations which had no reference to the forthcoming business. His haggard face was yellow. He had evidently not slept that night. He looked about absent-mindedly, and wrinkled his brow as if dazzled by the sun. He was exclusively absorbed by two considerations: his wife's guilt, of which not the slightest doubt remained after his sleepless night; and the guiltlessness of Dolokhov who had no reason to preserve the honour of a man who was nothing to him. . . . 'I might perhaps have done the same in his place,' thought Pierre. 'Yes, it's certain I should have done the same; then why this duel, this murder? Either I shall kill him, or he will hit me in the head or elbow or knee. Can't I go away from here, run away, bury myself somewhere?' occurred to him. But just at the moment when such thoughts presented themselves to him, he asked in a particularly calm and absent-minded way which inspired the respect of the onlookers;

'Will it be soon? Are things ready?'

When all was ready, the sabres stuck into the snow to mark the limits for them to advance to, and the pistols loaded, Nesvitski approached Pierre.

'I should not be doing my duty, count,' he said in timid tones, 'and should not justify your confidence and the honour you have done me by choosing me for your second, if at this grave, this very grave, moment I did not tell you the whole truth. I consider the grounds for this affair insufficient and not worth shedding blood over. . . . You were not right, not quite right, you were excited. . . .'

'Oh yes, it is horribly stupid,' said Pierre.

'Then allow me to express your regrets, and I am sure your opponent will accept your apology,' said Nesvitski (who like the others concerned in the affair, and like every one in similar cases, did not yet believe that the quarrel had come to an actual duel). 'You know, count, it is far more honourable to admit one's mistake than to let matters become irreparable. There has been no insult on either side. Allow me to discuss it. . . .'

'No! What is there to talk about?' said Pierre. 'It's all the same. . . . Is everything ready?' he added. 'Only tell me how and where to go, and where to shoot,' he said, with an unnaturally gentle smile.

He took the pistol in his hand, and began asking about

the working of the trigger, as he had not till then held a pistol in his hand—a fact he did not care to confess.

‘Oh yes, like that, I know, I only forgot,’ said he.

‘No apologies whatever,’ said Dolokhov to Denisov (who on his side had been attempting a reconciliation) and he also went up to the appointed place.

The spot selected for the duel was some eighty paces from the road where the sledges had been left, in a little clearing of the pine forest covered with melting snow, the frost having begun to break up during the last few days. The antagonists stood some forty paces apart at the edge of the clearing. The seconds, counting the paces, left footprints in the deep wet snow between the place where they had been standing and Nesvitski’s and Dolokhov’s sabres which were stuck into the ground ten paces apart and marked the barrier. It was thawing and misty; at forty paces’ distance nothing could be seen. For three minutes all had been ready, but they still delayed and all remained silent.

CHAPTER V

‘WELL, begin!’ said Dolokhov.

‘All right,’ said Pierre, still with the same smile.

It was becoming alarming. It was evident that the affair so lightly begun could no longer be averted, but was taking its course independently of man’s will. Denisov went first to the barrier and announced;

‘As the adve’sawies have wefused a weconciliation, please pwoceed. Take your pistols, and at the word *thwee* begin to advance.’

‘O-ne! T-two! Thwee!’ he shouted angrily, and stepped aside.

The opponents advanced along the trodden tracks, nearer and nearer to one another, beginning to see each other through the mist. They had the right to fire when they pleased while approaching the barrier. Dolokhov walked slowly without raising his pistol, looking intently with his bright sparkling blue eyes into his antagonist’s face. His mouth as usual wore the semblance of a smile.

At the word ‘three’ Pierre went quickly forward, missing the trodden path and stepping into the deep snow.

He held the pistol in his right hand at arm's length, apparently afraid of shooting himself with it. His left hand he stretched carefully back, because he wished to support his right hand with it and knew he must not do so. After he had advanced about six paces and strayed from the track through the snow Pierre looked down at his feet, then quickly glanced at Dolokhov and bending his finger, as he had been shown, fired. Not at all expecting so loud a report, Pierre shuddered at the sound, and then, smiling at his own sensations, stopped. The smoke, rendered denser by the mist, for an instant prevented his seeing anything; but there was no second report as he had expected. He could only hear Dolokhov's hurried steps, and his figure appeared through the smoke. One hand was pressed to his left side, while the other clutched his drooping pistol. His face was pale. Rostov ran up and said something to him.

'No-o-o!' muttered Dolokhov through his teeth, 'no, it's not over.' And after stumbling a few staggering steps right up to the sabre, he fell on the snow beside it. His left hand was bloody. He wiped it on his coat and supported himself with it. His frowning face was grey, pallid, and quivering.

'Please . . . to . . . ' began Dolokhov, but could not at first pronounce the word.

'Please to advance,' he finished with an effort.

Pierre, hardly restraining his sobs, began running towards Dolokhov and was about to cross the space between the barriers, when Dolokhov cried:

'To your barrier!' and Pierre, understanding what he meant, stopped by his sabre. Only ten paces separated them. Dolokhov dropped his head to the snow and greedily bit into it, then again raising his head, adjusted himself, drew in his legs, and sat up, trying to find a firm centre of gravity. He sucked and swallowed the cold snow; his lips trembled, but his eyes, still smiling, glittered with the effort and with exasperation as he mustered his remaining strength. He raised his pistol and aimed.

'Sideways! Cover yourself with the pistol!' ejaculated Nesvitski.

'Cover yourself!' cried Denisov to his adversary, unable to restrain himself.

Pierre with a gentle smile of pity and remorse and with arms and legs helplessly spread out, stood with his broad chest directly exposed to Dolokhov and looked sorrowfully at him. Denisov, Rostov, and Nesvitski shut their eyes. At the same instant they heard a report, and Dolokhov's angry cry.

'Missed!' shouted Dolokhov, and he lay helplessly on the snow face downwards.

Pierre clutched his temples, and turning back went into the forest, trampling through the deep snow, muttering incomprehensible words:

'Folly . . . folly! Death . . . lies . . . ' he repeated, puckering his face.

Nesvitski stopped him and took him home.

Rostov and Denisov drove away with the wounded Dolokhov.

The latter lay in the sledge silent with closed eyes, and did not answer one word to the questions addressed to him. But on entering Moscow he suddenly came to and, lifting his head with an effort, took Rostov, who was sitting beside him, by the hand. Rostov was struck by the totally altered and unexpectedly solemn and tender expression of Dolokhov's face.

'Well, how are you? How do you feel?' he asked.

'Bad! But it's not that, my dear friend—' said Dolokhov with a gasping voice. 'Where are we? In Moscow, I know. Never mind me, but I have killed her, killed . . . She won't survive it! She won't survive . . .'

'Who?' asked Rostov.

'My mother! My mother, my angel, my adored angel-mother,' and Dolokhov began to weep, pressing Rostov's hand.

When he had become a little quieter he explained to Rostov that he was living with his mother, who, if she saw him dying, would not be able to bear it. He implored Rostov to go on and prepare her.

Rostov went on ahead to do what was asked, and to his great surprise, discovered that Dolokhov, that brawler, that bully Dolokhov, lived in Moscow with his old mother and a hunchbacked sister and was a most affectionate son and brother.

CHAPTER VI.

PIERRE of late had rarely seen his wife alone. Both in Petersburg and in Moscow their house was always full of visitors. The night after the duel he did not go to his bedroom but, as often happened, remained in his father's room ; that huge room in which Count Bezukhov had died.

He lay down on the sofa hoping to fall asleep and forget all that had happened, but could not do so. Such a storm of feelings, thoughts, and memories suddenly arose within him that he could not fall asleep, nor even remain in one place, but had to jump up and pace the room with rapid steps. Now he seemed to see her as in the early days of their married life, with bare shoulders and a languid passionate look on her face, and then immediately he saw beside her Dolokhov's handsome, insolent, hard, and mocking face as he had seen it at the banquet, and then that same face pale, quivering, and suffering, as it was when he reeled and sank on the snow.

'What has happened?' he asked himself. 'I have killed her *lover*, yes, killed my wife's lover. Yes, that was it! And why? How did I come to do it?'—'Because you married her,' replied an inner voice.

'But how was I to blame?' he asked. 'In marrying her without loving her; in deceiving yourself and her.' And before him rose vividly that moment after supper at Prince Vasili's when he spoke those words which did not come from his real self: 'I love you.' 'It all comes of that!' he thought. 'I felt then that it was not so, that I had no right to do it. And so it turns out.'

He remembered his honeymoon, and blushed at the recollection. Particularly clear, offensive, and shameful seemed the recollection of how one day, soon after his marriage, he came out of his bedroom into his study just before noon in his silk dressing-gown, and found there his head-steward, who bowing respectfully looked at Pierre's face and at his dressing-gown and slightly smiled, as if expressing respectful understanding of his master's happiness.

'And how often I have felt proud of her majestic beauty and social tact,' thought he; 'proud of my house, in which she received all Petersburg, proud of her un-

approachability and beauty. So this is what I have been proud of ! I thought then that I did not understand her. How often when considering her character I have said to myself that I was to blame and did not understand her, did not understand that constant complacency, repose and lack of all interests or desires ; and the whole secret lies in the terrible word that she is a depraved woman. Now I have spoken that terrible word to myself and all becomes clear.

‘ Anatole used to come to borrow money from her and used to kiss her on her naked shoulders. She did not give him the money but let him kiss her. Her father tried in jest to arouse her jealousy ; and she replied with a calm smile that she was not so stupid as to be jealous : “ Let him do what he likes,” she said of me. One day I asked her if she felt any symptoms of pregnancy. She laughed contemptuously and said that she was not such a fool as to want children, and that she was not going to have any children by me.’

Then he recalled the coarseness and bluntness of her thoughts, and the vulgarity of the expressions that came natural to her despite her education in the most aristocratic circles.

‘ I am not such a fool . . . Just you try it on . . . *Allez-vous promener*,’¹ she used to say. Often, seeing the success she had with young and old men and women, Pierre could not understand why he did not love her. ‘ Yes, I never loved her,’ said he to himself ; ‘ I knew she was a depraved woman,’ he repeated, ‘ but I dared not own it to myself. And now there ’s Dolokhov sitting on the snow with a forced smile and perhaps dying, responding to my remorse with forced bravado ! ’

Pierre was one of those who, despite an appearance of what is called weak character, do not seek a confidant in their troubles. He digested his sufferings alone.

‘ It is all, all her fault,’ he said to himself ; ‘ but what of that ? Why did I bind myself up with her ? Why did I say that—“ *Je vous aime*,” to her, which was a lie and worse than a lie. I am guilty, and must bear . . . what ? A slur on my name ? a misfortune for life ? Oh, that ’s nonsense,’ he thought. ‘ The slur on my name and honour is all convention, that is all apart from myself.’

¹ ‘ You clear out of this ! ’

'Louis XVI was executed because *they* said he was dishonest and a criminal' (came into Pierre's head), 'and from their point of view they were right, as were those who numbered him among the saints and died a martyr's death for his sake. Then Robespierre was beheaded because he was a despot. Who was right, and who was wrong? No one! But if you are alive live: to-morrow you'll die, as I might have died an hour ago. And is it worth while tormenting oneself when one has only a moment of life compared to eternity?'

But just when he imagined himself calmed by such reflections, suddenly *she* came into his mind as she was at the moments when he most strongly expressed his insincere love for her, and he felt the blood rush to his heart and was again obliged to rise, to move about and to break and tear whatever came under his hand. 'Why did I tell her that "*Je vous aime*"?' he kept repeating to himself. And when he had said it for the tenth time, Molière's words *Mais que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère?*¹ occurred to him, and he began to laugh at himself.

In the night he called his valet and told him to pack up to go to Petersburg. He could not imagine how he could now speak to her. He decided to go away the next day and leave a letter telling her of his intention to part from her for ever.

Next morning, when the valet brought him his coffee, Pierre was lying asleep on the ottoman with an open book in his hand.

He awoke, and for awhile kept looking round with a startled expression unable to understand where he was.

'The countess told me to inquire whether your excellency is at home,' said the valet.

But before Pierre had time to decide what answer he would give, the countess herself, in a white satin dressing-gown embroidered with silver, and with simply dressed hair (two enormous plaits arranged round her lovely head like a coronet), entered the room, calm and majestic, only on her rather prominent marble forehead there was a wrathful line. With her imperturbable calm she did not begin to speak in the presence of the valet. She knew of

¹ 'What the dickens did he get himself into that mess for?' or, more literally, 'What the devil was he going to do in that galley?'

the duel and had come to speak about it. She waited till the valet had set down the coffee things and left the room. Pierre looked at her timidly over his spectacles, and like a hare surrounded by hounds who lays back her ears and continues to crouch motionless before her enemies, he tried to continue reading. But feeling this to be senseless and impossible, he again glanced timidly at her. She did not sit down, but looked at him with a contemptuous smile, awaiting the valet's departure.

'Well now, what's this? What have you been up to now, I should like to know?' she asked severely.

'I? what have I?' stammered Pierre.

'So it seems you're a hero, eh? Come now, what was this duel about? What is it meant to prove? What, I ask you.'

Pierre turned heavily over on the ottoman and opened his mouth, but could not reply.

'If you won't answer, I'll tell you . . .' continued Hélène. 'You believe everything you are told. You were told . . .' Hélène laughed, 'that Dolokhov was my lover,' she said in French, with her coarse plainness of speech, pronouncing the word *amant* as casually as if it had been any other word, 'and you believed it! Well, what have you proved? What does this duel prove? That you are a fool, *que vous êtes un sot*,¹ but everybody knew that. What will be the result? That I shall be the laughing-stock of all Moscow; that every one will say that you, being drunk and not knowing what you were about, challenged a man you are jealous of without cause.' Hélène raised her voice and became more and more excited, 'and one who is in every way your superior . . .'

'Hm . . . Hm . . .!' growled Pierre, frowning without looking at her, and remaining motionless.

'And why did you believe he was my lover? Why? Because I liked his company? If you were cleverer and more agreeable, I should prefer yours.'

'Don't speak to me . . . I beg you,' muttered Pierre hoarsely.

'Why shouldn't I speak? I have a right to speak, and I tell you plainly that there is not many a wife with a husband such as you, who would not have taken on some lovers (*des amants*), but I have not done so,' said she.

¹ 'That you are a silly!'

Pierre wished to say something, looked at her with eyes whose strange expression she did not understand, and lay down again. He was suffering physically at that moment; there was a weight on his chest and he could not breathe. He knew that he must do something to stop this suffering, but what he wanted to do was too terrible.

'We had better separate,' he uttered spasmodically.

'Separate? Very well, but only if you give me a good settlement,' said Hélène. 'Separate! You think to frighten me with that!'

Pierre jumped up from the sofa, and rushed staggering towards her.

'I'll kill you!' he shouted, and seizing the marble top of a table with a strength he had never before felt, he made a step towards her brandishing the slab.

Hélène's face became terrible; she shrieked and sprang aside. His father's nature awoke in him. Pierre felt the fascination and delight of frenzy. He flung down the slab and broke it, and approaching her with outstretched hands, shouted, 'Get out!' in such a terrible voice that all in the house heard it with horror. Heaven knows what he would have done at that moment had Hélène not fled from the room.

A week later Pierre gave his wife a power of attorney enabling her to control all his estates in Great Russia, which formed the larger part of his property, and he went to Petersburg alone.

CHAPTER VII

Two months had elapsed since the news of the battle of Austerlitz and the loss of Prince Andrew had reached Bald Hills, and, in spite of all the letters sent through the embassy and all the searches made, his body had not been found, neither was he on the list of prisoners. What was worst for his relatives was the fact that there still remained a possibility of his having been picked up on the battlefield by the inhabitants, and that he might now be lying, recovering or dying, alone among strangers and incapable of sending news of himself. The gazette, from which the old prince heard of the defeat at Austerlitz, stated as usual very briefly and vaguely that after

brilliant engagements the Russians had had to retreat, and had retreated in perfect order. From this official report the old prince understood that we had been defeated. A week after this gazette report of the battle of Austerlitz came a letter from Kutuzov informing the prince of the fate that had befallen his son.

'Your son', wrote Kutuzov, 'fell in my presence with a standard in his hand at the head of the regiment—a hero worthy of his father and his fatherland. To the great regret of myself and the whole army it is still uncertain whether he is alive or not. I flatter myself and you with the hope that your son is alive, for in the contrary case, he would have been mentioned among the officers found on the field of battle, of whom a list was brought me by a parlementaire.'

Having received this news late in the evening when he was alone in his study, the old prince went for his usual walk the next morning; but he was silent with his foreman, gardener, and architect, and though he looked very grim, he said nothing to anybody.

When at the usual hour the Princess Mary came to him he was working at his lathe and, as usual, did not look round at her.

'Ah, Princess Mary!' he said suddenly and unnaturally, throwing down his chisel. (The wheel continued to revolve with its impetus. The Princess Mary long remembered the dying creak of the wheel, which merged in her memory with what followed.)

She approached him, saw his face, and something gave way within her. Her eyes grew dim. By the expression of her father's face, not sorrowful, not crushed, but angry and working unnaturally, she saw that hanging over her and about to crush her was some great misfortune, the greatest in life, one she had not yet experienced, irreparable and incomprehensible—the death of one she loved.

'Father! Andrew!'—said the ungraceful awkward princess with such an inexpressible charm of sorrow and self-forgetfulness that her father could not bear her look but turned away with a sob.

'Have had bad news! Not among the prisoners, nor among the killed! Kutuzov writes . . . and he screamed as piercingly as if he wished to drive the princess away by that scream . . . 'Killed!'

The princess did not fall down or faint. She was pale, but on hearing these words her face changed and something brightened in her beautiful radiant eyes. It was as if joy—a supreme joy, apart from the joys and sorrows of this world—overflowed the great grief within her. She forgot all her fear of her father, went up to him, took his hand, and drawing him down put her arm round his thin scraggy neck.

‘Father,’ she said, ‘do not turn away from me, let us weep together.’

‘Scoundrels! Blackguards!’ shrieked the old man, moving his face away from her. ‘Destroying the army, destroying the men! And why? Go, go, tell Lisa.’

The princess sank helplessly into an armchair beside her father, and wept. She saw her brother now as he had been at the moment when he took leave of her and of Lisa, his look tender yet proud. She saw him tender and amused as he was when he put on the little icon. ‘Did he believe? Had he repented of his unbelief? Was he now there? There, in the realms of eternal peace and blessedness?’ she thought.

‘Father, tell me how it happened,’ she asked through her tears.

‘Go! Go! Killed in a battle, where the best of Russian men and Russia’s glory were led to destruction. Go, Princess Mary. Go and tell Lisa. I will follow.’

When the Princess Mary returned from her father the little princess was sitting working, and looked up with that curious expression of inner, happy calm which is peculiar to pregnant women. It was evident that her eyes did not see the Princess Mary, but were looking within . . . into herself . . . at some thing joyful and mysterious taking place within her.

‘Mary,’ she said, moving away from the embroidery-frame and lying back, ‘give me your hand.’

She took her sister-in-law’s hand and held it below her waist. Her eyes were smiling expectantly, her downy lip rose and remained raised in child-like happiness.

The Princess Mary knelt down in front of her and hid her face in the folds of her sister-in-law’s dress.

‘There, there! Do you feel it? I feel so strange. And do you know, Mary, I am going to love him very

much,' said Lisa, looking with bright and happy eyes at her sister-in-law.

The Princess Mary could not raise her head : she was weeping.

' What is the matter, Mary ? '

' Nothing . . . only I feel sad . . . sad about Andrew,' she said, wiping away her tears on her sister-in-law's knee.

Several times that morning the Princess Mary began preparing her sister-in-law, and every time began to cry. Unobservant as was the little princess, these tears, the cause of which she did not understand, made her anxious. She said nothing, but looked about uneasily as if in search of something. Before dinner the old prince, of whom she always stood in awe, entered her room with a peculiarly restless and angry look on his face and went out again without saying a word. She looked at the Princess Mary, then sat thinking for awhile with that expression of attention to something within her only seen in pregnant women, and suddenly began to cry.

' Has anything come from Andrew ? ' she asked.

' No, you know it's too soon for news. But father is anxious, and I feel afraid.'

' So there's nothing ? '

' Nothing,' answered Princess Mary, looking firmly with her radiant eyes at her sister-in-law.

She had determined not to tell her, and persuaded her father to hide the terrible news from her till after her confinement which was expected within a few days. The Princess Mary and the old prince each bore and hid their sorrow in their own way. The old prince would not cherish any hope ; he decided that Prince Andrew was killed, and, though he sent an official to Austria to seek for traces of his son, he ordered a monument in Moscow, which he intended to erect in his own garden to his memory, and he told everybody that his son was killed. He tried not to alter his former way of life, but his strength failed him. He walked less, ate less, slept less, and became weaker every day. The Princess Mary hoped. She prayed for her brother as for one alive, and was always on the look-out for news of his return.

CHAPTER VIII

'DEAREST,' said the little princess after breakfast on the morning of the 19th of March, and her downy lip rose by old habit, but as in every smile, in the sound of every word, every footstep even, occurring in that house since the day of the terrible news sorrow was manifest, so now the smile of the little princess, who succumbed to the general mood without knowing its cause, was such as reminded one yet again of the general sorrow.

'Dearest, I'm afraid this morning's fruschtique¹ (as Foka, the cook, calls it) has disagreed with me.'

'What is the matter with you, my darling? You look pale. Ah, you are very pale!' said Princess Mary in alarm, running up to her sister-in-law with her ponderous though not noisy step.

'Your excellency, should not Mary Bagdanovna be sent for?' said one of the maids who was present. (Mary Bagdanovna was a midwife from the neighbouring town, who had been staying in Bald Hills for the last fortnight.)

'Oh, yes,' chimed in the Princess Mary, 'perhaps that's it. I'll go. Courage, my angel.' She kissed Lisa and was about to leave the room.

'Oh, no, no!' And besides the pallor and signs of physical suffering on the little princess's face there appeared an expression of the childish fear of inevitable pain.

'No, it's only the stomach . . . ! Say, it's only the stomach, say it is, Mary, say . . . ' And the little princess began to cry capriciously like a suffering child, and to wring her little hands even with some affectation. The Princess Mary ran out of the room to fetch Mary Bagdanovna.

'Oh, my God! my God! Oh!' she heard as she left the room.

The midwife was already on her way to meet her, rubbing her small plump white hands with an air of quiet importance.

'Mary Bagdanovna! I think it's beginning,' said Princess Mary looking at the midwife with wide-open eyes of alarm.

¹ *Frühstück*, breakfast.

‘Well, the Lord be thanked, princess,’ said Mary Bagdanovna, without hastening her steps. ‘You young ladies should not know anything about it.’

‘But how is it the doctor from Moscow is not here yet?’ said the princess. (In accordance with the wish of Lisa and Prince Andrew, they had sent to Moscow for a doctor in good time for the confinement, and he was expected any moment.)

‘Never mind, princess, don’t be afraid,’ said Mary Bagdanovna. ‘We’ll manage all right without a doctor.’

Five minutes later the Princess Mary from her room heard the sound of something heavy being carried. She looked out—the men-servants were for some reason carrying the large leather-covered sofa out of Prince Andrew’s study into the bedroom. The faces of the men looked quiet and solemn.

Princess Mary sat alone in her room, listening to the sounds in the house, occasionally opening the door when some one passed and watching what was going on in the passage. Some women passing with quiet steps in and out of the bedroom, glanced at the princess and turned away again. She had not the courage to ask any questions and shut the door again, now sitting down in her easy chair, now taking her prayer book, now kneeling before the icon-stand. To her distress and surprise she found that her prayers did not calm her excitement. Suddenly her door opened softly, and on the threshold, with a shawl round her head, appeared her old nurse Praskovya Savishna, who hardly ever came into this room, as the old prince had forbidden it.

‘I’ve come to sit with you a bit, Masha,’ said the nurse, ‘and here I’ve brought the prince’s wedding candles to light before the icons, my angel,’ she said with a sigh.

‘Oh, nurse, I’m so glad!’

‘The Lord is merciful, birdie.’

The nurse lit the gilt candles before the icons, and sat down by the door with her knitting. Princess Mary took a book and began to read. Only when footsteps or voices were heard did they look at one another, the princess anxious and inquiring, the nurse encouraging. Throughout the house every one was dominated by the same feeling that the Princess Mary experienced as she sat in her room. But owing to the superstition that the fewer

the people who know of it the less a woman in travail suffers, every one tried to pretend not to know; no one spoke of it, but beyond the ordinary staid and respectful good manners habitual in the prince's household a common anxiety, a softening of the heart, and a consciousness of something great and mysterious being accomplished at that moment, made itself felt.

There was no laughter in the maids' large hall. In the men-servants' hall all sat silent and in readiness, waiting. In the outlying serfs' quarters torches and candles were kept burning and no one slept. The old prince, walking on his heels, paced up and down his study and sent Tikhon to inquire from Mary Bagdanovna—'Say only, "the prince sends his inquiries," and come and tell me her answer.'

'Tell the prince that labour has begun,' said Mary Bagdanovna giving the messenger a significant look.

Tikhon went and told the Prince.

'All right!' said the prince, closing the door behind him, and Tikhon did not hear another sound from the study.

After a while he entered as if to snuff the candles. Seeing the prince lying on the sofa, Tikhon looked at him, saw his perturbed face, and shaking his head, silently went up, kissed him on the shoulder and went out without snuffing the candles or saying why he had entered. The most solemn mystery in the world continued its course. Evening passed, night came, and the feeling of suspense and of the softening of the heart in the presence of the unfathomable did not lessen but increased. No one slept.

It was one of those March nights when winter seems to wish to resume its sway, and scatter its last snows and storms with desperate fury. A relay of horses had been sent up the high road to meet the German doctor from Moscow who was expected every moment; and men on horseback with lanterns were sent to the turning from the high road to conduct him over the country road with its hollows and snow-covered pools of water.

The Princess Mary had long since put aside her book: she sat silent, her luminous eyes fixed on her nurse's wrinkled face, every line of which she knew so well, on the lock of grey hair that escaped from under her kerchief, and the loose skin hanging beneath her chin.

Nurse Savishna with her knitting in hand was telling in low tones, scarcely hearing or understanding her own words, what she had told hundreds of times before: how the late princess had given birth to Princess Mary in Kishenëv with only a Moldavian peasant woman to help instead of a midwife.

'If the Lord have mercy, doctors are never wanted,' she said.

Suddenly a gust of wind beat violently against the casement of the window from which the double frame had been removed (by order of the prince, in each room one window frame was removed as soon as the larks returned),¹ and forcing open the loosely closed latch, set the stuff curtain flapping and blew out the candle with its snowy cold draught. The Princess Mary started; her nurse, putting down the stocking she was knitting, went to the window and leaning out tried to catch the open casement. The cold wind flapped the ends of her kerchief and her loose locks of grey hair.

'Princess, my dear, there's someone driving up the avenue!' she said, holding the casement and not closing it. 'With lanterns. The doctor most likely.'

'Oh, my God! thank God!' said Princess Mary. 'I must go and meet him; he does not understand Russian.'

The Princess Mary threw a shawl over her head and ran to meet the new comer. As she was crossing the ante-room she saw through the window a carriage with lamps standing at the entrance. She went out on to the stairs. On a banister-post was a tallow candle which guttered in the draught. On the landing below, Philip, the footman, stood with a frightened face, holding another candle. Still lower, beyond the turn of the staircase, one could hear the foot-step of someone shod in warm felt boots; and a voice that seemed familiar to the Princess Mary was saying something.

'Thank God!' replied the voice. 'And father?'

'Gone to bed,' replied the voice of Demyan the house-steward, who was already downstairs.

Then the voice said something more, Demyan answered,

¹ For warmth the windows of Russian houses have double windows in winter. As this hinders ventilation, one of the two frames should be removed as soon as the weather is mild enough.

and the feet in the felt boots approached the unseen bend of the staircase more rapidly.

'It is Andrew!' thought Princess Mary. 'No, it can't be, that would be too extraordinary,' and the very moment she thought this, on the landing where the footman stood with the candle appeared the face and figure of Prince Andrew in a fur cloak the collar of which was covered with snow. Yes, it was he, pale, thin, with a changed and strangely softened but agitated expression on his face. He ascended the stairs and embraced his sister.

'You did not get my letter?' he asked, and without awaiting a reply, which he would not have received for the princess was unable to speak, he turned back and then together with the doctor who had entered the hall after him (they had met at the last post-station) again mounted the stairs rapidly and again embraced his sister.

'What a strange fate! Masha, my dear!' And having taken off his cloak and felt boots, he went to the little princess's apartments.

CHAPTER IX

THE little princess lay supported by pillows with a white cap on her head (the pains had just left her). Strands of her black hair lay round her inflamed and perspiring cheeks, the charming rosy mouth with its downy lip was open, and she was smiling joyfully. Prince Andrew entered and paused facing her at the foot of the sofa on which she was lying. Her gleaming eyes, filled with childlike fear and excitement, rested on him without changing their expression. 'I love you all and have never injured any one; why must I suffer so? help me!' her look seemed to say. She saw her husband, but did not understand the meaning of his appearance before her now. Prince Andrew went round the sofa and kissed her forehead.

'My darling!' he said—a word he had never used to her before. 'God is merciful...'

She looked at him inquiringly and with childlike reproach,

'I expected help from you, and I get none; none from you either!' said her eyes. She was not surprised

that he had arrived ; she did not realize that he had come. His arrival was not connected with her sufferings or with their relief. The pangs recommenced, and Mary Bagdanova advised Prince Andrew to leave the room.

The doctor entered. Prince Andrew went out and, meeting Princess Mary, again joined her. They began talking in whispers, but their talk broke off every moment. They waited and listened.

‘Go, dear,’ said Princess Mary.

Prince Andrew again went to his wife, and sat waiting in the room next to hers. A woman came from the bedroom with a terrified face, and became confused when she saw Prince Andrew. He covered his face with his hands and remained so for some minutes. Piteous, helpless, animal moans came through the door. Prince Andrew rose, went to the door and tried to open it. Someone was holding it shut.

‘You can’t come in ! You can’t !’ said a terrified voice from inside.

He began pacing the room. The screaming stopped, and a few more seconds went by. Then suddenly a terrible shriek—it could not be hers, she could not scream like that—came from the bedroom. Prince Andrew ran up to the door ; the screaming ceased, and he heard the wail of an infant.

‘Why have they brought a baby there ?’ thought Prince Andrew at the first moment. ‘A baby ? What baby . . . ? Why is there a baby there ? Or is the baby born ?’

Then suddenly he fully grasped the joyous meaning of that wail ; tears suffocated him, and leaning his elbows on the window-sill he began to cry, sobbing like a child. The door opened. The doctor with his shirt-sleeves rolled up, without a coat, pale and with a trembling jaw, came out of the room. Prince Andrew turned to him, but the doctor gave him a bewildered look and passed him without a word. A woman rushed out, and seeing Prince Andrew stopped in confusion on the threshold. He entered his wife’s room. She lay dead in the same position he had seen her in five minutes before, and despite the fixity of the eyes and the pallor of the cheeks, the same expression was on her charming childlike face with its upper lip covered with tiny black hairs.

‘I love you all, and never did any one any harm ;

and what have you done to me?'—said her lovely pathetic dead face.

In a corner of the room, in Mary Bagdanovna's trembling white arms, something red and tiny gave a grunt and squeaked.

Two hours later Prince Andrew entered his father's room, stepping softly. The old man already knew all. He was standing close to the door and as soon as it opened he flung his rough old arms round his son's neck without a word and held him as in a vice, and began to sob like a child.

Three days later the little princess was buried, and Prince Andrew went up the steps of the catafalque to where the coffin stood to give her the farewell kiss. And there in the coffin was the same face, though with closed eyes. 'Ah, what have you done to me?' it still seemed to say, and Prince Andrew felt that something gave way in his soul; that he was guilty of a sin he could neither remedy nor forget. He could not weep. The old man too came up and kissed the waxen little hands that lay quietly crossed one on the other on her breast, and to him her face seemed to say: 'Ah, what have you done to me, and why?' And the old man turned angrily away at the sight.

Another five days passed, and then the young Prince Nicholas Andreevich was baptized. The wet-nurse held up the swaddling-clothes with her chin, while the priest with a goose feather anointed the shrivelled little red soles and palms of the boy.

His grandfather, the godfather, trembling and afraid of dropping him, carried the infant round the battered tin font, and gave him to the godmother, the Princess Mary. Prince Andrew sat in another room, faint with fear lest the baby should be drowned in the font, and awaited the termination of the ceremony. He looked up at the child with joy when the nurse brought it to him, and nodded approval when she told him that the little wax ball rolled up with some of the baby's hair had not sunk but floated in the font.¹

¹ In the Russian baptismal service the priest cuts a little of the child's hair. It is considered unlucky if the wax with these hairs sinks in the font.

CHAPTER X

Rostov's participation in Dolokhov's duel with Bezukhov was hushed up through the efforts of the old count and, instead of being degraded to the ranks as he had expected, he was appointed adjutant to the governor-general of Moscow. In consequence of this he could not go to the country with the rest of the family, but remained the whole summer in Moscow at his new post. Dolokhov recovered, and Rostov became very friendly with him during his convalescence. Dolokhov lay ill at his mother's, who loved him passionately and tenderly; and old Mary Ivanovna liked Rostov for his friendship to her Fedya, and often talked to him about her son.

'Yes, count,' she would say, 'he is too noble and pure-souled for our present depraved world. No one loves goodness, it is too much of a reproach to every one. Now tell me, count, was it right, was it honourable of Bezukhov? And Fedya, with his noble spirit, loved him, and even now never says a word against him. Those pranks in Petersburg when they played some tricks on a policeman, didn't they do it together? And there! Bezukhov got off scot free while Fedya had to bear the whole burden on his shoulders. Fancy what he had to go through! It's true he has been reinstated, but how could they fail to do that? I think there were not many such gallant sons of the fatherland as he out there. And now—this duel! Have these people any feeling or honour? Knowing him to be an only son, to challenge him and to shoot so straight! It's well God has had mercy on us. And what was it for? Who hasn't intrigues nowadays? Why, if he was so jealous, as I see things, he should have shown it sooner, but he lets it go on for months. And then he challenged him, thinking Fedya would not fight because he owed him money! What baseness! What meanness! I know you understand Fedya, my dear count, that is why I am so fond of you, believe me. Few people understand him. His is such a lofty, heavenly soul!'

Dolokhov himself during his convalescence spoke to Rostov in a way no one would have expected of him.

'I know people consider me a bad man!' he said. 'Let them! I don't care a straw about anyone except

those I love ; but those I do love, I love so that I would give my life for them, and the rest I'd throttle if they stood in my way. I have an adored, a priceless mother, and two or three friends—you among them ; and as for the rest, I only care about them in so far as they are harmful or useful. And most of them are harmful, especially the women. Yes, dear heart,' he continued, ' I have met loving, noble, high-minded men ; but I have not yet met any women—countesses or cooks—who were not venal. I have not yet met that divine purity and devotion I look for in woman. If I found such a one, I'd give my life for her ! But those ! . . . ' and he made a gesture of contempt, ' And believe me, if I yet value my life, it is only because I still hope to meet such a divine creature, who will regenerate, purify, and elevate me. But you don't understand it.'

' Oh, yes, I quite understand,' answered Rostov, who was under the influence of his new friend.

* * * * *

In the autumn the Rostovs returned to Moscow. Early in the winter Denisov also came back and stayed with them. The first half of the winter of 1806, which Nicholas Rostov spent in Moscow, was one of the happiest, merriest times for him and the whole family. Nicholas brought many young men into his parents' house. Vera was a handsome girl of twenty ; Sonya a girl of sixteen, with all the charm of an opening flower ; Natasha, half grown up and half child, was now childishly amusing, now girlishly enchanting.

There prevailed at that time in the Rostovs' house an amorous atmosphere characteristic of homes where there are very charming and very young girls. Every young man who came to the house, seeing those impressionable smiling young faces (smiling probably at their own happiness), and feeling the gay bustle around him, the fitful bursts of song and music and the inconsequent but kindly prattle in the voices of young girls ready for anything and full of hope—experienced the same feeling: sharing with the young folk of the Rostovs' household a readiness to love and an expectation of happiness.

Among the young men introduced by Rostov one of the first was Dolokhov, whom every one liked except Natasha. She almost quarrelled with her brother about

him. She insisted that he was a bad man, and that in the duel with Bezukhov, Pierre was right and Dolokhov wrong, and further that he was disagreeable and unnatural.

'There's nothing for me to understand,' she cried out with resolute self-will, 'he is wicked and heartless. There now, I like your Denisov though he is a rake and all that, still I like him; so you see I do understand.' I don't know how to put it . . . with him everything is calculated, and I don't like that. But Denisov . . .'

'Oh, Denisov is quite a different thing,' replied Nicholas, implying that compared to Dolokhov even Denisov was nothing—'one must understand what a soul there is in this Dolokhov, one should see him with his mother. What a heart!'

'Well, I don't know about that, but I am uncomfortable with him. And do you know he has fallen in love with Sonya?'

'What nonsense . . .'

'I'm certain of it, you'll see.'

Natasha's prediction proved true. Dolokhov, who did not care for the society of ladies, began to come often to the house; and the question for whom he came (though no one spoke of it) was soon settled. He came because of Sonya. And Sonya, though she would never have dared to say so, knew it and blushed scarlet every time Dolokhov appeared.

Dolokhov often dined at the Rostovs', never missed a performance at which they were present, and went to Iogel's *adolescentes* balls, which the Rostovs always attended. He was pointedly attentive to Sonya, and looked at her with such eyes that not only could she not bear his glances without colouring, but even the old countess and Natasha blushed when they saw his looks.

It was evident that this strange, strong man was under the irresistible influence of the dark graceful girl who loved another.

Rostov noticed something new in Dolokhov's relations with Sonya, but he did not define to himself what these new relations were. 'They're always in love with some one,' he thought of Sonya and Natasha. But he did not feel as much at ease with Sonya and Dolokhov, and he was less frequently at home.

In the autumn of 1806 everybody had again begun talking of the war with Napoleon, and with even greater warmth than the year before. Orders were given to raise recruits, ten men in every thousand for the regular army, and, besides this, nine men in every thousand for the militia. Everywhere Bonaparte was anathematized, and in Moscow nothing but the coming war was talked about. For the Rostov family the whole interest of these preparations for war lay in the fact that Nicholas would not hear of remaining in Moscow, and only waited the termination of Denisov's furlough, after Christmas, to return with him to the regiment. His approaching departure did not hinder his amusing himself, but rather incited him to do so. He spent the greater part of his time away from home, at dinners, parties, and balls.

CHAPTER XI

ON the third day after Christmas Nicholas dined at home, a thing he had rarely done of late. It was a grand farewell dinner, as he and Denisov were leaving to join their regiment after Twelfth Night. There were about twenty people present, including Dolokhov and Denisov.

Never had love-making been so much in the air, and never had the amorous atmosphere made itself so strongly felt in the Rostovs' house as at this holiday time. 'Seize the moments of happiness, love and be loved! That is the only reality in the world; all else is folly. It is all we are interested in here,' said the spirit of the place.

Nicholas, having as usual exhausted two pairs of horses, and yet not had time to visit all the places he wished to, or where he had been invited, returned home just before dinner. As soon as he entered he noticed and felt a certain tension in the amorous air of the house, and he also noticed a curious embarrassment among some of those present. Especially disturbed were Sonya, Dolokhov, the old countess, and to a lesser degree Natasha. Nicholas understood that something must have happened between Sonya and Dolokhov before dinner and, with the kindly sensitiveness natural to him, was very gentle and wary in his behaviour to both of them at dinner. On that same evening there was to be one of the balls that Iogel

(the dancing master) gave for his pupils during the holidays.

'Nicholas, are you going to Iogel's? Please do!' said Natasha. 'He asked you specially, and Vasili Dmitrich (Denisov) is also going.'

'Where would I not go at the countess's command!' said Denisov, who had in the Rostovs' house jocularly assumed the rôle of Natasha's knight. 'I'm even ready to dance the *pas de châte*.'

'If I have time,' answered Nicholas. 'But I promised the Arkharovs; they have a party.'

'And you?' he asked Dolokhov, but as soon as he had asked the question he noticed that it should not have been put.

'Perhaps,' coldly and angrily replied Dolokhov, glancing at Sonya, and, scowling, he gave Nicholas just such a look as he had given Pierre at the Club dinner.

'There is something up,' thought Nicholas, and he was further confirmed in this conclusion by the fact that Dolokhov left immediately after dinner. He called Natasha and asked her what was the matter.

'And I have been looking for you,' said Natasha, running out to him. 'I told you, but you would not believe it,' she said triumphantly. 'He has proposed to Sonya!'

Little as Nicholas had occupied himself with Sonya of late, at this news something seemed to give way within him. Dolokhov was a suitable and in some respects a brilliant match for the dowerless orphan girl. From the point of view of the old countess and of society, it was out of the question for her to refuse him. And therefore Nicholas's first feeling on hearing the news was one of anger with Sonya. He was about to say, 'That's capital, of course she will forget her childish promises, and accept the offer,' but before he had time to say it, Natasha began again.

'And fancy! she refused him quite definitely!' adding, after a pause, 'She told him she loved another.'

'Yes, my Sonya could not have acted otherwise!' thought Nicholas.

'Much as mamma pressed her, she refused, and I know she won't change if she has said . . .'

'And mamma pressed her!' said Nicholas reproachfully.

‘Yes,’ said Natasha. ‘Do you know, Nicholas—don’t be angry—but I know you will not marry her. I know, goodness knows how I know, but I know for certain that you won’t marry her.’

‘Now that you don’t know at all!’ said Nicholas. ‘But I must talk to her. What a darling Sonya is!’ he added with a smile.

‘Ah, she is indeed a darling! I’ll send her to you.’

And Natasha kissed her brother and ran away.

A minute later Sonya came in with a frightened, guilty, and scared look. Nicholas went up to her and kissed her hand. This was the first time since his return that they had talked alone face to face and about their love.

‘Sophie,’ he began, timidly at first, and then growing bolder and bolder, ‘if you are going to refuse one who is not only a brilliant and advantageous match, but a splendid, noble fellow . . . he is my friend. . . .’

Sonya interrupted him.

‘I have already refused,’ she said hurriedly.

‘If you refuse for my sake, I fear that I . . .’

Sonya again interrupted. She gave him an imploring, frightened look.

‘Nicholas, don’t tell me that!’ she said.

‘No, but I must. It may be arrogant of me, but still it is best to say it. If you refuse on my account, I must tell you the whole truth. I love you, and I think I love you more than any one else. . . .’

‘That is enough for me,’ said Sonya, blushing.

‘No, but I have been in love a thousand times, and shall fall in love again, though for no one have I such a feeling of friendship, confidence, and love as I have for you. Then I am young. Mamma does not wish it. In a word, I make no promise. And I beg you to consider Dolokhov’s offer,’ he said, with difficulty articulating his friend’s name.

‘Don’t say that to me! I want nothing. I love you as a brother and always shall, and I want nothing more.’

‘You are an angel; I am not worthy of you, but I am afraid of misleading you.’

And Nicholas again kissed her hand.

CHAPTER XII

IOGEL'S were the merriest balls in Moscow. So said the mothers as they watched their little maidens going through their newly-learned steps; and so said the youths and maidens themselves as they danced till they were ready to drop; and so said the grown-up young men and women who came to these balls with an air of condescension, and found them most enjoyable. That year two matches had been made at these balls. The two pretty young princesses Gorchakova met suitors there and were married, and thus further increased the fame of these dances. What distinguished them from others was that there was no host or hostess: there was the good-natured Iogel flying about with the lightness of a feather, and bowing according to the rules of his art, as he collected the tickets from all his visitors. There was the fact that only those came who wished to dance and amuse themselves as girls of thirteen and fourteen do who have never before worn long dresses. With scarcely any exceptions they all were, or seemed to be, pretty, so rapturous were their smiles and so sparkling their eyes. Sometimes the best of the pupils, of whom Natasha, who was exceptionally graceful, was first, danced even the *pas de châte*; but at this last ball only the *écossaise*, the *anglaise*, and the mazurka, which was just becoming fashionable, were danced. Iogel had taken a ball-room in Bezukhov's house, and the ball, as everybody said, was a great success. There were many pretty girls, and the Rostovs were among the prettiest. They were both particularly happy and gay. That evening, proud of Dolokhov's proposal, of her refusal, and of her explanation with Nicholas, Sonya twirled about before she left home so that the maid could hardly get her hair plaited, and was transparently radiant with impulsive joy.

Natasha, no less proud of her first long dress and of being at a real ball, was still happier. They were both dressed in white muslin with pink ribbons.

Natasha fell in love the very moment she entered. She was not in love with any one in particular, but with everybody. Whomsoever she happened to be looking at at the moment, she was in love with.

'Oh, how delightful!' she kept saying, running up to Sonya.

Nicholas and Denisov were walking up and down, looking with kindly patronage at the dancers.

'How sweet she is,—she will be a weal beauty!' said Denisov.

'Who?'

'Countess Natasha,' answered Denisov.

'And how she dances! What gwace!' he said again after a pause.

'Who are you talking about?'

'About your sister,' ejaculated Denisov testily.

Rostov smiled.

'My dear count, you are one of my best pupils,—you must dance,' said little Iogel, coming up to Nicholas. 'Look how many charming young ladies—'

He turned with the same request to Denisov, who was also a former pupil of his.

'No, my dear fellow, I'll be a wallflower,' said Denisov.

'Don't you wecollect what bad use I made of your lessons?'

'Oh no!' said Iogel, quickly consoling him. 'You were only inattentive, but you had talent,—oh yes, you had talent!'

The band struck up the newly introduced mazurka. Nicholas could not refuse Iogel, and asked Sonya to dance. Denisov sat down by the old ladies, and leaning on his sabre and beating time with his foot, told funny stories and kept them amused, while he watched the young people dancing. Iogel with Natasha, his pride and his best pupil, were the first couple. Noiselessly, skilfully stepping with his little feet in low shoes, Iogel flew first across the hall with Natasha, who though shy went on carefully executing her steps. Denisov did not take his eyes off her, and beat time with his sabre in a manner which clearly indicated that if he was not dancing it was because he did not choose to and not because he could not. In the midst of a figure he beckoned to Rostov who was passing:

'That's not at all the thing,' he said. 'Is this the Polish mazuwka? But she does dance splendidly.'

Knowing that Denisov had a reputation even in Poland for the masterly way in which he danced the mazurka, Nicholas ran up to Natasha:

‘Go and choose Denisov. He is a fine dancer! Splendid!’ he said.

When it came again to Natasha’s turn to choose a partner, she rose and tripping rapidly along in her little shoes trimmed with bows ran timidly to the corner where Denisov sat. She saw that everybody was looking at her and waiting. Nicholas saw that Denisov and she were smilingly disputing, and that Denisov was refusing, though he smiled delightedly. He ran up to them.

‘Please, Vasili Dmitrich,’ Natasha was saying, ‘do come.’

‘Oh, no, let me off, countess,’ Denisov replied.

‘Now then, Vaska,’ said Nicholas.

‘They coax me as if I were Vaska the cat!’ said Denisov jokingly.

‘I’ll sing for you a whole evening,’ said Natasha.

‘Oh, the faiwy! she can do anything with me!’ said Denisov unbuckling his sabre. He came from behind the chairs, clasped his partner’s hand firmly, threw back his head, and advanced his foot, waiting for the beat. Only on horseback and in the mazurka was Denisov’s short stature not noticeable, and he looked the fine fellow he felt himself to be. Having awaited the beat of the music he looked sideways with a merry and triumphant air at his partner, suddenly stamped with one foot, bounded from the floor like a ball, and flew round the room taking his partner with him. He glided silently on one foot half across the room, and seeming not to notice the chairs was dashing straight at them, when suddenly, making his spurs ring and spreading out his legs, he stopped short on his heels, stood so for a second, stamped on the spot so that his spurs clanked, whirled rapidly round, and, striking his left heel against his right, flew round again in a circle. Natasha guessed what he meant to do, and abandoning herself to him, followed his lead hardly knowing how. Now he spun her round, holding her now with his left, now with his right hand, then falling on one knee he twirled her around himself, then again jumping up he dashed so impetuously forward that it seemed as if he would rush through the whole suite of rooms; and then suddenly stopped and made some new and unexpected steps. When at last, swiftly whirling his partner round in front of her chair, he drew up with a click of his

spurs, Natasha did not even curtsy to him. She fixed her eyes on him in amazement, smiling as if she did not recognize him.

‘What does this mean?’ she brought out.

Although Iogel would not acknowledge it to be the correct mazurka, every one was delighted with Denisov’s skill; he was chosen again and again, and the old people with smiles began to talk about Poland and the good old days. Denisov, quite red after the mazurka, and mopping himself with his handkerchief, sat down by Natasha and did not leave her for the rest of the evening.

CHAPTER XIII

For two days after that Rostov did not see Dolokhov at their house or find him at home; on the third day he received a note from him.

‘As I do not intend to come to your house any more, for reasons you know of, and as I am starting to rejoin my regiment, I am to-night giving a farewell supper to my friends—come to the English Hotel.’

Towards ten o’clock Rostov reached the English Hotel, going straight from the theatre, where he had been with his family and Denisov. He was shown immediately into the best apartment in the hotel, which Dolokhov had engaged for that evening. Some twenty men were gathered round the table, at which Dolokhov sat between two candles. On the table was a pile of gold and paper money, and Dolokhov kept the bank. Since his proposal and Sonya’s rejection, Rostov had not seen him, and he felt uncomfortable at the thought of meeting him.

Dolokhov’s clear cold glance met Rostov as soon as he reached the door, as though he had long expected him.

‘It’s long since we met,’ he said. ‘Thanks for coming. I’ll just finish play, and then Ilyushka will turn up with his choir.’

‘I called once or twice at your house,’ said Rostov, reddening.

Dolokhov made no reply.

‘You may punt,’ he said.

Rostov at that moment remembered a curious conversa-

tion he had once had with Dolokhov. 'Only fools trust to luck in play,' Dolokhov had then said.

'Or are you afraid to play with me?' Dolokhov asked now, as if guessing Rostov's thought, and he smiled.

Beneath his smile Rostov saw in him the same mood he had shown at the Club dinner and at other times when, as if tired of everyday life, he had felt the need of escaping from it by some strange, and usually cruel, action.

Rostov felt uncomfortable. He tried and failed to find some joke with which to reply to Dolokhov's words. But before he had thought of anything Dolokhov, looking straight in his face, said slowly and deliberately, so that every one might hear:

'Do you remember we had a talk about cards. . . . "He's a fool who trusts to luck, one should make certain," and I want to try.'

'To try luck or the certainty?' Rostov asked himself.

'Well, you'd better not play,' Dolokhov added, and springing a new pack of cards he cried:

'Bank, gentlemen!'

Moving the money forward, he prepared to deal. Rostov sat down by his side, and did not play at first. Dolokhov kept glancing at him.

'So you're not going to play?' he asked.

And, strange to say, Nicholas felt compelled to take a card, put a small stake on it, and begin to play.

'I have brought no money with me,' he said.

'I'll trust you.'

Rostov staked five roubles on a card and lost, staked again and lost. Dolokhov 'killed', that is to say beat, ten cards running of Rostov's.

'Gentlemen,' said Dolokhov, after he had dealt for some time, 'Please place your money on the cards, or else I may get confused in the reckoning.'

One of the players said he hoped he might be trusted.

'Yes, you might, but I am afraid of getting the accounts mixed. So please place the money on your cards,' replied Dolokhov. 'Don't you worry, you and I will settle afterwards,' he added, turning to Rostov.

The game continued; a waiter kept handing champagne round.

All Rostov's cards were beaten, and he had 800 roubles

scored against him. He wrote 800 roubles on one card, but while the waiter filled his glass he changed his mind, and altered it to his usual stake of twenty roubles.

'Leave it,' said Dolokhov, though he seemed not even to be looking at Rostov, 'you'll recover your losses all the sooner. I lose to the others, and win from you. Or are you afraid of me?' he asked again.

Rostov obeyed. He let the 800 remain and put down a seven of hearts with a torn corner, which he had picked up from the floor. He well remembered that seven afterwards. He put down the seven of hearts, on which with a broken bit of chalk he had written 800 roubles in clear upright figures; he emptied his glass of warm champagne, smiled at Dolokhov's words, and with a sinking heart, waiting for a seven to turn up, he gazed at Dolokhov's hands which held the pack. Much depended on Rostov's winning or losing on that seven of hearts. On the previous Sunday the old count had given his son 2,000 roubles; and though he always disliked speaking of money difficulties, he had told Nicholas that this was all he could have till May, and had asked him to be more economical this time. Nicholas had replied that it would be more than enough for him, and gave his word of honour not to take anything more till the spring. Only 1,200 roubles was left of that money, so that this seven of hearts meant for him not only the loss of 1,600 roubles, but the failure to keep his word. With a sinking heart he watched Dolokhov's hands, and thought, 'Now then, be quick, give me this card, and I'll take my cap and go home to supper with Denisov, Natasha, and Sonya, and will certainly never touch a card again.' At that moment his home life, jokes with Petya, talks with Sonya, duets with Natasha, picquet with his father, and even his comfortable bed in the house on the Povarskaya presented themselves to him with such vividness, clearness, and charm that it seemed as if it were all a long past, lost, and priceless bliss. He could not conceive that stupid chance, dealing the seven to the right and not to the left, might deprive him of all this newly appreciated and newly illumined happiness, and plunge him into the depths of unknown and undefined misery. That could not be, yet he awaited with a sinking heart the movement of Dolokhov's hands. Those big-boned reddish hands with hairy wrists visible

beneath the shirt-cuffs put down the pack and took hold of a proffered glass and a pipe.

'So you are not afraid of playing with me?' repeated Dolokhov, and as if about to tell an amusing tale, he put down the cards, leant back in his chair and with a smile began deliberately:

'Yes, gentlemen, I've been told there's a rumour circulated in Moscow that I'm a sharper, so I advise you to be careful.'

'Now then, deal!' exclaimed Rostov.

'Oh, those Moscow gossips!' said Dolokhov, taking up the cards with a smile.

'Aah!' Rostov almost screamed, lifting both hands to his head. The seven he needed was already lying on the top, the first card in the pack. He had lost more than he could pay.

'Don't excite yourself!' said Dolokhov with a side glance at Rostov, and he continued to deal.

CHAPTER XIV

AN hour and a half later most of the players were paying but little attention to their own play.

The whole interest centred on Rostov. Instead of sixteen hundred roubles he had a long column of figures written up against him, which he had reckoned up to ten thousand, but which now as he vaguely imagined must have risen to fifteen thousand. In reality it already exceeded twenty thousand roubles. Dolokhov no longer listened to stories or told them himself, but followed every movement of Rostov's hands and occasionally ran his eyes over the score against him. He had decided to play until the score reached forty-three thousand. He chose that number because forty-three was the sum of his and Sonya's joint ages. Rostov, leaning his head on his hands, sat at the table which was scrawled over with figures, wet with spilt wine, and littered with cards. One tormenting impression did not leave him; that the broad red hands with hairy wrists coming from under their shirt-sleeves, those hands which he loved and hated, held him in their power.

'Six hundred roubles, ace, corner, nine . . . winning it

back is impossible . . . Oh, how pleasant it was at home ! . . . Knave, double or quits, . . . that's impossible ! . . . And why is he doing this to me ?' wondered Rostov. Sometimes he staked a large sum, but Dolokhov refused to accept it and himself named the stake. Nicholas gave way to him, and now prayed to God as he had done on the battle-field by the Amstetten Bridge, now guessed that the crumpled card that came first to hand from the heap under the table would save him, now counted the cords on his coat and took a card with that number of spots and tried to stake the total of his losses on it, now looked for aid at the other players, or at the now cold face of Dolokhov, trying to read what was passing in his mind.

'Of course he knows what this loss means to me. Can he desire my ruin ? Wasn't he my friend ? Wasn't I fond of him ? But it's not his fault ; what is he to do if he has such luck ? And it's not my fault either,' he thought to himself. 'I have done nothing wrong. Have I killed any one, or insulted or wished evil to any one ? Why such a terrible misfortune ? And when did it begin ? Such a little while ago I came to this table with the intention of winning a hundred roubles to buy that casket for mamma's name-day present and going home. I was so happy, so free, so gay ! And I did not realize how happy I was ! When did it end, and when did this terrible state of things begin ? What marked the change ? I sat all the time in this same place at this table, chose and placed cards, and watched those large-boned, agile hands in the same way. When did it happen ? And what has happened ? I am well and strong, and am still the same and in the same place. No, it can't be ! Surely it will all come to nothing !'

He was flushed and bathed in perspiration, though the room was not warm. His face looked terrible and piteous, largely because of his ineffectual desire to appear calm.

The score against him reached the fateful sum of forty-three thousand. Rostov had just prepared a card, by bending the corner of which he meant to double the three thousand just put down to him, when Dolokhov, rapping the table with the pack of cards, laid it aside and began rapidly adding up the total of Rostov's debt, breaking the chalk as he marked the figures in his clear bold hand.

'Supper, it's time for supper! And here are the gipsies!'

Some dark-faced men and women were really entering, letting in a draught of cold air, and saying something in their gipsy accents. Nicholas understood that all was over; but he said in an indifferent tone:

'Well, won't you go on? I had a splendid card all ready,' as if it were the fun of the game which interested him most.

'It's all up! I'm lost!' thought he. 'Now a bullet through my brain—that's all that's left!' And at the same time he said in a merry voice:

'Come now, just this one more little card!'

'All right!' said Dolokhov, having finished the addition. 'All right! Twenty-one roubles,' he said, pointing to the figure twenty-one by which the total exceeded the round sum of forty-three thousand; and taking up a pack, he prepared to deal. Rostov submissively unbent the corner of his card and, instead of the six thousand he had intended, carefully wrote down twenty-one.

'It's all the same to me,' he said. 'I only want to see whether you will give me this ten or beat it.'

Dolokhov began to deal seriously. Oh, how Rostov at that moment detested those hands with their short red fingers and hairy wrists which held him in their power. . . . The ten fell to him.

'You owe forty-three thousand, count,' said Dolokhov, and stretching himself he rose from the table. 'One gets tired sitting so long,' he added.

'Yes, I'm tired too,' said Rostov.

Dolokhov, as if to remind him that it was not for him to joke, interrupted him.

'When am I to receive the money, count?'

Rostov, blushing, called Dolokhov into the next room.

'I cannot pay it all immediately. Will you take a bill?' he said.

'I say, Rostov,' said Dolokhov with a bright smile, looking Nicholas straight in the eyes, 'You know the saying, "Lucky in love, unlucky at cards." Your cousin is in love with you, I know.'

'Oh, it's terrible to feel oneself so in the power of this man,' thought Rostov. He knew what a blow he would

inflict on his father and mother by the announcement of this loss ; he understood what a relief it would be to escape all this, and he knew that Dolokhov knew that he could save him from all that shame and sorrow, but now wished to play with him as a cat does with a mouse.

' Your cousin . . . ' Dolokhov started to say, but Nicholas interrupted him.

' My cousin has nothing to do with it and it's not necessary to mention her ! ' he exclaimed fiercely.

' So when am I to have it ? '

' To-morrow,' answered Rostov, and left the room.

CHAPTER XV

To say ' to-morrow ' and to keep up a dignified tone was not difficult ; but to go home alone, to see his sisters, brother, mother, and father, to make the confession, and ask for money which he had no right to, after having given his word of honour, was terrible.

At home they had not yet gone to bed. The young Rostovs, having returned from the theatre and had supper, were grouped round the clavichord. As soon as Nicholas entered he was surrounded by that poetic atmosphere of love which pervaded the Rostov household that winter, and now, after Dolokhov's proposal and Iogel's ball, seemed to have thickened round Sonya and Natasha as air does before a thunderstorm. Sonya and Natasha, in the light blue dresses they had worn at the theatre, looking pretty and conscious of it, were standing by the clavichord happy and smiling. Vera was playing chess with Shinshin in the drawing-room. The old countess, waiting for the return of her husband and son, sat playing patience with an old gentlewoman who lived in their house. Denisov, with sparkling eyes and ruffled hair, and with a leg thrown back, sat at the clavichord striking chords with his short fingers and rolling his eyes as he sang, with his small, husky, but true voice, some verses called ' The Fairy ', which he had composed and to which he was trying to fit the music.

Oh fairy say, to my forsaken lyre

What magic power is this recalls me still !

What spark has set my inmost soul on fire,

What is this bliss that makes my fingers thrill !

He was singing in passionate tones, gazing with his sparkling black agate eyes at the frightened and happy Natasha.

'Beautiful! Excellent!' exclaimed Natasha. 'Another verse,' she said without noticing Nicholas.

'Everything's still the same with them,' thought Nicholas to himself, glancing into the drawing-room, where he saw Vera and his mother with the old lady.

'Ah, and here's Nicholas!' cried Natasha running up to him.

'Is papa at home?' he asked.

'How glad I am you've come!' said Natasha without answering him. 'We are enjoying ourselves! Vasil Dmitrich is staying another day for my sake! Did you know?'

'No, papa has not returned yet,' said Sonya.

'Nicholas, have you come? Come here, dear!' called the old countess from the drawing-room.

Nicholas went to her, kissed her hand, and sitting down silently at her table began to watch her hands arranging the cards. From the dancing-room they still heard the laughter and merry voices trying to persuade Natasha to sing.

'All wight! All wight!' shouted Denisov, 'It's no good making excuses now! You owe me the ba'cawolle, I entweat you!'

The countess glanced at her silent son.

'What is the matter?' she asked.

'Oh, nothing,' said he as if weary of being asked an oft-repeated question. 'Will papa be back soon?'

'I expect so.'

'Everything's the same with them. They know nothing about it! What am I to do with myself?' thought Nicholas, and he again went into the dancing-room where the clavichord stood.

Sonya was sitting at it, playing the prelude to the barcarolle that Denisov was particularly fond of. Natasha was preparing to sing. Denisov was looking at her with enraptured eyes.

Nicholas began pacing to and fro in the room.

'Why do they want to make her sing? What can she sing? There's nothing enjoyable in it!' thought he.

Sonya struck the first chord of the prelude.

‘O God, I am a ruined, a dishonoured man! A bullet through my brain is the only thing left for me, and not singing!’ his thoughts ran on. ‘Go away? But where to? It’s all the same, let them sing!’

He continued to pace the room, looking gloomily at Denisov and the girls, and avoiding their eyes.

‘Nicholas, what is the matter?’ Sonya’s eyes, fixed on him, seemed to ask. She noticed at once that something had happened to him.

Nicholas turned away from her. Natasha also, with her quick perception, had instantly noticed her brother’s condition. But though she noticed it, she was herself so merry at that moment, so far from sorrow, melancholy, or self-reproach that (as young people often do) she purposely deceived herself. ‘No, I am too happy now to spoil my enjoyment by sympathy with another’s sorrow,’ she felt, and she said to herself: ‘No, I must be mistaken, he must be feeling happy, just as I do.’

‘Now then, Sonya!’ she said, going to the middle of the room, where she considered the resonance was best. Having lifted her head and let her arms droop lifelessly as ballet-dancers do, rising energetically from her heels to her toes, she stepped over to the middle of the room and stood still.

‘Here I am!’ she seemed to say, answering the rapt gaze with which Denisov followed her.

‘And what is she so pleased at?’ thought Nicholas, looking at his sister. ‘Why is she not dull and ashamed?’

Natasha took the first note, her throat swelled, her chest rose, her eyes became serious. At that moment she was oblivious of her surroundings, and from her smiling lips flowed the sounds which any one may produce using the same time and the same intervals, but which leave you cold a thousand times and the thousand and first time make you thrill and weep.

Natasha that winter had for the first time begun to sing in earnest, mainly because Denisov so delighted in her singing. She no longer sang as a child, there was no longer in her singing that comical childish painstaking effect there had been in it before; but she did not yet sing well. All the connoisseurs who heard her said. ‘It is not trained, but it is a beautiful voice and must be trained.’ But they generally said this long after she

had finished singing. While that untrained voice with its incorrect breathing and laboured transitions was ringing, even the connoisseurs said nothing, and only delighted in it and wished to hear more of it. In her notes there was still a virginal freshness, an unconsciousness of her own powers, and an untrained velvety softness, which so mingled with her lack of art in singing that it seemed as if nothing in that voice could be altered without spoiling it. 'What does this mean?' thought Nicholas, listening to her and opening his eyes. 'What has happened to her? How she sings to-day!' And suddenly for him the whole world centred on the anticipation of the next note, the next phrase, and everything in the world was divided into three beats: *Oh mio crudele affetto* . . . One, two, three . . . one, two . . . three . . . one . . . *Oh mio crudele affetto* . . . One, two, three . . . One. 'Oh, this senseless life of ours!' thought Nicholas. 'All this misery, and money, and Dolokhov, and anger, and honour,—it's all nonsense . . . but here, this is real. . . . Now then, Natasha, now then, dearest! Now then, darling! Will she take that *si*? She's taken it! Thank God!' And without noticing that he was singing, to strengthen the *si* he took the second, a third below the high note. 'Ah, God! How fine! Did I really take it? How fortunate!' he thought. Oh, how that accord vibrated, and how moved was something that was the best in Rostov's soul! And this something was apart from everything else in the world, and above everything in the world. 'What were losses, and Dolokhov, and words of honour? . . . all nonsense! One might kill and rob, and yet be happy. . . .'

CHAPTER XVI

It was long since Rostov had felt such enjoyment from music as he did that day. But no sooner had Natasha finished her barcarolle than reality again presented itself. He rose without saying a word and went downstairs to his own room. A quarter of an hour later the old count returned from his Club cheerful and contented. Nicholas, hearing him drive up, went out to meet him.

'Well—had a good time?' said the old count, smiling gaily and proudly at his son.

Nicholas was going to say 'Yes,' but could not, and nearly burst into tears. The count was lighting his pipe and did not notice his son's condition.

'Ah, it can't be avoided!' thought Nicholas for the first and last time. And suddenly, in the most careless tone, which made him seem shameful even to himself, he said, as if merely asking his father to let him have the carriage to drive out in :

'Papa, I have come on a matter of business. I was nearly forgetting. I need some money.'

'Dear me!' said his father, who was in a specially good humour. 'I told you it would not be enough. How much?'

'Very much,' said Nicholas, with a stupid careless smile, for which he was long unable to forgive himself, 'I have lost a little, I mean much, even very much,—forty-three thousand.'

'What! To whom? . . . Nonsense!' exclaimed the count, suddenly reddening with an apoplectic flush over his neck and nape, as old people do.

'I promised to pay to-morrow,' said Nicholas.

'Well! . . . ' said the old count, spreading out his arms and sinking helplessly on to the sofa.

'It can't be helped! It has happened to everybody!' said the son with a bold, free, and easy tone, while in his soul he regarded himself as a worthless scoundrel, who could not in a lifetime atone for his crime. He longed to kiss his father's hands, and kneel to beg his forgiveness, yet he said in a careless and even rude way that it happened to every one!

The old count cast down his eyes on hearing his son's words, and began bustling to search for something.

'Yes, yes,' he muttered, 'it will be difficult, I fear . . . difficult to raise. . . . It has happened to everybody! Yes, who has not done it?'

And with a furtive glance at his son's face the count left the room. Nicholas had prepared for a repulse, but had not at all expected this.

'Papa! pa-pa!' he cried hastening after him sobbing, 'forgive me!' And seizing his father's hand, he pressed it to his lips and burst into tears.

* * * * *

While father and son were having their explanation,

the mother and daughter had one not less important. Natasha came running to her mother quite excited.

'Mamma! . . . Mamma! . . . He has made . . .'

'Made what?'

'Made! . . . Made me an offer, mamma! Mamma!' she exclaimed.

The countess could not believe her ears. Denisov had proposed. To whom? To this chit of a girl, Natasha, who not so long ago was playing with her dolls, and who was still having lessons.

'Don't, Natasha! What nonsense!' she said, hoping it was a joke.

'Nonsense indeed! I am telling you a fact,' said Natasha indignantly. 'I came to ask you what to do, and you call it "nonsense!"'

The countess shrugged her shoulders.

'If it is true that Monsieur Denisov has made you an offer, tell him he is a fool, that's all!'

'No, he is not a fool!' replied Natasha, indignantly and seriously.

'Well then, what do you want? You're all in love nowadays. Well, if you are in love, marry him!' said the countess with a laugh of annoyance. 'Good luck to you!'

'No, mamma, I'm not in love with him. I suppose I'm not in love with him.'

'Well then, tell him so.'

'Mamma, you are vexed? Don't be cross, dear! How am I to blame?'

'No, but what is it, my dear? Shall I go and tell him?' said the countess smiling.

'No, I will myself, only tell me what to do. It's all easy for you,' said Natasha, with a responsive smile. 'You should have seen how he said it! Why, I know he did not mean to say it, but it came out unexpectedly.'

'Well, all the same, you must refuse him.'

'No, I mustn't. I am so sorry for him! He is so nice.'

'Well then, accept his offer. It's high time for you to be married,' answered the countess sharply and sarcastically.

'No, mamma, I am so sorry for him. I don't know how to tell him.'

'And there's nothing for you to tell. I shall tell him

myself,' said the countess, indignant that this little Natasha should have been considered grown up.

'No, not on any account. I will tell him myself, and you listen at the door,' and Natasha ran across the drawing-room to the dancing-hall, where, on the same chair by the clavichord, sat Denisov, with his face in his hands.

He jumped up at the sound of her light step.

'Natalie,' he said, moving rapidly towards her, 'decide my fate. It is in your hands.'

'Vasili Dmitrich,¹ I am so sorry for you! . . . No, but you are so good . . . but it won't do . . . not that . . . but as a friend I shall always love you.'

Denisov bent over her hand, and she heard strange sounds incomprehensible to her. She kissed his rough curly black head. At this instant was heard the quick rustle of the countess's dress. She approached them.

'Vasili Dmitrich, I thank you for the honour,' she said, with confusion in her voice, though it sounded severe to Denisov,—'but my daughter is so young, and I thought that you, as a friend of my son's, would have addressed yourself first to me. In that case you would not have imposed on me the necessity of refusing.'

'Countess,' said Denisov with downcast eyes, and a guilty expression. He was going to say something more, but faltered.

Natasha could not remain calm, seeing him so piteous. She began to sob aloud.

'Countess, I have done w'ong,' Denisov went on with an unsteady voice, 'But believe me that I so adore your daughter, and the whole of your family, that I would give my life twice over. . . .' He looked at the countess, and seeing her severe face, said: 'Well then, good-bye, countess,' and kissing her hand, without looking at Natasha, he left the room with quick, resolute strides.

* * * * *

The next day Rostov saw Denisov, who could not stay another day, off from Moscow. All Denisov's comrades had a farewell party with the gipsies for him, with the result that he had no recollection of how he was laid in the sledge or of the first three stages of his journey.

¹ The use of the Christian name and patronymic is much more cordial as well as more polite than the surname, so Natasha does not call him Colonel Denisov.

After Denisov's departure, Rostov remained another fortnight in Moscow, waiting for the money his father could not at once raise, and he did not leave the house, spending most of his time in the young ladies' room.

Sonya was more tender and devoted to him than ever. It was as if she wished to show him that his losses were an achievement which made her love him all the more; but Nicholas now considered himself unworthy of her.

He filled the girls' albums with verses and music, and having at last sent Dolokhov the whole forty-three thousand roubles and received his receipt, he left at the end of November, without taking leave of any of his acquaintances, to overtake his regiment which was already in Poland.



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